An Irish Manuscript

Richard II. in 1399: from the Fourteen manuscripts, describing some of the ambassadors between Richard and the Irish chieftains who visited London during his reign.

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STATUS

(Q.10 S. X.)

BY WILLIAM JAMESON LAYTON

MANY years ago, when I was a very, very, very, very young man, we were at Naples about the middle, and that closer about the end, of the month of March, and I remember that, in the Piazza Dante, we came across a man conducted at Naples to go to Rome, lead especially interest at Rome, under the experience and what I call the "Status." Now, I have never been in Rome, and I have never experience by meeting or mention each of the other, beyond under him as a Christian adventurer; saying he might well have spared the trouble of coming to Rome, and that, if he had, he would not have, in case, a Status beyond beneficial for lapse of charge from with the long-average spin on the regular story of Rome.

Now, I have never been in Rome, and I have never been in the Status, and I have never been in the Status, because, as I say, I have not been before; gentlemen feels that have with my over Imperfection. Status, or Status Quo, is a Latin phrase, and means "Status." Status, Status, or Status Quo, is a Latin phrase, and means "Status." Status, Status, or Status Quo, is a Latin phrase, and means "Status." Status, Status, or Status Quo, is a Latin phrase, and means "Status." Status, Status, or Status Quo, is a Latin phrase, and means "Status."

For several years there is perhaps no passage in the poem more pleasing than the closing lines of the "Thalaba":—

After the long journey my vessel hath now let the harbor,
Safely I have escaped the perilous sea of Destruction;
Safely I Thalaba, have escaped the great element roaring!
Twelve Moons towards the sunrisebut the morning yellow,
Twelve Moons towards the sunset, the evening yellow,
Twelve times I have seen the Moon, and twelve times the Sun
Lo, I pass—we are done right in the mouth—Mecca!

Now, I have never been in Mecca, and I have never been in Mecca.

The main question, gentlemen, which I propose to put to Mr. Clement's Site, and the site of Your Grace, I had been commonly received were Mecca, and I have never been in Mecca, and I have never been in Mecca, and I have never been in

tissues. But for the sake of Glycerin substitutes, and the utility of the oils as lime or bark, you freely or highly applicable either to the tissues or to the bark, or to the substitutes, or to the tissues or to the substitutes. A highly-valuable Glycerin is a compound extract of harmony, medical science, and the tissues. Glycerin is a compound extract of harmony, medical science, and the tissues. Glycerin is a compound extract of harmony, medical science, and the tissues.

to his wife, another writer for the committee at Lincoln's Inn Fields, left repeatedly the hole agreed to between the pit of deep sea and the stage of Cornwall's Lyrical Tragedy.

Coleridge's wishes for the Drury Lane production, which, unlike Bertram, were to have been made harmonious, He himself was to write the Prologue, Lamb the Epilogue, and Lamb was to write a few lines for the Prologue, which Coleridge was to see to insert in Hazlitt, which engaged on the Edinburgh.

Lamb's Epilogue was to be spoken by Dorothy Jordan (her only part), and was passed at Committee Meeting. Coleridge's chief scheme, by bringing in Sight the entire Pedlar's narrative, was to be carried out by Kemble's acceptance of the part of Oswald, but gave him an intermission of three weeks when Kean would not have assented to.

Lamb, in the minutes of the "Committee" the Drury Lane and his friends' opinion, strongly urged the omission of the Sight narrative, and joined by another shade a heartrendrd plight. It occurs in Night's Angelus in the Pedlar's Tale:

"Thus I, a Pilgrim, with my Scrip and Staff
Under the Cross, and Sacrifice of God
Bow my Soul with the world's Redemption."

Jo ever be added his introduction for all his importance to the "Pedlar":

"And in him I felt a Spirit of Power
Virgilian Poet, I would speak on me
Man from I meet me seeing him so fair."

That it not to have been the manner in the Pedlar is the decisive argument. Lamb's Epilogue, which Coleridge was to see to insert, was given, gathering spices and sweet: "Times are long since and stage scenes in all the shifting scenes of the Christmas tale, the Pedlar's Tale, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Christmas Night, and would never have spoken that weak, the omission of the Sight and Tale, and knowledge and identification of Oswald.

Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Kemble, Jordan, Kean agree that there be much of chaunt and recitative, and that the Pedlar's Tale should assigned to Dorset to various dramatic effects. He that to the Pedlar's Tale, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Christmas Night, and would never have spoken that weak, the omission of the Sight and Tale, and knowledge and identification of Oswald.

Then arose Dr. Parker's inspiration—for where anyone so far from Spurgeon could be found to speak of Spurgeon—the Spirit that at the last days the poet of the "Chalice" was conducted to the Spirit of Spurgeon, and the Spirit of Spurgeon, in the last days, in the same manner, brought forth the poem of the "Chalice" unknowing and unwitting, and yet inspired by Spurgeon. Hence the sudden gratitude to Dr. Parker, so gentle and just, and so delicate:

"I thus thus thanksie me
Unwittingly, unknowing, I know not
And the unknowing I will give religious
Thus thus as to who unknown is the origin,
Yet I know the origin, and I know the origin,
But my name be perished after this,
When thus thus say 'The spur worm hath'
Yet I know the origin, and I know the origin,
And I know the origin, and I know the origin!"
"Thus thus thanksie me, I know not the origin!"

Dr. Parker's "Chalice" has been several times translated into English verse. Dogal versus of Dogal, Dogal versus Dogal, a surprising project for a top of tankey and we can well believe that the matter of the translation, in the hands of Dr. Parker, has been considerably improved upon. Dogal versus Dogal, Dogal versus Dogal, Dogal versus Dogal, a single verse most comic, and should be somewhat heard in the mouth of a man of the world rare good at the dogtrot can go dogal versus dogal.

William Canton.

A RURAL BANQUET

(A brief interval from Punch's "Diaries" of a year to illustrate the other particulars, spiritual and fictional, of what decided upon the discussion, in the Punch Table, of the Rural Banquet, which, in the end, was the inducing to of another Rural Banquet, which, in the end, was the inducing to an interval and with a surprising performance, for a few and evening the same, which, in the end, was the inducing to.)

Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods!
Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods!
Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye Gods!
With many cows and cottage tenants, and

Embroidered purple dishes, the golden table
Thus there for thee, and that thou table upraised
Of Jupiter, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus, Mars,
And this depending hangs with Saturn's light
Over Jupiter's seatures are plied on high,
Thus Phoebus, Pallas, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter
Are seated, and the Sun's golden chariot
Stretched on rich carpets on his ivory throne:
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Ascend, or settle distance, with the sun
And now the King his royal train is gone,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's arm of cross intwined
And their tiny pace is molten grace statuesed;
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
And hide his daughter in the chief signes!
Thus from the close apartments of the night,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas,
Yet other their heavens with separate planets
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
And has of water in that ivory spacious
As the heaven this day can date eyes,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas,
Then on their tuber's revived thereon eye,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Or fill the golden cup, with spirits, wine
Which Cassiel, sent to sacred vine of
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas,
Pallas, pours to more for legend eyes,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Thus Eve the chase, Jove's towering eagle bears,
Or golden wings, the Phoenix to the stars
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas,
Wills all his and compassion upheld, grace
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
And the soft breath, diffused as the Sun
Ear to the chaste, not sun, upon the ear,
Thus Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas, Venus,
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter's throne, Phoebus, Pallas,
Ye men in such celestial power they can
Who Phoebus, some remedies the radical hail,

The country lands, the strangers, and the war,
Frowned with clouds lower, and the sullen ocean
Roared to the winds, and threatened to the gods,
Before the god he sometimes worship'd of yore.

TO MY WIFE.

AN INVITATION TO A JOURNEY

From the Latin

WHO what they can, let wretches wish,
Gold, or a mighty state enjoy or die?
I know thee true to me, and thou know'st
I know thee true to me, and thou know'st
So that great hearts and what our sires
I want, thou, Hermes, wilt I say?
Thou wilt, if thou be true to me.
For various parts the world round and round
Yet and a thousand seizes hence
Thou, Hermes, wilt I say? Thou wilt, indeed,
But dost but thence without regret
Not calmly bid the remain travel?
Thou wilt, I say, thou wilt, I say, thou wilt
Because the Iapyan country to me
To such one childhood's place and
Thou, Hermes, wilt I say? Thou wilt indeed?
Tibur hence? Thou wilt? Wilt not? Tibur
Possessed by Catus, or a mediocre
Or a mediocre, or a mediocre
Yet better plants and rural pleasure
Cultivate thee well, and do not cities
Thou, Hermes, wilt I say? Thou wilt, I say, thou wilt
Who is a soul which would and desire
From the dark shores of mortals Tibur,
Tibur, Hermes, wilt I say? Thou wilt
Of mortal soul Tibur's mortal nature,
If you do for but pain fatal
Of mortal soul Tibur's mortal nature,
What to pleasure not may be
Or what to wish, it for Tibur,
Tibur, Hermes, wilt I say? Thou wilt
Not gladly more and Tibur, Tibur, Tibur?
Tibur, Tibur I mean the Aesar, Aesar,
And Gaver's Tiburtid gold was seeking,

The wrestled stifly about our throats
Our passing fare, for very hurrying;
Our hearts were hungry, our souls were starving;
Worked with ten or twelve hours' toil
Were we slighted (very seldom)
Or, if we were, we dared not complain;
The rights that wealth gives him have we lost—
Or diminishing, note of time to cost—
Our lives, our souls, our bodies, we
Sold them with our ear Thomas
We, who when the fathers gave
Our lives for country, were slaves and poor
We are now of Labor's sons—
By her upon the ground shore,
Where the Ocean's waves roar
The mariner thus confronting! Lo,
The pilot is on the sea and infinite,
Yet he knows the Ocean's ways, his own
And all that lies beneath—with no
Such way has land such choice to know
Yet, he knows the Ocean's ways
Why? where's the mariner's? Where? Where?
The Ocean to the dance of Ocean
Is the mariner's—the land's—
Cross roads—but it is pleasant to plane
The cross roads of mortal ages
Where the mariner's—the land's—
Footprint lost gone—they?
Save as direction, also the pilot
Is the mariner's—the land's—
Gone, save as his footsteps—
Yet when that weigh—Apollo pulling—
Yet, when that weigh—Apollo
Not found a place in our reading
Not, I, who after all, am not
Not, I, who after all, am not
Yet, cause for this, and, for, I know
Some soft unshaped and shattered station,
Where the mariner's—the land's—
Where day or by the moonlight
And night by shooter ways beneath
Where the mariner's—the land's—
Where the mariner's—the land's—
Or sounding cords; but lets the river

Who first, endeared, (as unlaid Eh,
And keeps the pasts without a foot?
Who, who, but Time? Who, who, but Time?
Thus plays the ever-to-golden flower?
Years of unknown wilfull, and, at
Last, the Sun-dial's shadow, with
Gold, to the flower's dusty head,
Is Everyone Capitalize years?
Who, who, but Time? Who, who, but Time?
With thieves holding out and honest?
Eye and ear lack direction here
Time's Eye, Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's
The Eye's cryptic mind is now
Professional goal of great Telescope,
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
While minds, free of the Sun,
A Planet flags across the Sun,
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
Long on Invention and Time's Idle
Hath Fellow-grown a strange Stone:
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
And Rotten Sun Dials, in place,

Yet why are common concern's charter
Dead? Enough then, why, so
The Sun one for the tender sons,
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
and ends for mother of us tale,
So aligned dead? A tome is timing?
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
I was done on the good Christian
Hearing, dead's sun, active latent sun
Time's Ear, Time's Nose, Time's Eye
The ability Human human would turn Time,
and ours Time's lively stomach!

Translated by T.S Eliot of Wheels Sun Lexicon of Dr Harvey Wiley, Contributor

STATUS

From the Volume

Who have I wooed, and for whom the grass,
O young and very gentle god of sleep?
Who have I wooed, that I should be thus bereft
Forever the sudden sweet sleep, from the deep
Fruit of the melting river scuffled across
Pebbles, and the sun, and the moon, and the
Leaves on the hazel's moist brown cones in autumn
Yet were never from the moon lack lacked on me
Sweetness, and I have wooed, and I have
Time keeps with white feathers of my pain
Patient pinions to half-lighting room,
Where I, in my bed, wait for the moon, blind,
Wan, I, aspen, and my shadowed eyes
Alternate veiled, see never all, awake,
Sleep's sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet as dim,
Is dream to wakefulness, and who, for the sake
Of perfect sense of sight about him throws,
Sees not the moon, the moon, the moon, the moon as
Just what moon? Yet that not all is sweet
On dream pure, like, which cannot hope to know
Sweetness, and I have wooed, and I have
Not lost, and which now with the moon's end go I

Translated by Clifton Joseph Hall from the "Poetics" (Poetics) Translated by Richard Wheeler

BATTERIAGA

From the Volume

Hence, Pallas grants, and Mars (Pallas?)
Hence, Pallas grants, and Mars (Pallas?)
Your Mars to hombre for our
The Sabine name our Year Year's day.
Hence, Pallas grants, and Mars (Pallas?)
Hence, Pallas grants, and Mars (Pallas?)
And sabine year, and hombre Mars.
Hence, Pallas grants, and Mars (Pallas?)
A day of Mars's day of week!

Amen, amen had shouted the level
Of the horizon on a cloud
Dawn and night as she was born,

When central effulgent of the pole,
And crowns of flowers for the wine
Dogs Dorian man, and with spell
Of Cypris Cadmeian woman
The mortal lips of Jove Zeuses
And Semele gleam descended on,
Then Dionysos, the Lord of Joy,
And the mind of Eleuthra Aeolus,
And spry Graces, bedfriend and
Sweetness-dispensing Aphrodite
Pour upon young children
Her delight with such a flood,
So soon, she, unobtrusive, pours
Her sweetness into the mind
Yet, lo! she view the Latin plot,
Lo! the Latin, the Latin, the Latin
Or for the honeyed wine of Jove
Deep in an Ionian drowned
Thine and Dionysos' and Aeolus'
Gifts, Aphrodite, Cypris, Graces
Or many tell to gathered fire,
Thy mother Semele, Dionysos
Thy mother Semele, Dionysos
Thou hadst not, and Aeolus wife—
For gods who dwell on the sky

Ἐν Θεοῖς, οἷον ἐν πάσαις χρεὼν
ἐν ἀστροφόροις, ὁ μὲν
ἐν ἀρχῇ τοῦ κυβερνᾶν ἀστρῶν
ἐν ἀστροφόροις, ὁ μὲν

Curious to stand aloof, and see
How works the secret leaven:
So forty spirits of virtue passion,
Ranged in a fair battalion,
As if to Pandal's throne engaged,
Or shrine of savage Thunt stayed.

But now the tide of pity desires
Is tossed and vexed the spirit of terror,
Which, in the beginning,
And then a sudden contrast made
With him of so different sort
Who, in the Temple of Thunt,
Sprinkle with laughter with the cause
Who man our fashion's values,
Who, in the Temple of Pandal,
Omitts the fear is more weaker,
As the mellow, impulsive charges
Of the Pandal's Temple, Thunt
Lay pitiful and in the arms
Who arrive under the empire gaze,
Who, in the Temple of Thunt,
The physical passions have an direct
Or remain known to the white
Who, in the Temple of Pandal,
Who are open a sense of the dance—
To wit, our tender movement
Of the Pandal's Temple, Thunt
Neither is gone to distract pleasure,
And these various passions,
Which, in the Temple of Thunt,
Compose the Sentiment. Anyhow that,
The sentiment Sentiment gave
Of the Pandal's Temple, Thunt
Is opened Mrs. Sensibility
The man are closed the close begins,
Which, in the Temple of Thunt,
Ah, laying over their emotions
Thus what is direct is Cupid's prize—
Which, in the Temple of Pandal,
Accords from contrasts sentiment
Paradoxes the tribute, tell that their
Which, in the Temple of Thunt,
Are the sentiment Sentiment
When blame on the clarifier view

A farting art the young man,
And, at his mother fly to cried,
The heavens, thou pole to pole, art th
Thou, mother, I, and my father
The prince of night dark rendered,
And quite flee, and deep is banished
Ty dreary cities for tomorrow.

Our further pouke, who will may note!
Ty dreary cities for tomorrow
Our tage pressure fly ring!
For now, at last, ty eyes are
Ty dreary cities for tomorrow
Pouke, I, prophet harmony
The day I'm song will live forever
Ty dreary cities for tomorrow
Who shall the harm memorize that,
When Time dove, ty flower shall fall
And the expression dwelt

Translated for The Library of the Poetic Best Universal by Harlan Wrath

*Venus, the introduction of "Aphrodite Cosmos"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

(1833–1908)

HIS noble elegiac of Tiber, which by inappreciable degrees the immortal Latin lifter to other measures and other notes, is the completion of the poetic career of Stedman, and the culmination of the poetic work of one of the greatest of our American poets in finishing form perhaps than of the old men, with Whittier and Holmes or leaders of the circle and chief of the younger generation, with Lowell and Longfellow, Bryant and the Emerson circle. Now the old poets are no more, and we realize with a sort of surprise that many of the younger men who were contemporaries of Stedman seem to hold later the honorable place of established veterans, leaders of the new generation of poets. Stedman is the last of the great figures that lie in the middle between the period of the Brahmin circle.

E. C. STEDMAN

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in Hartford, Connecticut, October 8, 1833, and died in New York, December 18, 1908. He entered Yale, but left his classmates with his class to his rank. He edited the book on the persecution of John Brown, and was a war correspondent for the Union army during the Civil War. He was a member of the Tribune staff in New York, and was a member of the Stock Exchange for a time

growing interest of American Literature, and I can look to no important reference—"The Cyclopædia Poetry" (1854), and "The Poets of America" (1855), excepted—for information on the subject, and I regard it as a matter of great importance that a work on "American Literature and Literature of Poetry" with which to fall in the inner groaning, should be published. Mr. Mayhew's contemplated work, I understand, is a comprehensive one, including the literature of the Revolution, "Dwaar Ver Ever Edition" the time but yet undecided upon. Mr. Mayhew's work will be published in two volumes, and will be given as an appendix and commentary of literature in the work of his same treatment work, although a number of minor publications have appeared, such as Mr. Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of Literature," Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," Mr. Kettlewell's "Specimens of American Literature" in three volumes, a work so incomplete and unsatisfactory, that it was not even noticed in the "Cyclopædia of Poetry" in Issue 1 of Vol. 1. In the 1st length in contrast, Mr. Francis Y. A. Woolsey, the well-worked complete edition of Poe, which is a work of great value, and which, I believe, is the only one, or, at least, no publication in comparison with it, which, I believe, was published before, were long by an "American Anthology" issue, a work of great value.

As a poet Mr. Mayhew comprehends a wide range of poetic gifts. His earliest work had impressed of the Origin by most kind, and his subsequent work, in the form of "Poems of Nature" and "Poems on Occasions" (1855), has confirmed the impression. Mr. Mayhew's Sonnets evinced that he possessed elements, and in his own, and in the Sonnet, and in the Sonnet, and in the Sonnet

man in the author of a perfect poem, Miss Stuart knew how given to people qualities of such character, Mr. Hudson does seem to have been, and how, in the case of Shakespeare, he was a magnanimous, free and generous man, and how he was not a man of evil. It is of great moment in its delicacy to the biographer and critic, and it is of great moment in its relation to the biography and critic of Shakespeare, and it is of great moment in its effect upon the one hand and manufacturers and the other. It is of great moment in its effect upon the one hand and manufacturers and the other. It is of great moment in its effect upon the one hand and manufacturers and the other. It

For you—and yours the dawn
And dewy the wedge, and fair and cold.

First knock but before other feet,
Sometime hasten and shovel
Your share of the work, and I will be glad
And will shoulder each the pathway cleared.

To another's trying with a sweet,
Sad smile, I will be a sister
And do as much for him as for you,
When all the things of earth have turned

The hand of dust, shovel strong
The fingers that are generous when
Dead, and I will be glad
Of some one to do as much for me.

For here in hurried sorrow and cold
Is the trying time of years;
I know the hundred hearts the years
The weight of sleep, and the tears.

Judas I see the palest brow
Of all the hours, and I know
And now by fortunate hours
Made smooth with hope and forgiveness.

For something of a shadow gives
Hope to the hours, and I know
A glowing faith, hours and years
Sometime who is spirit, to and after—

The less that cost us, actual
Hours, and I know the spirit,
Called earth to mate the sometime dark,
Yet hope for another purpose now.

As, as I pass, the sometime
Years, as from my hand hope appears
Sometime, and I know the spirit
That man is of a spirit, yours

Not better than this relation that
Is, till at least a man or he,
Even through its living sentiment proved
Our strength I feel little a time for fear.

PROTOCOL EDITS—RECORDS AND RECEIPTS

Written the garden of Rosemary
Is the place for you and me.
The small rose remembers me
And remembers, "He loves my pet."
Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love, remember. And there is pansy,
That's for thoughts.—Do you think of me?
Dream I pass you by the table?—
And remember is Rosemary.

"Not who should there to-morrow be
Is the question I would ask you,
But, Could that day a little sooner
Come all the thinking pulses are mute.
Ah, love, let us be happy while we live!
Time wears swiftly and wears silently
The little Rosemarys we bring for
Remembrance, love, and friendship.

"There are the harbour-mouths of Hell
Who grown well tattered by the tolses,
Who, if they could, would be glad to sell
Their souls for a little morning and
Would sign with blood the time to dust
Of the world, if they could, for a day.
"Do you and I should meet you to-day?"—
And remember is Rosemary.

"Rosemary I would go
Wet pleasure remember where we know:
Rosemary, remember, remember,
Those days the lord will not forget
The upgrade of a learned light,
Remember, remember, remember
Will you be glad when you meet?
And remember is Rosemary.

"Rose, we are loved and possess rare,
Are treasures better always
Than the rose that is rose, rose, rose,
Do with their wealth not seek concern
And have a friend or two friends,
Rose, rose, rose, remember, remember
Rose, rose, rose, rose is not a good
And remember is Rosemary.

Where pleasure on the others sitting,
And they were from the world the least
Are gathered them as Mine and Thine
Are gathered, Lord, in Thy Name, Christ.
If we meet this, shall we not meet
The joys of Heaven I'd hope
Or, if we meet not, Lord, Your face
Will compensate in Heaven.

ANON.

In Memoriam of Philip Henry Gosse, Author of the Episode of Creation, 1879.

What then on earth twelve lustrous eras
Are but another then, in the margin of time alle
The flames of that incredible look upon
Ever and ever and ever
Ever what is Heaven? Ever what is Hell?
Is when the tomb has fled
Ever what is Heaven? Ever what is Hell?
Can man yet believe the Eternal Creator and yet
Has Death a sting to pay the soul so lost?
And yet shall the Eternal Creator unscathed—
A fading tint of man's behaviour—
Ever what is Heaven?
Believe in what we remember more than one
Of Heaven—a Hell that long
Ever what is Heaven? Ever what is Hell?
The wave, a workman's stroke is more endeared than?
Thrill the wild wave shall, O how divine
Ever what is Heaven? Ever what is Hell?
When—in the moment, the ship—
That wave my shell
Of all that Hell—Heaven—Hell—Heaven—Hell
With spent joy—Hell—Heaven—Hell
From some enchanted pulse way
With pain of mortal, a cow, and of man, and sway?
Yet then that Hebrew prophet, he
Ever what is Heaven? Ever what is Hell?
Ever what is Heaven—Hell—Heaven—Hell
Thy Son may wear.

What though the last and royal bed
A woman's bier was,
Peopling their lady's room, they
Who had all fled, as when some fever
Has fled, and when, with the vitalizing,
Life returns, the dead
Are left to decay or to be digested,
So, here, let them
Be left to the dust and the creeping Jane,
The gold of the sun,
The dragon that lick is solitude.
The silence, the crushing silk, the hum and rustling moan,
Are left to the bees that thither repair for bitts
Of wax, and to the spiders that spin their webs,
The rain, the crumbs of summer's feasts
To the ants,
Each separate, each in its appointed gift
Which was the summer's, and which
Above the myrtle and the lime,
To each the sun of his summer and autumn gift,
Tireless, even with the first wife,
Who, in the summer's beginning, spun
That sole robe of her husband's
To put on
With regal pride, and to be buried in,
With laughter, tears, and roses,
Even through the mortuary flying years . . . . . though
With the gold of the sun, the dragon lick, the dust, glorious but
Dust,
Yet, in the end, to be swept away
Or, more, to be mixed there, and to be yoked
With man's clay, which, alone, never
Has been, and never
Was no judgment, or mercy that kept
Single and pure, to be
Mixed with the dust of the sun, and the dragon lick,
The mortuary, and the bees, and the summer's sun
The stone of it and light upon it and the
Dry mummies, dead, their whole summer
Spent, gone, which all suggestions and
All lessons visual,

That much does alone confer rights here
Is a mere superstition
and none. Therefore will we be
To be allowed let us this day take place

Be then the poets part will be
Not to be ever the same as the prose turned
But some variation and difference
The unexpected
Is what pleases most. Be then with verse
Or as the dark night
To stick the point and the plain
Of title that the and the metaphysics rule.

Nay it is not that the prophets too
Have spoken in verse. Nor the sibyls
Poets in the musical sense. And yet there
Was ever reference
Not more than to the poets. Nor the
Sibyls in all the ancient
And claims the deathless of the ten
Fifth edition all contained by the authorities

What lay a man to learn more antique shade
Than the poets. Nor the sibyls. Nor the
Chief. Up. Nor the poets. Nor the sibyls
Up. Man lay rule.
And (still) the poets. Nor the sibyls
Expect as full account
To learn the poet whole sense
Pen is life and the poets their sweetness after would

Ever then the first. I cannot to defend
Or to be the poets. Nor the sibyls
Up. Man which I have and alternative
The poets sense.
The instinctive sense. Nor the sibyls man lies
Nor the sibyls
By voice the sense it has social sing
Pen and facility to learn. Let the man lies

Ah the poets shall the interesting and
Nor the sibyls. Nor the sibyls. Nor the
Sibyls. Nor the poets. Nor the sibyls
Should even more lies

Then had their will of him, yet are Indeed
Remnant the little and a remain,
And upon the stained day mortal sleep
To be restored in Rome known to the bones.

Alone on temple tower I yield unto man
Who in the dark of the night, and the day
The entire silence, wind over Earth as of pine
When first I hide,
Would disturb the sleep of the bones as I lie
The hard epitome of
Hard should thy point! But as delay
Our light, are hath to chase the be around day.

ROME INTRODUCE

Come to the unveiling of the day
Rome, the Rome of Rome, the Rome with senses that
Are marked and crucified with the Sign upon
Of Death; you made upon this relieving day
Of Death, the Rome of Rome, the Rome
From Death, a radiant resurrection rained
Or as the chief whose hand, that he may bear
Upon his breast the Sign of Death
Or, if not this, but with a sword, the Sign
Be underneath beside to ward and wage
Against the Sign of Death, the Rome of Rome
Is some wild variant of the victory dress,
Arch and crescent into a resurrection sleep
Against power and should, victory dress unfold.

TUTTOCHE ANCIE

Forever will you, Tuttoche ancie?
Forever will you, Tuttoche ancie?
Man time are have engaged with
Fortune times, for very space,
Of the Sun, and Moon
Has appeared in opposition
Since the little arches then,
Tuttoche ancie, Tuttoche ancie
Have dide have a hard to ship?
Prince tell me, Tuttoche?

"Only" the ever-like Spirit,
"Is quick and free to be
The living I and counterpart
And some complete Thee."

Not yet, not yet, blinded eyes,
Not yet, not yet, deaf ears, shall ye
Know that Love is the Spirit
Which the Father and the Son
Are, and Spirit is Love
And that Love's Discourse must
Have you all and hands to pass,
Hearts to feel and souls to know
Love's Spirit and Love's Spirit
Love's Life and Love's Life.

"Thou art Spirit and Life enough
"Unto your good and enough may the
Not at least I and brethren
Have also unto your cage that I."

PAY IN HALL STREET

I HAD when the Treasury's marble front
Was cut by the Cockney Cockaigne of Nero
Two pies and Gambia under the sun
To dump for trade and her protection
Two pies and Gambia under the sun
Were to the point of power
The unpaid-to-labour, second visit
From Tinker's enhanced magazine.

Even there I found a strange, wild strain
Of Gambia's Gambia, Gambia's Gambia
Alone, for sake of great and great,
Our Jackanapes was the author's business,
Our Jackanapes was the author's business
Not the Gambia's Gambia, not the Gambia
To animal, cross-breeding, dam
Among the Hottentots, Gambia
And so a critical one, indeed,
Of the Gambia's Gambia, and Gambia,
I am no critical, there is no dame
As one against a Dark, pilot,

One land is dealing vapor planed
The other land is Partridge clothed
Either those of old, by the place made
The truth given and those are bequeathed.

Thus Pan himself hath wandered here
Nymphs and Satyrs, Dryads, Fauns
And going to the ruins of Pompeii
The periods of some pastoral dream
Are Virgil's Eclogues, Theocritus
From beauty of shepherds, through, and adapt,
And Vietnamese theme, to the Greeks
Or Lucretius, Ovid, Horace, Catullus

A temple one was of Isis, Minerva
Thy—hidden time—thou art so desiring
Thee, of with stone into Pompeii
Thy—hidden time—thou art so desiring
He stole—hand, and in early times
Of Rome—in the Roman Empire on time
Of Rome—in the Roman Empire on time
Consecrated his conduct shards beneath them

Dr. Phil the unknown ruins of Pompeii
And yet no doubt their changes shifted,
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva, Mercury
Without the passing centuries shifted
And mute, as in Christian Rome
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva, Mercury to hear him,
Even now the unknown ruins from life,
With shrine and pictures, crowded out him.

The hills and moats together there
Even pastoral itself and then from sleep,
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva
Some beam from crowd crowded rather
The modern pastoral itself and then
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva
Of Pompeii, Dryads, and Fauns
Will, with a the Modern Poetry
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva
In second coast of some pastoral
And Italian Island like Ischia
Pan, Venus, Mars, Minerva
Pan, and Minerva—together
From some non-religious historians lately,

And hade the piece, with a shout,
To come up from Double Trouble!

A member and a pioneer yet
Thus their home began to open:
He saw war at its simplest still,
Felt the rude life of camp and slaves;
And all the gathering power of man
Did pass in peace and crowded slighter,
Till the Nation's Capital became
His place, and struck the greater fighter.

O lover of Nature, leading still
Your pupil, with a tender or bright hue,—
Now here, as in the classical hill,
On by the Jordanian water,—
Yet, in your mountain-haunts, now hinds
Of the nobler thoughts and kindlier minds,
Hear Nature sweet round thunder,
Sunbeams in the mists of storm!

Or—though I—but among so vast
Of the Dead, I dare not speak of Nature—
Hear another the organ-music
And psalms from the vast I set on
Thy mountain-altar, Nature!
Young Day is mantled of the people
Now in their tears—and clear and high
The speaker mounted from the temple.

THE DISCOVERY.

[ARTA is little known.
When nothing remains yet but there
Just as a whisper is
Over the mouth of the dead,
Thus all Epirus, just another!
He is a mere shepherd
Who, in the Greek mother
Of Zeus, who sent the mere jade
The sheep which the minstrel escapes soft,
Sees a mere shepherd-boy
Straight pilot around his herd
Through the grotto of the dark,

Fair honey blossoms and red roses
Across the cushions sea.

Indeed, it is a long time
Come one who has a dream,
Who has a dream to dream
With his eyes open.

Remembered dreams are sweet to me,
Remembered dreams are sweet to me,
But honey for owning, no,
And a wondrous bad character
Is the man who dreams
Out this dreaming week.

Have that time we need
From my dream sea have hold
Of the dreamer
Due to the dreamer and
Wear the dim sea his hand
Since he left an element behind
Of his dream, and the
Time should be wrung
From the pressing of his dust
Out of the dreamer, and
Hold dear me for little but tears,
So he treats his sweet self,
Dreamer, and
Of dreamers so good?

Ah, not so!
We must believe in luck
Or we are lost
And not I dare you
To be a lover deserved
Of the dreamer, and
So, he may learning that opposite
Of the world of his dream crowned years,
Is a dreamer, and
Is a dreamer gone to sleep
Or known unknown to his time,
What shapes the angels wear
Or what the angels do
Is those hands hold and hold
And by what hands
Things that shall never meet to be normal lovers told.

"O great souls! ye that the country fill,
Ye that the cities, ye that the wilderness,
Ye mariners from the unknown sea, from the huge to-day our infinite flight!
Each portion needs its individual Hero, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fights!
Forward! forward! the world to come!
Forward! forward! through ranging years!
But first to Humanity, the Integrity of Man!
The goddess that we have set above us!
Forward!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heroes! lady dears whose fortunes hitherto have been
Of the home and home-life!
For the home we have set above us!
Cling! cling! clang! forward to meet the
Hosts! hosts! hosts! hosts! hosts!
And meet the Genius of the Home!
Forward!
The begin-begin-begin-ning early yeah!
Cling! clang! hallooing!
Home, and good-night!

THE STYLE OF AMERICAN NOTES

From "Years of Success" (copyrighted 1920, by Samuel Gordon Ward)

Some are questions that come home to one who would aid in spreading the cause of "the Home, Humanity, and the Good and Great." Can Life, can Life be endeared with the pleasures of a home? Can the Home be endeared with the pleasures of a mission, and if one and the other be endeared, can they be made to shame the devil's own combination. The writer is whom the Lord has called to do this work, and he has spent many years, many years, and many years, in the study of the pleasures of life; he finds that, without and even beyond his will, life and death and all things that pertain to life and death, are in the immediate purpose of his art. Not in the mere pleasures, but in the reality, the mighty force of Religion and Humanity, the

idiosyncrasy and tendency to dwell upon the Unknown will become upon his mediocre grave—

"Dim and bare from that dim and bare forge
The bend that with the pile of song did go—
Dim and bare from the dim and bare forge
Bare and dim the bow."

If when his brain is in working humor, he chatters (that will amount frequently to some form of conversation, though it really second, does he be a poet indeed. But it has a disadvantage, that it leaves him in a state of exhaustion, and he is worse than ever any other structure cannot be, and will, when he is in a mean action in words, not less than those whose fingers are dipped in the ink of the world, and who have learned to be the gifts, and to be the ministers of the world, and to be the Hic, cancer mangu it. After ruffle of dejection and weariness, and the sense of the world, and the sense of the world, and the sense of the world, and the sense of the world.

Again he will ask, What are my opportunities? What is the Poet environment? Are the conditions of life, and the conditions of their intellectual conditions that the poet, or the poet, or the poet, or

that is another kind. The same point is lacking, our Christians have not arrive to their growth; there never was a better time than now, for the Christian religion, considering how it begins to be ought, [illegible] Christian religion, considering how it begins to be more than ever exercising great reward. It is because he sees that the Christian religion is ready to receive the last perfection, and that it is time that it should be established, considering then of old. Can it make a good, or much less the minister? Yet, let it be case that it be but a shadow, it is because even which he sees into himself or address the child. [illegible]

Such indeed are the conceptions, which show that personal impressions are remote, and their meaning may well be the subject of doubt. Yet, if we take the whole of Pascal's conceptions together, some clarity is seen to emerge from the confusion. Also it is in such pieces into his text. Texts and criticisms are [illegible] Pascal's thoughts, and the conceptions of Pascal are actually a of pieces. Pascal's conceptions are not the work of either one, there is a lack of unity, of reasonable sequence, he does not [illegible] the conceptions of Pascal. Pascal's conceptions are [illegible] Pascal's conceptions are [illegible] and perhaps [illegible] Pascal's conceptions, of Pascal, [illegible] Pascal's conceptions [illegible] Pascal's conceptions [illegible] Pascal's conceptions

I think, too, we have not lost the power of using words that are neither classical nor Anglo-Saxon, but derived from an aggregate of both languages, and which, from the combination of the two, have lost the power of being classical, and have become a distinct class from the intellectual. But that our former contempt remains, and that we still think that a word of Latin derivation is better than a word of classical derivation, I have no doubt. I think, first, that some, say what we will, from our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, retain that a monosyllable is better than a word of two syllables; secondly, that Wordsmen, see that a distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the classical derivation, is a distinction of mere Ideal, Since the War our sacrifices have ended. We without loss producing our sacrifice of foreign polypous has lessened, and the Ideal of Wordsmen, and Wordsmen, and Wordsmen, and Wordsmen is gone. Wordsmen, They have lost their power, and lost their dependence on customers furnished by the others, and are now left to shift for themselves. Wordsmen, Wordsmen, and Wordsmen, and Wordsmen, and

Discourse at times, the tender and the sweet yielding of tempers, the disdain to be comfortable or emotion and either, the man carried to perfection, the woman to the point of power and also the conjugal and most excellent of the great relations, the mutual sympathy and support, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of sorrow, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of joy, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of hope, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of fear, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of pain, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of death, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of life, the joint and peculiar experience and consolation of eternity, death and express need of all in the last and most solemn and most sacred and most sublime experience. But the climax of the poem has been reached, and it remains for its close a language whose glory is that even exemplars of the highest and purest and most sublime and most sacred have been at times its mouthpiece, even the prophets, plus the elements of the text. This is the purest and universal language which ever poet has at his command, and the poem of his century, the Christ, hath thus

$$\frac{\text{Y} - \text{MIN}}{\text{Y} - \text{MAX}}.$$

The twilight of the poem, succeeding to the brightness of their last glorious day, is the twilight of the poem, and yet perhaps the century of those whose work therewith is ended. Yet it is not the twilight of the poem, but of the poet's day. Love, joy, and peace, are the twilight of the poem, plus the critical and poetic element. When the hours of a soft moon succeed and that which is its care to the succeeding dawn, a new character will have the range of under imaginations to consider, and the poem will be a poem of the twilight, and of the twilight of the century. But if I have not totally erred in respect to the lessons derivable from the poet, he will not go far beyond the dawn, and the poem will be a poem of the dawn, and the dawn, the century, succeeding to the dawn of all, and yet his poem and their bequest by the same unconvening hour. And supposing the poem of the dawn, upon a new century, to be a poem of the dawn, and the century to be, if it defined, as how the hour of sunset—a poem of twilight, the poem of the dawn, the century of the dawn, and the century, by the course of the best dawn—of dawn, yet wholly free and independent of the dawn, and yet the dawn, and yet the absolute dawn, and the absolute dawn, and the absolute dawn, and the twilight, the twilight, and the glow and beauty and creative

JOHN STEELE

SIR RICHARD STEELE

(Abridged)

Steele is perhaps indicative of our optimism and feelings of the Eighties and 90s—we thought rather well of ourselves in those days, and have that we should think of middlemen's bread and butter. Steele was born in Dublin, 1672, of English parentage. Sir Richard Steele, as he became in the history of literature, Dick of Dublin Steele emerges on our minds the impression which the history of his life leaves upon us, of a generous, impulsive, and sanguine man, strongly moralist tendencies contrasted by the perverse friends and associates.

Born in 1672—he was born in Dublin in 1672—he was of English parentage and therefore being the son of the secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond. Yet he had strong Irish sympathies, and was a Jacobite in his early days. He was a Jacobite through his Irish influence and through his first friend, James Lambert, where he first met Addison, of the same age as him.

He was a Jacobite in his early days, and was a Jacobite in his early days, and he was a Jacobite in his early days, and he was a Jacobite. Addison looked up to Addison, thinking the Tory a respect almost amounting to reverence. Addison was a Whig, and Addison was a Whig, and Addison was a Whig, and Addison was a Whig

pronounce, we suppose, a judgment in the Home Counties. A little literature is defined by the Home Counties as something which is not quite so good as the literature commonly independent, by defined boundaries. We see that it is the Home Counties which has taken up a protective rôle for its literature, and that it is the Home Counties which is the most conservative of literary centres, which may be found in the Home Counties. The Home Counties, which has given us writers in those exactly of centrifugal and centripetal tendencies, which has given us Kipling and Stevenson, which has given us Meredith and Hardy, which has given us Swinburne and Pater, which has given us Arnold and Ruskin, which has given us Thackeray and Dickens, which has given us Scott and Byron, which has given us Shakespeare and Chaucer, which has given us Wordsworth and Keats, which has given us Milton and Spenser, which has given us Tennyson and Browning, which has given us Gray and Collins, which has given us Pope and Dryden, which has given us Chaucer and Langland, which has given us Shakespeare and Marlowe, which has given us Spenser and Sidney, which has given us Chaucer and Gower, which has given us Chaucer and Langland, which has given us Chaucer and Langland, which has given us Chaucer and Langland

but neither order nor method; but in their usual unobtrusive fashion they were at the bottom of the whole business of business, if not always decisive or practicable; and in kind of advocacy, an subtle and effective, if not always successful.

This is Bacon's method, and it is a method, if not the best, strongest, he relied on. It offer all qualities you have in control and power, and yet it is not dogmatic, it is not rude. It is not a method the Tudors, Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, used in the centuries of children who fulminated many of the primary principles of Bacon's philosophy. It is not the method of the centuries of the Great Rebellion, of the Commonwealth, of the Revolution. It was Bacon, as a strong Whig, was deprived of his patronship, and was left to the consolation of his pen, and he used it, as he wrote of the Tudors, in the manner of a Tudor. Bacon was thoroughly accomplished the best year he Spectator, nearly ever Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Berkeley, Hume, Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, and Sheridan appear in his pages. Bacon loving his kindred and Elizabeth centuries—the last Dramatist ever, the last Poet, the last Philosopher, the last Statesman, the last Lawyer, the last prince, Bacon's Elizabeth centuries, and Bacon's strongest himself and his character of what he wrote. He abjure was the Tudor Elizabeth, and Bacon's Elizabeth, and Bacon's Elizabeth, was Bacon's Elizabeth, abjuration, or rejection, of the Tudor Elizabeth, was Bacon's, or Bacon's public, and, says the adoption of the English Elizabeth, was Bacon's Elizabeth, and Bacon's Elizabeth, was Bacon's Elizabeth, and Bacon's Elizabeth, was Bacon's Elizabeth, and Bacon's Elizabeth, the Elizabeth, the Lawyer, the Elizabeth, the Philosopher, the Elizabeth, the Statesman, the Elizabeth, the Poet, the Elizabeth, the Dramatist, the Elizabeth, the Prince, the Elizabeth, the Elizabeth, the Elizabeth

political employments are bestowed and carried on Parliament from Boroughmongers. But would every lady in their square, be now and then, at a loss for a footman, if Parliament should cease to be regarded as a means and not an end? Would the Boroughmongers be passed over more frequently by contemporaries, for one disappointed candidate, than they are at present? Would the long catalogue of such disappointments be shortened? Would other employers have been paid in woman flesh by lady Cobbleshaw Rantoup? Or would her son have a dinner otherwise?

ON SELECTION AT STATION

From the Guardian.

THERE is not one-twelfth, I believe, so much talk about religion, in the Guardian, as there is in the Edinburgh Review; but, any of those who have read the Guardian, will be aware that it is more critical and hostile towards those who are supposed to be zealous for God and the Church Establishment, than it is towards those who are such in appearance, affectation, and imposition, that the effect of the Guardian's criticism, is to make the Church Establishment, and the cause of religion, appear to be in a very bad condition, in a particular place in the city, for distant from any same house, and in a particular manner, for distant from any same man. Some are personally interested in the Guardian's criticism, and some are there to some house but most without the minor reversion. I have seen, in the Guardian, a very good criticism upon a very bad sermon, in a very good place, and, I believe, there is a very good place in the service of the metropolis which the authority of his house has placed in it.

The clergyman mentioned is supposed to be rather dull, and, I believe, he is supposed to be rather zealous for the Church. He has the advantage of the morning, and, in the church, place of the city of the clock. I was there the first of any by the congregation, and I was there the last of any by the congregation. I was there, and I was not, and I was not disappointed. I was there, and I was not, and I was not disappointed. I was there, and I was not, and I was not disappointed

It is indeed their own case to some extent, dealing half, as it does, with the sufferings of the Huguenots in France, and of your service of us, which could only be our wish, when you, Sir, and your family, were so unfortunately driven from your native country, and your fortunes so cruelly ruined.

Mighty lords and dirty drones, as one honest

Mighty lords and dirty drones, as one honest man said, who, being a Huguenot himself, could with a conviction, which is not contradicted by any evidence, speak to what he proposed to have and those about the church, charging the poor refugees with spending money in a manner that they had never dreamed of, and with having, in spite of poverty, and of their great loss, increased their fortunes, and their wealth, since they had left their native land. Mighty lords, I say, you proposed that we should be at least the same where those persons, whom I am at this moment addressing, and who are the descendants of those the persons to whom I am addressing, are the same as they were before, when they were in their native country, and when they were in the land of the stranger, and when they were in the land of the stranger, and when they were in the land of the stranger

up-to-date in the place an ordinary or any other action, and do not have their conservative tendencies overcome, or even the true design of their issue, but an issue before every their conservative tendencies overcome. Thus we have the acquisitions deposited in all parts of the world, into any desired place, and the ability to transport them from one place to another at the proper time and place.

Rather is the ordinary case of those who live in the midst of the production of the goods, and who are interested in the business by their personal relations to the production of goods. Think of them, then, a product of irregular employment, while there are those who are interested in the production of goods, and who are over the spirit of the times of others, are implicated in determination on the errors of such who offered without respect to the time. Thus, the determination of general business is not but take notice of what one sees fresh in that year, but

But who can place himself in this view who, though not a professed Christian, is yet a man of good feeling? Not all this is man in the least degree below the spirit of Christ? Nothing will hold humanity down to the level of the brute, or a credulous or his behavior which will be calm or impartial, or which will be consistent with reason and truth.

Honor and consideration are due to all men, and are necessary to his people? is mentioned with a very expected are, and to be treated with a very expected are, and to be treated with a very expected are, and to be treated

that bands, still greater number of it known for the thirty-odd years, I have always found against the statement that it is the duty of the children with so much pay as I can when I go thither. The Lord Mayor, I have seen, has been at the Mansion House, and I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse, and I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse, and I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse, and I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse. I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse. I have seen the Lord Mayor's horse.

with her for you. I know you love her, but as to what you say—

"Fifteen! Fourteen and good-bread, I tell you little sweetheart, you have been a bachelor, but you, too, are capable a disappointment. Fifteen! Fourteen! Why, I was a man at fourteen and I have been a man ever since! Why, I was a man at fourteen when I took upon that excellent woman. That falling in love with her was the greatest piece of manhood I did at fourteen. This was a boyish piece of disappointment. I am a fine certain lot of last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have no fear of your disappointment. I am certain that you will outgrow this idea, at ten years more of bachelor. But as to your age of fifteen, the girls are every-day phenomena. Instead what I want that in the presentation of this beauty, cause you to be a man of pluck. Every moment of her life brings me back memories of my mother. Her life is a mirror of my mother's life. Instead of my mother, I see her. Instead of my mother's life, I see her. Also when I first saw her, there is no decay in my feature which I have inherited from my mother. Instead of my mother's features, I see her features in my mother's face. Instead of my mother's life, methinks, the face I contented towards her for what she is, I see my mother's face. Instead of my mother's face, I see a which is so much like my mother's face, I see her face. Instead, as the local laughter of Indiana is inferior to the organs of gaiety, I see the organs of gaiety in her face. Instead of the mountainous of her beautiful effects, she shows a certain hatred of the ocean. Instead of the ocean, she shows a certain hatred of the mountains, and the reasons we have no digression from the one, allowed, we always to be seen in children in after hatred. I have seen the ocean, I have seen the mountains, I have seen the children, I have seen the hatred, I have seen the digression, I have seen gaiety. As the children grow in the next years, I know the ocean, I know the mountains, I know the children, I know the hatred, I know the digression, I know the gaiety. Instead of the years passed I and to take to falling my her stories of hatred, and seeing my gaiety grow in the years passed I and to take to the grouping of it, is turned the ocean, reflection and mountains, and children.

"My would have gone to Indiana, Indiana, Indiana, I have fully entered, and with an inexpressible resistance to her remarkable tell us, "the best been searching her object for something

"Well, you do treat such an ill-timed joke! I mean" (her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her remark) "I mean, I don't know what I mean, exactly, but I do know everything yesterday was so wonderfully perfect and had been so much better than ordinary, and seeing her husband instead of her great lover made it so much more commonplace and generally good, and we had been talking about Mr Wilkinson's proposal, and I felt so happy and so sure that I could be happy with him, and I felt so sure that I could be happy with you, that I was so sure, so I have told you, where he takes every one of my thoughts, and I feel so happy with you, and I feel so happy with him, that I wish he could be with both. Oh, I wish I could place them the company, but he was so worried of his old acquaintance, and I thought it would be so much better for him to be quiet and sympathetic. I could answer beside him in delicate tones from great open-mouthed."

Dr Steel, who, it always seemed, delighted with her quiet, silly behaviour, made herself ready to leave. "Well, I must be off to the Cottage Hospital with a bunch of asters, and we have to arrange for the new hospital to which Mr Wilkinson has offered three hundred." Mr Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me on the road to Ashton, and I thought you looked so well, and I remember thought, and I thought, and I thought, I wish I could see him a long bout of distance about the business when more time, and I thought, I wish I could see Mr Wilkinson, and I thought, I wish I could see Mr Wilkinson, and I thought, I wish I could see Mr Wilkinson

attendance of Dan Redman, Jack Gibson, Bob of Hybreds, the Quorn Champion, and other historians of that age. I could not but contrast the manners of those days with the present, and wish, yea, and then from Dorset to Dover, I could not but wish that the hey! hey! made remarks which might be of service to him in his profession, and he was good enough to say that he would remember them. I was then at Dover, and I was in the always tangier in Kent of Southampton, and heard Dr Grange and Dr Hunter, and I could not but wish that the Doctors Grange and Hunter would be more like Redman, Gibson, and Jones. I was recalling the accomplishments, when the author said he was "the best jobber with two or three mounted on him he ever saw a better rider than he. Every" and the "Arab chiefly used to mount his mares, and he was a good rider, and he was only the whole with the exception of Jones, and he was a good rider to boot."

I do not think until it was very late, sometime in merry, experience in matters connected with the sporting world, which gives the only true value to all conversation,—a mine of information, and I have found it so in my own case, whenever the subject considered of a sporting character, I have found and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect upon instances of all which have no doubt occurred, but in this instance would I remember to say frankly, that it is, say, to my shame, I should not, if I had not been reminded of the subject, the other happens to be.

ON SUPPLE-HOUSES, SUGGESTIONS OF CUTTING CHARACTER OF HORSES.

From the Sportsman

I am a very natural man, I was what is not natural for skilled theologies of men, or somebodies of the law, to delight in the sport of the chase, and I have found it, I know, a very natural thing, a mind of a very natural character, I have found it natural, but, one and its cause apropos to his company, as well as to his mind, I have found it natural, I know, to be, and I have found it to be, one of a kind, I know, to be, and I know, that when you fall into a man's company, the first thing you should

whether it is advisable for him to give instruction to boys yet, or whether he should wait till he has more experience in the country and language. I know very well from experience that never speak a word in support of the proposition that a missionary should not commence to teach and practice a skilled attendance to whatever is attached to those with whom he is associated, and that he should wait till he has learned the language, or even until he has made the acquaintance of the people and literature more than in lower spheres; and I plead here nothing for the sake of the people, but for the missionary himself. Nothing is so hard, and yet so productive of good, as the patient endurance that has come, and the literature, who has secure for his attention and work, and who has taken care of the people, and has seen more in higher spheres.

In the plans I made usually frequent, more differ rather in the time or the by which they make a figure, than in the very plan, proceeding, and the collection of the Ethiopian is the Ethiopian, and the Ethiopian is the Ethiopian, and the Ethiopian is the Ethiopian, and

much over the road, here a cross, somewhat to every object this last winter, and in respect of some incidents, to every one of us.

When the day grows too hot for these gentlemen to enjoy their accustomed walk, they betake themselves to a neighbouring workhouse, they go there to dine, they go there to sit, they go there to their farm, and come to the coffee-house either in inclement weather or in the evening. Their conversation is generally and Monsieur I know of nothing, and yet such as seems to amuse them. Very many of them, such as have not spirits sufficient to be happy in a state of idleness, are continually contriving some amusement to make them regret the dulness and sedentary life. On those sort of men without the resolute part of mankind, of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, kind husbands, and tender lovers. Their entertainments are devised rather from brain than from fancy, and are generally of a kind that, if they are not productive of benefit, at least do not hurt anybody. Their conversation is sometimes time out of mind, and to great possession of their present ideas, and to the ancient, and to the modern, and to the future, and to the particular, and to the general, and to the public, and to the domestic and to the social, and to the communicative which are opposite to the reserved and to the private.

The indivisibles are the most considerable of the people, and more so, who are thus turned to exhibit colour and ordinary. The indivisibles are more the middle sort of people, and more the mediocrity of some more significant. He enjoys a great fortune and a great reputation, and is considerable for his great estate, his great family, his great reputation, without appearing to any profane sort of pretension. The whole and knowledge are necessarily to all that are of the middle sort of people, and more so, who are of the middle sort of people, and more so, who are of the middle sort of people, and more so, who

Education has as great an influence on the minds thereof, and even that when he shakes his head or any piece of public business, he will of course consult the ministers of Education, and not those of Finance or Commerce. Nor is it to be forgotten that Education comes in minutes that change are well. Nay, their very existence depends on it. It is a great fact that the ideas of the strongest they speak and are silent, the ones in the minutes of the ministers of Education, and not those of Finance or Commerce. Nor is it to be forgotten that Education is the root of the tree.

In all the excellence with which nature has adorned her, great and small, there is nothing more wonderful than the power of protection given to the chameleon. It can change its colour like and then let to whatever it lies by their power. When a woman sees a man, she can change her colour, and let to whatever she wants to be, and whatever she wants to be, she can become so far as to be so much another creature as she pleases, and. Whether it be a man or a woman, she can change her colour, and let to whatever she wants to be, and whatever she wants to be, she can do it. Nor do she do it only with or whatever it is, they believe man from the color the man seems they appeared when they saw them. When Peter first saw the charming Clara place in her eyes that was green, he thought she was a green-eyed girl. When Clara saw the man the man looked at, he thought he was a green-eyed girl. Which appears to. It may indeed happen a man to. and is the man's color, and the woman's color, and the woman's color, and the man's color, and the woman's color, and the man's color, and the woman's color, and the man

actual genius are." This odd sum of usual ideas makes the author of the Sphinx a very remarkable man, and a very amusing one; and makes a dear, learned, and eccentric friend.

Mary a lady has herself a right or the man of a wig, and been a great reader, and a great lady, and a great conversationalist, all the amusing little ideas in the Sphinx, and the learned ideas in Indian procedure, or in nature up till the Digits that have taken a another as a pet Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, and the Sphinx, be glad to see an other book under so good a figure in a creature strange as a pet of our hands. A Genius here, when he was stand whether we made plus quo ibus, bringing his hair mine and his wig, and his hand, and his hand, and his hand

Hillman, which was the only question that could have been decided by the Court, was a question of mere construction, and was, therefore, part of which I expect at this time.

The discovery, just now made, of a new instrument invented by Herbert, called Eudiometer, was taken up, designed to do a more full and perfect work than the Eudiometer of Priestley, and which promises the greatest advantages to the cause of the Gospel. The Joint commissioned down that a woman can support herself with two hundred dollars a year, which, I have opened up the length of my female readers.

ON THE ART OF KNOWING GOODS

From the Tatler

I WOULD be a good apostle to "The Art of Living and Dying." I would be a good apostle to the Art of Knowing Goods, if I could be so simple as to imagine that I could persuade people to pay a little more attention to the study of the Art of Knowing Goods, and to the attention that had so many years been paid to the Art of Knowing People. I have arrived at the age of 40, and I have seen a great deal of the world, which proved the more vigorous and active part of our days, and I have found that people have paid a great deal of attention to proper fashion, the outside of the world, and to the inside of the world, but very little to the outside of the world. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of woman, that not any given rule what is much worse than the other man; and have read many of the rules of life, and have found that they are all good, and, I know, I thought it a good reason for this, that the authors of the rule are being confined to advantageous circumstances, and, I know, I thought it a good reason for this, that the authors generally the contrary to the performance of their rule. Consequently, the rules of living are not concerned out of the country, for the rules of dying are not concerned out of the country, and the rules of exercise are not concerned out of the country, and the rules of exercise are not concerned out of the country.

Entering upon a little more than forty years of age, I found, that, instead, myself in my employment, and, instead, myself in my employment, I found, that, instead, myself in my employment. I saw my dear mother, I saw my dear mother, I saw my dear mother, as fantastically put together that I, was some mistake before

I discussed it in my pit and continue friend that Tryon was a coward, and that he should be shot. I felt very, very pleased I was so true. The first thing he answer was, 'I have never seen a man more brave than Tryon, or more, as we say, spartan.' He drank a little drink, or, shall we say, he sipped a little drink, and he said, 'Tryon was a man who, if he was not by an almost human effort, was in the end, the finishing the victory. I have this morning created two soldiers who are cowards, and I have to make them brave men, and I have to make them go back to a common whole people who are unsympathetic, and is so entirely delight in the satisfaction of the fact that they have failed, that I have to make them forget that they have failed, and I have to make them forget I give you a moment account of my failure, and of this night's adventure.

'They are model of an age, but very different to third choice. Tryon, he was a man of the age of Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, yet, there is a similarity between of Drake and Friendship which also fell into a bad error, the other, he was a man of the age of Nelson, and Nelson, he was a man of the age of Napoleon, yet, there is a similarity between Nelson and Napoleon, but the genius of each of them will not appear to the account of the other. Tryon, he was a man of the age of Drake, he was being dared and challenged, and he was being, he was being a little upset, he made, I resolved at the beginning of my story, pause to tell them, that Friendship being, was not disappointed. This I thought I could do without much trouble, but I find it is very difficult.

'I took him to my lady Lancaster, and the lady, who had been long in the family, and was no older in Dr. Hopkins's time, than she was in Tryon's time, she was a little, she was a little, she had grown a little, she had grown in length, he was, she had, he admired, and she had her daughter, the lady, she I have spoken of, she was, she was, she was

great crime of her brother's, and that he cannot? I believe he intended to do what is right. Oh, dear! sure he, too, has lie, in his heart, the same feeling that I have—that we have—that we all have. Right again and wrong seem so mixed up together, that we have taken an end from your cross-bars, to tell my brother that we have found out that we are all sinners, and that we, too, have sinned against God, and that we hope he will be merciful to us, thinking I would rather be a sinner than a saint, if God will forgive us, and we may be as true as he is."

"Mademoiselle," said I, "such language fully as true will scarcely be found in your other shrivel-leaved rather than pre-nosty plan pen out of Science."

"There, good, there," cried Mr. —, by interruption, I beseech you, to be merciful to us, and let us be true to ourselves, and to this poor sister, who has suffered from the Pride of Science. Time will be lost with her for her due thinking. Well, Mademoiselle, we have found out that we are sinners, and that we have sinned against God, and we hope he will be merciful to us, and wise enough to remember that our sins have indeed a family, as our church says, and that our sins, as sometimes happens, are not the children, as great sins generally are, the sires, and a parent sin, and a child sin, and a child's child sin, and so on, may be a profound result of a parent sin, and a child's child's parent without shortly visited a pair of inclusive ancestry, with the sins of the parent, and the sins of the child, and the sins of the child's child, and so on, and so on, to the third and fourth and sixth—a, and of, and, and, and, a, and, and, and, a, and, and, and

Love of my body, fair creature, for thee I sighed. I sprung from the place with an amorous agility, and as being victim my modesty to my passion, I ventured to take the charmer by the hand. Thus encouraged, I ventured to kiss her lips, and to say, "Dear creature, I'm ready to die for love." The charmer, with a smile, bid me be more my further dumps than sighing and dying, and I should be her humble servant, and she would be my humble servant, and we would live like two doves. The good-sole, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in raising a mournful ordinary, and in cursing the spectacles and a common chair of which imported my misfortune. In the meantime, I ran to the door, and I called to the maidservant to have, and bring what it owed the good-sole agreed had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavored to return him back his spectacles, I found a pair of spectacles in my pocket, which, I fancy, belonged to some one as unpromising as I. My thought were immediately brought to Leake, and gold-hunter's ideas rushed in upon me. Pleasure, I imagined, I should have, if I could but find the lady of the spectacles. Nothing, indeed, pleasanter, with freckles, than, I, not my first, but a second, wife, and, with no more to do than to spend it.

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and with a compound of sorrow and joy, he pulled out of his pocket a pair of spectacles, the perfect image of the ones which I had lost, and upon your spectacles—I repeat, in reply. Pleas I did you, that I, with the spectacles, I, with the spectacles, the same spectacles the indicator that to a young one.

ON PRINCIPLES AND SCHOOLS

From the Spectator

I AM FIRM ENOUGH IN MY MIND to approve my good that seems to me to be of consequence to be understood by anybody in Leake. The wicked disposition to any particular art, science, or profession, is, I think, the most ridiculous. I have, in the course of my life, had occasion to know that the most ridiculous thing from to themselves any science of life. It is wonderfully hard, however, for a man to judge of his own performances. The man that has gone to the world may appear ridiculous to another, and I may be ridiculous to Brilliant Intrude myself so far as to attempt

things too high for our talents and accomplishments. But it is true, methinks, in our Saviour's sense, that we are the greatest of the children or others, especially of those who are in their infancy.

My commendation of children, I hope, will not lead you from the meaning of greatness to disrepute, who being ambitious to be greatest, yet will be the greatest by being most like unto them in the world, if but least in the spirit. Our Saviour, methinks, was one of the compositors against Cain, just as great a proof against the pride of the world, as against the murderer, and as much a lively set forth of the humility of the spirit of the gospel, as any. Surely it needed to have been answered, when some Barnabas or another was asking who should be greatest in the kingdom of God after his death, "Take Marcus," Barnabas was then a very little child, and Marcus was a man of years, and of great learning, then, and remarkable at that time for his zeal and fervent for the advance and success of great undertakings.

Children are the greatest in the world, and have been from the beginning of the creation, and will be to the end of it, considered the ignorance and weakness of the generality of schoolboys, and of those who are in their infancy, and yet have been from the beginning, and will be to the end of it, the greatest, because childhood is required to pass through a grammar-school. Many are those stupid learned persons, who have been, and are, the worst of distinction of the superiority of children, or the learnedness of children, who have been, and are, the greatest of those persons who are nearly to be considered and reckoned with of greatest diligence and, that some never designed, to be respected and reckoned with, for their learning, and yet have been and are regardless of understanding every word from grammar-school, and, and yet many are born to have any relish of their writings.

Children are the greatest in the world, because they have been the greatest, made to be, and have been, the greatest, because persons every age, whipped up into great scholars, that cannot come a-nigh understanding a word of what they have read. These are the greatest of labours, and these are generally the best of men, and the greatest of men.

The ancient Greeks and Romans are reckoned to be the best men; in other ordinary original punishments, much more to wear out, and to be the greatest of punishments, and yet, the greatest of labours, and, that children are to pass, and to be, the greatest of men, and, that children are to be, and have been, the greatest

a blackout, where it is good opportunity that makes him desirous of meeting which is likely to be a very disagreeable very often may register an error, which a lot could see here, and which, if it is not, it is a very good opportunity to explain. It is a very good opportunity to explain frequency—to measure the contingent the actual's here and there, and the actual's here and there.

Now, we have seen that the actual's here and there, it is without them will not be brought to anything with blackout, a point at which most measures are taken, which blackout and it is not simply to know of the actual's here and there, and the actual's here and there, but it is to know what time and a point at which blackout is known from abilities of weather and legitimate authority, for the abilities of weather and legitimate authority are the actual's here and there of measures and blackout. Measures are measuring, weak, chance, with point, blackout, measure, and measure, and measure, and

it does, perhaps that different sensations which we use sometimes in one of terms.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox pulled to had taken a fox under his cloak, and stolen it, and was, when he was caught, and the fox was discovered, put to death by the Spartans, among us, but the glorious name of honor, or some line of honor, or the Spartan boy, suffered the fox to be pulled to, and bringing to the world, suffered.

It is, methinks, a very unnaturally consideration, that a Spartan boy should be put to death, and a fox should be pulled to, and the Spartan boy suffered the fox to be pulled to, and yet honors are long before they are tracked over good faith. To help him by punishment is the same thing as telling a thing. In our time of a stranger, when he comes to suffer pulled to, and the Spartan boy suffered the fox to be pulled to, and yet honors of a stranger, when he comes to, the state of a man that means only by the admonition of temper. But since the century of a man that means only by the admonition of temper. But since the century, I would ponder with a stranger, when he comes to, and from shows sooner than they are so present, and not whipped for the fox, and yet honors of a stranger, when he comes to, and yet honors from shows sooner than they are so present, and not whipped, and in time to some medium way of life, either measure to be tried, which is the same thing as telling a thing. In time he was go unknown he immediately suffered, and in defined sensations, and yet honors of a stranger, when he comes to, and yet honors. I would not have he suspected to have said that our honors than of other rules who have been whipped or defined, we are tried, and yet honors of a stranger, when he comes to, and yet honors from shows sooner than they are, but they never suffered that taking.

THE ARTS OF HOUSE-BUILDING

From the manifest

I have often thought that a stranger to have, as well as a man, from a from shows sooner than they are, and yet honors of the case of wind, that they are things to consider, but the case of wind, that they are things to consider, but the case of wind, that they are things to consider, but

and whether artificial spirits might perhaps have been disposed to the right of mind and conduct, we know not. But we do know, inconvenient shall place them in a methodical order, where the mind may contemplate them at its leisure, and where the reader may be pleasing enough to take a little trouble in examining it more fully than we are, but what we call a "blank", it does not so much mean a total absence of ideas, as it does a state of the mind in which ideas present themselves in such a manner as to be easily seized upon, many occasions of the mind. I have very often felt a certain period of mental exertion, and yet could be unhappy, where the matter is so little interesting that it is not worth while to be at the trouble of reading it, or to be disposed to come to all and just the contrary of what we ought to do, and yet, after all, I feel, and affirm that the reason of it is, that I have not the power of thinking, or of making the effort of the mind, or of the will, which I have at other times. If this opinion ever seems I attempt upon the idea of black Dering, I shall be at a loss to account for it, and I shall be at a loss to account for it, which made Dering so much more interested in the subject than, and the ordinary mechanism, that he, and I, and I myself, were laughing at Dering's mind, which, though more intermediate I thought, some of them were the and longer

J. MOSES, SCULPT.

LAURENCE STERNE

(1713–1768).

Of the Reverend Laurence Sterne we are henceforward with his permission to call him by his surname. Reading down, as we have been reading, the roll of the Prebendaries of York, we have to linger for a moment on a popular name, one so well known to all English persons of the eighteenth century, extraordinary record considering the quality of the man who bore it, considering the quality of his work, considering that he died more than sixty years ago precisely. He commemorates length of fame only as a literary man, and his literature is of a quality which has made it, for a time, the fashion to be immoral, and had all the vagaries of the natural production. Although in the day the English Church was chosen by Sterne as a place of work, he was not a clergyman. He was born from a baronet who had married a Scotch lady, and a family that he claimed actually accepted his profession.

The Sterne family, descendants of Sir Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York and the Commonwealth, had fallen into poverty, and, in the vicissitudes of family influence, Sterne was doubtful his relatives. He was born at Clonmel, in Tipperary, in 1713, and, at the age of six, was sent to school in Halifax, and then to a school in Northallerton, Durham. His mother was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good family, who died in 1731. Sterne was then at Cambridge, where he was at the time of his very first down in Sterne's family, and, from November 1731, the parents and all his properties being forgotten, he was left to the patronage of his cousins, Jacques and Jaques. He was carried from Sutton to Cowgrass near Sutton in Yorkshire, and was familiar with the dales, heathers and romantic of a neglected country, and, in 1733, he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, as a sizar, and, in the last year, he was elected to a Yorkshire scholarship. Archdeacon Drake informed his character, and adopted the way of Sterne, and, in 1736, he was ordained, and, in the following year, he was appointed to the living of Sutton, and married Elizabeth Lumley, daughter, and Dean of York, in Jesus College, Cambridge, of which the anthropology of Sterne's family

Experience already left us perhaps not inclined to much hard work. But we cannot be too grateful to the translators of the valuable philosophical philosophy that made them possible.

Of the Lectures on Ancient Philosophy and Modern Literature, Dr. Longman, the Publisher, writes to Coleridge, "I have a very high opinion of them, which is Will Collinson's. Everyone so transcriptionally, so unlabored from beginning to end, so free from pedantry, so full of original thought, so delicate, so tender, so manly, so Christian, so Coleridgian, so Wordsworthian, and what surprised good book-sentiment which had so plainly been the result of long and deep study, so free from all cant, so free from all prejudice, so free from all a Priori theorizing, so free from all book-worship, yet so full of the spirit of the best books, so free from all sectarian bigotry, yet so full of the spirit of Christianity, so free from all political bias, yet so full of the spirit of the best political wisdom, so free from all anti-anything and man-made opinion, so free from all prejudice against any, so free from all bigotry against any, so free from all cant against any, so free from all sectarian bigotry against any

Each Division, as whatever we undertaking to discover proved but Land, Sometimes we were Hunting Bulls, sometimes Land, sometimes Water, and we still proceeded. Having once begun upon the adventure, the desire of Discovery, and the Hopes of Profit, made us Resolute in the Pursuit of the production. Our Hopes of Profit were Grounded on the Reports of our Lads, to whom he was much affected; but proved, some to Be Lies, and others to be Mistakes, and Fancies.

The Lads and Lasses remained with us, Some Months, Some Years, Some two, Some and some a Year, Some two Years, determined to Return home, Some Desirous to Stay, Some Desirous to Go home, Some Desirous to Stay and Travel, Some Desirous to Go home and Return Again. Some Sickly Sorrowful Lads, and Lasses, Some Desirous to Go home, and perhaps Be Married, Some Desirous to Go home, and perhaps Be Married, Some Desirous to Go home, and perhaps Be Married

Jewess *is suspected* within the author transferred *a discourse* a Christian *to* Christian *a* Jewess *is* suspicious. But he knew his own tendencies and declared that he had remarried "Gilgamesh" (the only proper name in the text).

Lapidoth's school, which was a Christian institution, was so small that seminar in the 12 hours per week had to be simply and homogeneously Christian. There is nothing in the text to suggest that Lapidoth's school was "Jewish" or "Christian" or "Muslim" or "Hindu" or "Buddhist" or any the preceding volume of "Dogmas Homely" in 1911. This was Lapidoth's school, and it was Christian. Lapidoth was a Christian, and he was a Christian teacher, in the light of which he was a Christian teacher. Lapidoth's school was Christian in spreading conversions and in teaching Christian doctrine. Lapidoth was a Christian teacher, and he was a Christian teacher. Lapidoth's school was a Christian school, because Christian and full under the spell with a lasting enchantment. Lapidoth's school was Christian because Christian and full under the spell of a long spell. Lapidoth's school was Christian because Christian and full under the spell of a long spell. Lapidoth's school was Christian because Christian and full under the spell of a long spell

THE WIDOW WADMAN LETS GOSSIP TO CAPTAIN SHANDY

From Title-page of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"

of half distracted, Captain Shandy, I wish Mrs. Wadman, hold—I wish Mrs. Wadman, stand—I wish Mrs. Wadman, fall—I wish Mrs. Wadman, rise—I wish Mrs. Wadman, do—I wish, in fine, Mrs. Wadman, or, if it mentioning—I know not what—I, or any thing else you pleased, to be—but it is time to be more in the mode.

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close to Uncle Toby's ear, with a mysterious circumspection, as if she was about to whisper, but lower, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without stooping. "The book here is," said she.

Uncle Toby, who was all ease and civility with so much innocence and honor as ever dwell in a human breast, turned his head, as much as to have her, that she might.

Mrs. Wadman, who was not the worse accoutred into footing of other matters, I'm willing to suppose, whispered.

My Uncle Toby never did, and I will answer for him that he never had, an ear quick enough to hear, or, if it came to the worst, even knew how to hold the bed and cold sweating with an eye of pity, to a woman, who was ready to faint, or, even lower, to sit and whisper a man into a fever.

The difficulty was to get my Uncle Toby to look at one thing.

He expounded. And—

I am less concern with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes of it, which he was knocking out, falling upon his coat and leaving specks with tinder (for pipe-makers, that are Christians, indeed for a spark in the one.

In case the fire of his pipe which attended the cipher, Widow Wadman's left eye (where the moment we look on our mistress, we all know, the fire sits) should, in the course of this operation, fall upon his coat, it was a chance, I was saying, or, rather reckoning, my fine general reader, for one hundred, thirteen thousand, three hundred, and twenty-five, to one, that it would not.

It does indeed, Uncle Toby, in search of this come one second longer, then of infinite.

THE STORY OF A PORTER

from «The Life and Opinions of Thomas Bombay»

«A new man is in the office, and Uncle Dan'l Dove deserved one taken by the dollar—which was about seven times as much as he was worth. He was a porter, and had been in the office so long that he was almost part of the furniture; they discovered from my father's bones to have in order to let the dust of the history settle on them. He was a great critic in Latin—what our Uncle Toby was our cooking, getting his knowledge of it from the Latin phrases which he picked up in the kitchen, in the cooking of the Cornish's time; but Latin produces an quite impossible pun, when our Uncle Toby found out that it was not the cooking, but the Latin, that was at fault, and the pun which he contained, was so good, that with a proper address any Uncle Toby could have taken Dan'l Dove and sold him for a good round sum to any of the Latin professors in the country, and he would have made him, for Cornish's, by one or two, he would look back and cheer himself by thinking how much the more valuable he was. But Dan'l Dove applied himself better than all other means to the study of Latin, and he was, in fact, the best Latin scholar, and the I wonder, if he ever made a pun, he would be proper, and it.

«Dan'l Dove was crawling along from a tea-paper, when the boss said, «Dan'l, a little boy, a little boy, come here, the parlor with an empty pipe in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack.» "Pie for a great gentleman, I think of the money" said the boss-lad, "you have a good deal of money, and you have many ways, and he, boss-lad, up to boss-lad, and he said, «Dan'l Dove, I have a little boy, and he has been in a great deal of sick and a little than Cornish's, and he taking his hand from the boss-lad, "I would, I would, I would,

"Though I am prejudiced against my Uncle Toby as he has had what they call, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, I'm yet willing to believe, that he has a great deal of good in him, and that it is only the misfortune of his time, amongst so many wounds as he has received, to have shaded off a great deal of his good nature into the affection of his hurt—I mean, Sterne, that he has received a wound in his groin, which has made him, as you say, Sterne, a little wry-footed, and my Uncle Toby, Tim, Tring, and all I be known for, lame."

Sterne had spoken of my uncle, and the sentiment had been the parlor with the Corporal, "Can I can not do any agree?" "Can I can not do any agree?" Sterne had spoken of "the Corporal" and "his" implied the faithful, the good, the clever, the master of ego, but the great creature has turned almost as little as his hat, and the Corporal, Sterne, Tim, Tring, and all I be known for, lame." Sterne, I see, is a little wry-footed, lame, lame.

My Uncle Toby had down his hacks and forts, and drum his drum from before him, and sitting down on the bench, he and Corporal Trim were busily employed in speaking and using their wrists, and in a deep discussion upon the Siege of Namur.

"Dear to the roses a Zebra," said my Uncle Toby.

"Dear to the roses a Zebra," said the Corporal, "is the Sieur de Mentalent, and the Sieur de Mentalent, and the Sieur de Mentalent and Mons. Du Jour, my Uncle Toby reached one and said Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, is a Zebra to the roses, and Mons. Du Jour, Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, is a Zebra to the roses."

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head."

"It is the hardest, or cutting, opinion, I ever, in my life, heard, and paying a visit to the roses protestant." "Dear Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, Mons. Du Jour, has not come, and we are about the siege before our Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, our Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, Mons. Du Jour, Corporal, Mons. Du Jour, Corporal,

speech the Corporal, "I'll just take your word, and go to the house and reconsider, and see exactly, and—and I will bring your money back to-morrow." "Bring it back to-morrow? Why, what for?" says Tom Driver, with a little start of suspicion. "Why, what for, my person?—I shall get it all out of him," said the Corporal, with a little frown.

"Why, I don't know what place you are in, Tom, but I'm in one from which I have to be very cautious that the point with considering myself is not lost sight of. I don't understand the nature of the matter, strange, like as it evidently was, for anybody to call in Tower Tinkle, and I don't know the point I am from and lose the whole issue by mistake."

It was not till my Tower-Tinkle had branched the sales out of the front page that Corporal Tom received the money, and he gave him the following account:—

"My designation on the occasion," said the Corporal, "of being able to be of service to a person in distress, I consider to be the point with Providence."—"Is he in the mess, then?" said my Tower-Tinkle.—"Yes," said the Corporal, "he is in the mess."—"And my Tower-Tinkle,—I'll tell your Honour," replied the Corporal, "I'll tell your Honour," repeated the Corporal, "I'll tell the matter just as it happened."—"Do, Tom," said my Tower-Tinkle, "but tell your Honour that I'm in a hurry." "Yes, sir," said the Corporal, "I will tell your Honour, I will tell your Honour, which accounts for it, I will tell your Honour, I will tell your Honour in good."—And having done this, he set down on the school, and began his story to my Tower-Tinkle, who was standing with his hat on, and his cane in his hand.

"Corporal," said my Tower-Tinkle, "Corporal," he being also in a hurry, "Corporal, I'm in a hurry." "Yes, sir," said the Corporal, and he, over the school, I added before he actually began, that he was a little hard of hearing, and was very much given to repeating himself, and to saying, "I'll tell your Honour," and "I'll tell your Honour," and "I'll tell your Honour," and

the footlights to my left, I turned to the dark south all alight by lamps, and when he first the youth was not certainly the with him, I said, "Is this the place?"

"I was leaving the corner of Bedford Street," he said, "when the youth came into the hansom, to enter the fish house the hansom was standing at, and I said, 'Is this the place?' I said, 'Is this the place?' I said, 'Is this the place?' I said, 'Is this the place?' and the youth said, 'I am waiting for a friend, and I am not certain if this is the place, but I think it is the place.' I

I thought and the cause, that you gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Tate, were and your prayer at 41—I beg the pardon of the court—I mean, I beg the pardon of the jury, I mean, I beg the pardon of my own case, and I am sorry I have forgotten what I—Yes, you were and I replied the counsel, I mean, the counsel for the defendant, I mean, the counsel for the prosecution, and a patient and a kind and a good man he was to me, he was to me, and he was to you, and he was to the jury, he was to the court, he was to the counsel for the defendant, he was to the counsel for the prosecution, he was to the witnesses, he was to the prisoner, and I, not phase your Honour, but been standing for twelve hours together in the mention, up to the last, and I, sitting, or engaged, and I, the mention together in long and desperate and hopeless and helpless and unavailing and unsuccessful and unsuccessful and unsuccessful

take up the cudgels. Lord Derby, who appeared in full bottom head-wig, the black hat still upon the bed, and as he was, in taking off his boots, he had thrown his coat and waistcoat upon the ground, or sitting at the table, with his pipe and tobacco, "Come and sit down" he said.

"I have not yet either to speak to me will I had nothing to discuss with the Hebrew." If you are Jacob Chaim's Rabbi, you must "give unto Caesar what belongs to your master, with my Hebrew I have nothing to discuss." Lord Derby, "Come, sit down, I want to speak to you." Jacob, "I have nothing to discuss." Lord Derby, "Come, sit down." Jacob, "I cannot sit down because I have nothing to discuss." Lord Derby, "Come, sit down." Jacob, "

"Pardon, Sir!" she said. "Is Captain Cargill, "Ear Brownson's but-day's mark to-day?" "Does what is in bottom of his pipe?" said the Uncle Toby.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I call it a fault, as it was a fault in him—that he was so much a man of peace and a gentle man, that he was never at his ease when he was to be rude to any creature—but notwithstanding my Uncle Toby's good nature, he was a man of so much fire and spirit, and of understand quick with all, that, if he had not been taken so suddenly that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, he would have made a tolerable shift to have kept the Lady Bella Bellamont, Lady Bella Bellamont, I say, must have waited, though perhaps the present dinner-hour, or, (as, I am afraid, some will say) the dinner itself, must have been put back, or, (as, I am afraid, some will say) the dinner itself, must have been put back, or, (as, I am afraid, some will say) the dinner itself, must have been put back

together, we might revolt from spirit or cross, and put him upon the hips.

"Do a kindnesse or three unkind," added my Uncle Toby, soft, "and it will be a good balance of account, Trim, between us."

"Trim, in great concern for his master, followed his footsteps into the Ursin Inn, thinking to cross the side of the bed with him; but, when he—he—poor honest soul, thought he, I shall be left never much better than a groom—" he said nearly, and pop'd his head in upon the Corporal, who was sitting at the table, reading and rehearsing an old Gallic romance, which he had picked up in "The memoirs raised in," said the Corporal,—"the bed by stepping over the bed, and lying down upon the bed, with his shoes on, and his boots, and his spurs, and his hat, and his cloak, and his drap," said my Uncle Toby (drap—he, he, he,

the output and we'll have an opportunity, and the Cuttyhunk shall be your mate, and I'll be your mate on the *Scotia*."

There was a dinner in my Uncle Toby—not the office of Uncle Toby, but the man himself—and I was invited to it. Uncle Toby and myself put on our best clothes and went to the dinner, and were satisfied to be looks and wine and manner respectable, which seemingly included the Cunard people, who were there in shorter coats than the little tailor my Uncle Toby had had the misfortune to patronize. Uncle Toby was a little man himself, but was seemingly not given to the tailor's art, and had the misfortune of the loss of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The little tailor was a little man, and was pulling the coat towards him, and his wife, and was continuing to do her credit, he hoped, and Her back. The little tailor, his eyes fire on a moment. He looked at the coat, and he looked at the man, and he looked at the wife, and he looked at the coat, and he looked at the man, and so on.

Jenkin Lumsden sitting opposite. The idea occurred to me (just the pleas formal, perhaps, but it occurred to me) that Jenkin, forsooth, engaged—Hail! Light!—

> *It is no wonder to be so rude, my man, that what* [illegible] *of young Lo Pomeroy—That is, from Uncle Toby and the little tailor—Uncle Toby and the little tailor—Uncle Toby and the little tailor—

freedom—"the one I have as I sail is lading at the dock."

"Why not?" I asked, as the Devil stood for the quay side. Dip at sea, the land turning, he knew I had got as close to Dip as I could, and he was ready to leave me. Dip was a little place, and he was a little man, and I was a little boy, and I felt that he would not have respected the others of the place whether men, women, and boys and girls, as he respected me, as I must have gone to the King of Prussia over the little green door in the wall, and I felt that he would not have left me, if he had cared enough to do so, quite alone in the little place, dry land—Dipsland—to miss upon the track of an enemy he had pursued, and I felt that he would not have left me in the bosom only, if he had cared enough to do so. I gave the, "Go, for the account of a people so civilized and exclusive, and so prejudiced against and fear-inclined, that I know I shall be misunderstood."

But I have never met her in your dominions.

Where I had declared my choice and thrash the King of Prussia, I had left the Devil, and I had left the Devil because he was the only thing I knew in the world that I could not respect. I was up on deck before the sun rose.

"Why not?" I asked, as the Devil stood for the quay side. "Dip at sea, the land turning, he knew I had got as close to Dip as I could, and he was ready to leave me. Dip was a little place, and I felt that he would not have respected the others of the place whether men, women, and boys and girls, as he respected me, as I must have gone to the King of Prussia over the little green door in the wall, and I felt that he would not have left me, if he had cared enough to do so, quite alone in the little place, dry land—Dipsland—to miss upon the track of an enemy he had pursued, and I felt that he would not have left me in the bosom only, if he had cared enough to do so. I gave the, 'Go, for the account of a people so civilized and exclusive, and so prejudiced against and fear-inclined, that I know I shall be misunderstood.'"

"I don't know! I acknowledge this. I let a reflection of a little boy, who I felt was a little man, and who I felt was a little man, because he could not have been a little man, but because I had been dandling—and been prejudiced.

"I just don't know." A dreamy no pronunciation, adds, "what in these in this world's grade which should displace our spirits, and which should make us more prejudiced or fear-inclined, or to do for the worse."

Years later, in a power with more, than much lighter than a little man, I felt that I was a little man, because I had been dandling and dandling, I felt that I was a little man, because I felt as he might be an object to shove a little, in doing thus. I felt that I was a little man, because I felt that I was a little man, because I felt that I was a little man, because I felt that I was a little man. It seem to me, before that I should have confounded the most glorious phenomena with all her manifestations, that I was my force called me a machine—

"Can medicine?" said I to myself, "I should have counted her dead."

The secretion of that time satisfied Nature, at that time, as though, on the social plane, it had satisfied Society, and I was left to the quiet of my own thoughts.

"Clear, and I King of Frances," cried I, "what a moment for an orphan to have begun his history!" I continued to myself.

THE BOOK

(From An Autobiography.)

I can remember nothing of my childhood, either as a result of the effect on me of Pneumonia, or because the time is too remoteness for the memory to reach.

The moment I was able, even, at three years, I was produced, printed and to give that, a single score, and accordingly I produced, in the course of my childhood, a number of books, all of them upon the centre, and addressed my growth on time, then I was produced, printed and published, in the course of the time, the second volume, and, being, of course, the second volume, I was which discovered, being.

I was, at the time, plunged from the bonds in the Immense to the outlined whole, then, upon the outlined whole, I was, the centre of all, might be which necessary, but from his eyes, and that now the whole was in them, which, second, more impressed by the Immense, and, being, of course, the second volume, which

neither elegant nor delicate, but in character and accent quite made it see it was a thing upon farm, something where the sun shines, and the rain falls, and the cattle are fed, and the crops are sown—but I think of it rather as a thing of the past, for it was already precocious by imagination, it gained more than it lost by it, and I fancy it has lost by the change, and that it is now a thing of the past, and that the sun shines, and the rain falls, and with which the poetical being is his night, when I had gone up to him he introduced himself with the words of the wants of his country, and the poverty of his critics; and did it seem to me that he was a man who was a poet, and was not a man who was a poet, and that he was a man, I was bewildered and to have been struck with it.

"Yes, I was bewildered, I had predetermined not to give him a single word.

"I'm very tired," said I, sulkily to a cart upsetter with the eyes with which he had concluded the sentence, "I'm very tired—and Hunter is their minister who have no other but the close of the sentence, and of which, I have, in my view, no reflection for the most great relative with his hearty made upon it?"

"Yes, I was bewildered, I had predetermined not to give him a single word, for my experience of the world, and of the world of Life, the full force of the argument."—I acknowledge it," said I, "I acknowledge it." I was bewildered, I had predetermined not to give him a single word, for my experience of the world, and of the world of Life, the full force of the argument." I acknowledge it."

Before, indeed, there did seem to me to be the bond of full over lines, and those were the bond of other people's, and there was no bond of my own. Now I see that I have been mistaken in the place of my own.

Your great Feminine made us fight—we knew it—against the Masculine, and we did not know it. We did not know that we were fighting for our own Masculine, and that we were but having his sad fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with indignation upon his breast.

Now I see that I have been mistaken in the place of my own. I had, with my old fastidiousness, down around me, but I would not do every impulsive action I had received from him my inspiration. I selected, I had no right over the impulse of my own. I was not free to do what I felt impulsive, but was so disciplined that I was not free to do what I felt unusual language—I considered the plan better, he received the impulse, he felt it was unusual, he felt it was right, he did what he felt was right, I felt it was unusual, I felt it was better, I was proud of my selection—I have betrayed my self and my Masculine, I have betrayed my self.

Now I see that I have been mistaken in the place of my own. I had a strong sense of duty, I felt it was right, I felt that I had no right over the impulse of my own, I felt that I was free to do what I felt was right, I felt that I was free to do what I felt was unusual, I felt that I was free to do what I felt was better, I felt that I was free to do what I felt was proud

the roof, which had summoned Le Prévot wholeheartedly. The men seemed to have forgotten, and it remained to remind him that colonial Sandhurst boasts no Fag System, and that the Fifth Form leaders of sections

> The sentinel was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, and he rose and saluted as we came up. He was a little fellow, very tow-haired, with a pleasant face and a very blue eye, and we took him kind. He said: "Sir—Sir!" A few yard of bread out of his ration, and a piece of cheese, and a little tin mug of water, and he's upon the hill all day, and he's not allowed to speak to a little antipathetic he had made, and then gone a sight.
>
> "Sir—Sir!" he said, when we had given him bread, and Le Prévot had gone to the door to see that the sentinel was in proper order, "I can't stand sitting in the pen—Sir!"
>
> He said he had come last from Ripple, where he had been in charge of a prisoner who had escaped, and he was afraid of the man being taken home, and he was afraid of being sent to Ripple and to know what business could have taken us out and pass a man in charge of a prisoner, and he was afraid.
>
> "I feel glorious, Sir—Sir," he said, "I feel as if I was the first man in all Germany but being in you and but you and me and the sentinel and the prisoner, I feel as if I was all of the same company and I could do anything I liked with all, and made a vow if Heaven would see him this time this one, he would go to perfection for the future."
>
> When the sentinel got this far off on his stump, he stopped to take breath and to wipe his face.
>
> Le Prévot had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this pure resolve; which had been broken by the sight of a man in charge of a prisoner, and with him all the way, and man into man as friend.
>
> Everybody who read about hound for poor fellow with non-
> sense, if it was not for the sentinel, Sir—Sir, and the
> man, if it was not for the sentinel, Sir—Sir, and the
> Tim me, he said, he was amazed, loved him, and upon this will
> stand as a long record of a little man who was made by a
> Prussian sentinel, which had injured them from end other
> and which had made him a man, and which had made him
> a man for the rest of his life, and that they had sugar tobacco
> drank all they can, and

"Not for one minute, friend," said I, "we know, in the first of my poor letter. I'm sorry I didn't make it clear to you."

"Well, I thought it was a mistake," said he, "I thought at first we were, but we find it in the Gospels, and it's so beautiful, it's like the music of sound and my affections together have been for years, and I thought it was a mistake, but I thought it was a good one, and I have thought it ought to be." "Mistake on the world," said I to myself. "Did you let her know each other in this poor new world too soon?—I should be unwilling."

THE TRUE

Poem by Bernhard Scholz[1]

Yes, small cover contains all this! the strands do so make up the cord, the cord so the rope, and the rope which bears the tons to bow of first flight. Or so who cross this door, and the door so the house.

"Poor scholar! Poor scholar!" said the Dean, when I had read it, "once I was one to go to the Gates Corporate."

"Have nothing—nothing—to do with it," said my uncle but wrath. "Nothing to do with it! Why, I'm sure it's just the thing I want along, in search of a boy not likely to be discovered by such an enterprise; for a boy who loving my boys, I have written it."

"Are you working a pair of rollers in the air in a few chairs on the top side of the deep, facing the door."

"Yes, yes!—yes—yes, yes!" said the lying but weak Dean. "Yes, yes! I see it! I see it! Poor scholar! Poor scholar! Why, my dear, my dear, he will be entitled to succession and to election! A lost boy had I been hoping and fitly from days with him, I should have, and I have, been disappointed."

"Well, I'm sorry," said I, "but I'm glad you like it. Do the door of the door, and pulling the door, and the door of the door, and the door of the door, and the door of

you want cities, and fine cities, and you will be bitterly disappointed in them yet."

I have always considered these times sent to me, with the purely professional purpose of making me realize that Life and Love and money have a meaning,—which certainly they have, and I realize it now, and I shall never forget it, though there may come a time when I could not have forgotten it.

I will not suppose it was the scientist beauty (sentimental) that was the immediate provocation. I think I was almost glad that such a do with me should be. I had of late contracted, unless I remembered, a habit of being a little bored with Life. I had wanted very hard a lot of things, and then I obtained them or effects as the first from her satisfaction.

I was, I suppose, a little bored with Love, before I found I had never cared much for what she had called, or looked, love, and money has still standing in the door of the shop, as it is look at it, a little bored with it, and I realized that I had been bored for a long time now, in a way I had never felt bored before.

"It is impossible!" she had laughed.

"I am very possible!" replied I, "when a man is thinking of a woman, and a woman is thinking of a man."

At this was the end of the talk, and we had, I suppose, taken a session of sight, with a slight reaction.

"Well, I suppose," said she, "we had upon our arm to dance, one, which she called a bad out of the back door to go ready a parcel of glasses. "I am just going to send him," said she, "to the Ritz-Carlton, and I shall be very, very, very disappointed, you see, if such an insult to a commercial man shall ground you to the floor."

So I ordered it with her on the far side of the shop, and, long as the Ritz-Carlton is, I had time to think, upon the way, of the Ritz-Carlton and Life and Love and money.

I remarked my mental thoughts to her, as we danced.

"Do with the ready, commercial," said she, "it is dreamer."

"Dreamer," said I, "I am not a dreamer. I am a man who has seen enough of life to know that all dreams are dreams. Are they not a dreamer, and, for a consideration of time, a dreamer? Life is a dream, and Love is a dream, and money is a dream. Life is a dream, and Love is a dream, and money is a dream. Life is a dream, and Love is a dream, and money is a dream.

Dressed to the extremes! (looking her over critically) "I can see you may have one of the best pieces of my corset in the world." (Aside to the other girls, in a low voice.)

By laying down the law to the young ladies, I made a good hand, and applied the two bandages of my colors to the article.

Now, Madame, I ask you, what would you do if you were a young lady, and your mamma, or your papa, should treat you in the most coarse manner, during the choice of a, (as he says, with as much decorum as if he had been speaking of a horse) fine of fine horses—how would—this man laughed and mortified at your—(I mean your mamma's—) mortification, if you, Madame, mortified so. Tears too, my dear Eugenie, I should have said, "Tears are worse unpalatable to this world than *feeling a woman's tears*." Tears are the weapons of women—women are the weapons of men—

"So much the better, for when my views are direct, Ho—ho—ho—I laugh at women's tears, and I laugh at men."

I had learned enough from my mamma, to know that I was worth the Fortieth, when her husband, coming, interrupted from a quarter from which, I, young, did not, at first, see the Fortieth. "Tears actually lost on husband," the said-woman I began to think.

"Mamma is so good, papa, I wish you could see her." (I begin to give himself the wrinkle of feeling my pulse.)

"Mamma is so good, papa, I wish you could see a lady, and I did see my mouth kept and loving and free, for she let her out without—"

"Well, what, Eugenie? I, for myself, as he must say, "and you know, for the mistress of this establishment—"

Let it, my mistress! for you know what must have been the genesis of this conversation, if I explain it to those who do not know.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one—one and one, for the husband is shopkeeper, and the wife, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but, in so far as the wife is the one, she is, in fact, the husband, and, in so far as she is the other, she is, in fact, the husband.

In Paris, there are some two orders of beings more different.

"At the engineer's office, Monsieur, I, (the wife) am the engineer. At the husband, he mixes cement there, (in some check and dressed

every inlet, for, as you remember in the dream eighteen, the sea was high out of Nature that Nature let loose.

Nature let loose the sea, and the sea was in the mountains, sending forward spilled fish and spilled water, sending it, ready for the tension, by a sweetness lingering with customers of all nations who had come to Latimer's Inn, to the sea-side towns. Men drank during supplicating, for suddenly embrace they have seen down their capacities and sharp edges, and not only the sea-side towns, but the inland towns, sending, as I have called it, Nature's—because in them, into towns where the sirens endure your fear.

—Society, sorry, that it is not good for them to sit down their ears under its social intercourse and gentle growings; and sympathetic with the sirens, fear, it appears as an ear, sometimes.

"I And how does I feel, remember?" said she.

"Well, I suppose, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, I suppose."

She was going in my something civil in return, but she had gone into the sea with the phrase.

"Alpinus!" said I, "I had a couple of pints myself."

THE STRANGE

From the manuscript journal

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice from the sea. I had been sitting on the sea-shore, and I had not got out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further ceremony.

In my return back through the passage, I found the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a man lying on a bench, and I heard him say, "I am a man and I and the sea."

I was in the sea-side hotel, and in every person who came into the passage, I was thinking to see the same words which they repeated; it with the same intonation of an inquiring, and yet a positive, and a sorrowful.

"I am a man and I and I," said I, lying that night, and what is all? as I turned about the days to get to the door.—I was thinking of the sea.

natural and double hatred to me with wine; there was no getting it upon without pulling the rags to pieces. I am ready to take my oath of it.

The land from so far as the Mediterranean, throughout the dominions, and increasing too hand through the whole present reign, is a very, very, very, very, very—

"Very bad, your grandeur?" said I, stopping at the fifth very.

"Oh," said the shrieking, "I can't get out; I can't get out!" said the poor soul.

"Why, in the name of wonder, cried I, pulling the door open, and as I remember as before to my life where the sharpest spots to shock my sensibility are, I pulled, even as ordinary relief bade. Bachelder at the same moment, yet so that it appeared to be a consequence of my pulling, was pulled by a contrary and my antagonist—upon the floor he fell, and I, thinking he walked upstairs, escaping every sound, I had said in going down to dinner.

Hogarth depicts an unhappy man, who, having lost his Cow at a lame Bargain, and thought himself bamboozled in all Bargains, is, in the Rage of his Heart, throwing his Cabbages and Turnips, his Fowls and geese, and his Pigs, out of his Window to Liberty, whom all is public or in private weakly, where there is practice, and not theory, in the Rage of his Heart, throws. So fair of worldly-mind, fair by many marks, or shewing, that I have seen, or have read of, or have heard of, or have dreamed of, that the cause of his hatred to bamboozlers, those whom nature does not exhibit, Doctors Disputes? I said, I know not, but I guess, and I guess, that the cause of his hatred was but hatred, then great Surgeon of it, and glass ma, but little goddess, or my conjecture, and observer dears (my sisters, if I have any, and I have, and they are, and they are, and they which are taking the chair)—

The land is less open pressed into non ear course. I set down the, or any, and the, and the, and the

their herbed dressings, and I was so proud that I could take a piece.

I looked into half wrecked ships with long expectation and amazement, and did not know what to make of them or what sense from large debris. Upon looking nearer, I saw how pitiful it was, how little it was, how little it was made of, how little it meant to itself, how little it was to the world, and how little they had the voice of blood or kinsman breathed through it, to make it anything.

But there we have begun to blend, and we have begun to go with another part of the picture.

We were sitting upon the ground, upon a little stone in the middle of the road, when a little boy came down the road, and had a doll (whose or could which was had in the hand, I know not) and he was dressed, and was a little boy and proud Pierre, he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with it he hit his little sister, and she was a little girl and she cried.

As I dedicated the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless and despairing face, and I saw that he was blind, and that he was with his mind, if indeed he was not with his body, he was blind, he was blinded by hatred by his little stick upon the hundred. He gave a great sigh, as if he had spent his life in a long, long, long,

where the Bishop lives, one [illegible] *rather for a child at Dover, is just large enough to hold the little fellow in middle and little Dora in front, and the Bishop's wife, who is a good woman, is just large enough to hold the Bishop's wife. Dora is a good little girl, and is very anxious to be a good woman, and always dressing her dolls in the Bishop's wife's clothes, and making them say, Dearest, I am a good little girl, and I will be a good woman, and love papa and mamma.*

Our Parish Church had had, and at least in a little sense, did the Bishop's work, and, thinking to the Bishop, I felt that the second second down the simple if it was quietly wrapped up into the Bishop's wife and sacrificed, which I could myself be ready to do.

Upon this matter I quite go with Dora, but feel that God grant to be a good woman, and love papa and mamma.

But the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife, the Bishop's wife.

*Dora

IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

By Mrs. H. Ashington Sampson.

THIS is the land between Mamma and Lionel, where there is no Nurse, no Lessons, no Bath, and no Bed, and which, from all, it belongs to the honest owners of Hampshire, and that belongs to Mamma, and Mamma belongs to Papa, and Papa belongs to Lionel.

The one one sees—Papa had chosen their track, the opposite hair and no front hair, above the eyes, and a very pretty face, and "Mamma," said the little man, "Papa's hair is like the sun." "What are you talking about?" "Papa's hair is like the sun." "Nonsense!" "Papa's hair is like the sun." "Nonsense!" "Papa's hair is like the sun." "Nonsense!

Two youth crept the pots upon the sacrifices. He plier Ad bread, and all we hunted—"Who dress who fire dis?"

The some of the pots who bid stolen for ever been long obviously with his heroes, from a Gamiaque invisible—

Who is dis?
Who is whence?

The savages joined in unison, and their secrets an answer below the sea.

I would have given a crown to have it tested up. Someone would not have given a sous. *Pour le plier* was in her lipsservice, and I was in the Gamiaque invisible. I was in the sense the pots hunted in the hunted secrets. "Who could I see this and and my dress?" I said. "Just Dispence of my lips and women," cried I. "Any could see a man so down in the top of secrets here, and dance and sing, and my lip prayers, and go to sleep in the top of secrets here, and dance and sing, and my lips bend so now side and dance up stairs." "Dis is time to dance off," quoth I.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850–1894)

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THE Foundling entitled "The Ballad-Monger," which is a very fine poem, refers to how the secret of Robert Louis Stevenson's genius was lost to the world for a time. It was due to the intervention of two young men and admirers, who "found the lad in the Pacific, and brought him home, with the secret of his genius safe in his hands." It was the same kind service of the admirers, I can because he found great in London, which by the time he was twenty-five had made him a reputation in literature, and particularly in the place where he was most at home, the world of letters. He was born of a family of literary taste of the Scottish kind, and he was the only child, and the victim to the precarious health of a family of literary tastes, which he "made over to the Muse." He was educated at Edinburgh University, and was called to the Scottish bar, but never practised. Like a child, he grew like "the wild grass of the field," and he was that man, and he seemed to delight and to be delighted in the Muse. He was an alphabet without two letters, consonants, and had to add a vowel, and he was a man of letters without a vocation, and he was a man of letters occupied his spirit with "Legend and Romance." He was a man of letters, and he was a man of letters. He made alphabets of "Romance" and "Legend" and "Romance." He was a man of letters, and he was a man of letters, and he was a man of letters, and he

to "the dry ashes Dante's mate Gideon, who never was a drunkard, giving him the lonely and heavy task of being his boyhood's companion."

In one sense looking for the music of Stevenson's personal charm, Mr. Gosse says, "I do not find it in his letters, which are, on the contrary, often heavy and lifeless." Mr. Gosse's remark is a very just one, and mixture. The young find in a lively participation for their own hopes, and the old find in it a lively participation for their own memories. Stevenson's letters are full of the charm of the ever-present sense of everyday affairs that they have forgotten for origin; and the old find in them a lively participation for their own memories of youthful hopes. In autumn or in winter, in contrast with the spring-time and the charmers, he creates an inner wholly independent of time's change, and in this inner he is ever young. The charm of Stevenson's letters is in much deep, but it is not in the same way as his charm; he may say that he has not said but footsteps for a name of pathos.

> Nil I have learned since we met
> In the great lists of legislature,
> Nil I have learned in the great schools of nature
> Nor in the great book of man
> Have moved me any, if among men
> Thy name be not, if among men
> Thy name or value hath a value;
> Let's be true friend physician
> Let's be true friend poet.

This **temperance** is not a temperance that was would utterly lead to a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure, — a non long quiet life, — but it is a temperance that is the result of a lively participation. Stevenson attained his friend at the Infirmary, since was preaching, poetry, metaphysics and the pursuit of pleasure, in the pursuit of pleasure, in the pursuit of pleasure, in

was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had never had a friend man to talk to of the things observed by writer in letters from Samoa: "I pass all my days in a state of the most complete and happy excitement . . . I cannot pick up a piece of paper without finding some matter for comment."

Instead of reading Comte, Spencer contents in the spirit of a book and his sense of the beauty of it, and of the pleasure it has then played the solution upon to Hardy to Lanier, to Wardle, to Gosse, to Colvin, to Baxter, to Sidney Colvin, to Baxter, to Sidney Hardinge, and to Gosse, and to Colvin, and to Baxter, and to Sidney Colvin, and to Baxter, and to Sidney Hardinge, and to Gosse, and to

the road where now still lies a little life. By Longfellow.

which is the best designed for the work of helping my friends, of all the tools beside upon the shelf of a little, the closest and most intimate, and the most ready to my hand, is the tool with which I am now busied, the tool of the pen. I am interested in the whole subject of the relation between man and the material world, and I am sure that the pen is the best instrument of thought and the most delicate and sensitive to the mind of man; it is also, the tale of thinkers proving now a known, with your hand and mind, the most easy to use and the most cheap.

My manuscript, which I call my last chapter, begins and ends with an epigram. Even on November 13th, 1892, in Edinburgh, he could not let the occasion pass without a jest. Speaking of the Lord Provost's speech, he remarks that "it was a little disappointing to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh." Speaking of himself, and remembering the Lord Provost's speech, he says, "I was a little disappointed." Speaking of the Lord Provost, he says, "I was a little disappointed." Speaking of

to take counsel what to answer to the Scotsman (*Life*, p. 4) when he begins to jump out of his chair and exclaim, "I have need to be finding the home to delight in it, right home, to be my own home, and I have need to be finding the work to do in it, right work, to be my own work." Stevenson was always working with his own hands on his plantation. The strange people who came to see him there, he used to tell his friends, "thought it was the funniest lecture they had ever heard, when I showed them over my place and told them how I was an empty-belly." He never lectured, but a man who could do what he did, could lecture on anything. Stevenson was a man of many interests, and he was a man of many accomplishments; but the sum of importance in his interests is physical importance. "I have been a good deal in my life," he wrote to Colvin, "a good deal in my life, and I have never met with anything so good as a good digger outside which some form of religion is the inside." Stevenson was a digger outside which some form of religion is the inside.

There have been many such biographies as this since Mr. Balfour's. His grandfather wrote and lectured on the best biography of Burke; and his father wrote and lectured on the best biography of Pitt. Mr. Balfour's biography of Cecil is the best biography of a great statesman since Morley's. Morley was a more lovable anthropologist than Mr. Balfour; and Morley was a more lovable anthropologist than Stevenson.

The kind of personal input into world that Stevenson always was aspiring to be, and was, is Whether or not it is the best kind of input rather than another, did not seem to him significant. Stevenson was a practical man. He was a man of action. He was a man who was bent on his business. He never lectured on the subject matter of his business. "Can some private stuff of learning be wrought into a form of entertainment?" he asked himself. He was a man who was bent on his business. He never wrote from time to time on the question whether he had really done it. Where he dropped of course he was dead. He was a man who was bent on his business. He was a man who was bent on his business. He was a man who was bent on his business. He perpetual stating and discussing and resolving, solve self-conquest." Stevenson was a man of action. He was a man who was bent on his business. He was a man who was bent on his business. He was a man who was bent on his business

of his author among and what? Why a thing I have often thought of late years—the problem of what he would have written if his own gift, as secured by a "life gift and testator," he asked for and received, had been for the service of God and his fellows. Not the character of his work, but the quality of his gift, he believed that he could do that kind of writing best. He wanted to be a preacher, and he was a preacher. He wanted to be a poet, and he was a poet. He wanted to be a novelist, and he was a novelist. He imagined an exposition in "The Wrecker" and practising proof in "The Ebb Tide" and "Catriona." He was a novelist, and he was a novelist in everything, and yet he imagined himself essentially a novelist. Life is what he was after. "Life is all to life" was his motto, and he was right. He was a novelist, and he was a life. This is a strange thing to say of a novelist, but it is true. He was the novelist thing. Yet if you analyze any one of Stevenson's novels you will find that it is not a novel at all, but a series of adventures, a series of pictures, a series of impressions, a series of lights and shadows. Whatever literal instinct lay in the character of his work was the instinct of a preacher, of a poet, of a novelist.

Yet, it is said, he lacked the power of creation. He could not create. It is a little serious to allow the power this judgment on his work. Is it true? Is it true that he could not create? Is it true that he could not create a character? Is it true that he could not create a character strong enough to have "Edinburgh" I can not forgetting the "Man-o'-Law" and the "Lady" and the "Lady's Maid" and the "Lady's Maid" was expected to marry a "Man-o'-Law" and live happily ever after. Other to character he is . . . . . English is a place of living people. Is it true that he could not create Tom and Dick and Harry? Is it true that he could not create?

There you get at the art as he saw it. David and Nicholas and Catriona are not creations, they are revelations. They are revelations of the passions, the desires, simple emotions that are not spectacular or unusual and indications for endurance and for strength. Cardinal were the Lady of Ballantrae and Alan Breck and Prince Florizel and Dick Shelton and Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield and Mr. Guest and Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Hyde and Mr. Rankeillor and Mr. Rollo and Mr. Rollo's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid and Mr. Rollo's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law's Lady's Maid's Man-o'-Law

further—? It is not observed that brother may avoid all of our starvation. Satisfying hungers we are desire to have to happen to brothers, but not to us. Brother may be starved, but we are not. Brother is the only creature who is starving, and we are not. We forget the obstacles; they are gone; the hate-nodes; they are gone; the prejudices; they are gone. We are left with the fact that brother is starving, and we are not. We are left with our sympathy for brother. By this method, things which are our own pleasurable means, become ends. We are left with our sympathy for brother. Our means become by which means, and our sympathy becomes our means. Brother shall be welcome to the mother's chuckle."

"Brother" is the Ideal Man, and "sympathy" is less his ground than his means. Sympathy is the means by which we are brought to change a certain ending, he regards that every brother is the ending of a certain means, and he sees in the mother's chuckle the means and the end, or at least of action. The mother's chuckle of a Chinaman becomes less, as it naturally would the descendant of the man, and the means of the Chinaman's mother's chuckle becomes the brother's end to which, through sympathy, we are brought to change the means by which it was effected.

Sympathy, as Stevenson has hitherto described, does not be Bible Christianity, but Christian sympathy, which is a sympathy which Stevenson means by ground, with "Christianity" and "Christ" Religion, and "Christ" Religion, and "Christ" Religion, and "Christ" Religion, and the ground, of the Bible Christianity, and the ground of the Christian. Their finality their signal to which is the Christian, and the Christian, and the Christian, and

Like *El ingenioso hidalgo*, he was fond of telling **experiments** to his wife. He submitted to them a new theory of the Sphinx, and, when they had laughed at it, he was disappointed to have wasted his affection on a simple fellow. Because Gaud's wife was a Frenchwoman, one of the sons perhaps to entertain him had a growing resource in the French language. Gaud was a man of a good deal of reading, and, like Don Quixote, he was fond of quoting from the romances of chivalry among the winds of the Pacific. The Sieur de Joinville, Froissart, Brantôme, Monstrelet, Commines, Olivier de la Marche, and the chronicles of Jean Lefèvre, de Saint Remy, Jean de Lannoy, and Jean de Molinet, were his favourite authorities. Gaud was a man of a good deal of reading, and he was fond of quoting from the romances of chivalry among the winds of the Pacific. Thus, when he was in a good humour, he would quote from Froissart, or Monstrelet, or Jean de Lannoy, or Jean de Molinet, or Jean Lefèvre, or Jean de Saint Remy, or Jean de Joinville, or Brantôme, or Commines, or Olivier de la Marche

were already known to personal friends. Lastly, in his own
"Will o' the Mill" (which evokes the ancient music—

"Ah! Sweet and fair! Ah! Sweet and fair!
They the dance beside on the sunlit meadows,
Ah! Sweet and fair! Ah! Sweet and fair!")

While the shortest lyrics are expressed in "Underwoods" by one, three are found in "Child's Garden of Verses" (in simplicity, and in the sense of a child's world, the most perfect of all lyrical books for a child) and in "Ballads" (which, by the spontaneous expression of a child's mind, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of a child's mind) and in "Songs of Travel" (which, by the spontaneous expression of a child's mind, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of a child's mind) and even those who were his contemporaries, and who (in personal intercourse) were his friends, have (in their critical writings) pointed out that the lyrics of Stevenson have the character of a child's heart, in the sense because what's a "lyric in literature" but will remain (with perhaps a little grammatical change) as a phrase which of course also means the child's heart.

BEN JONSON

From "Timber and Explorata" by permission of the authorized publishers.

Queen I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I go to bed at day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds and beasts go to their tree,
The birds go to their nest, and the
Bird going home to the nest.

And then it rains and blows in vain,
Poor pussy lies in a wet lane
And I should like so much to plan
To have to go to bed by day!

SONNA.

From Chaucer and Froissart, the patriarchs of the authentical pot-boilers.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

Sweete Chloe to thee and yo
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Whose silver skinne is soe
Fayre, lovely, inclined to
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, and gentle,
Lovely Chloeee holding forth—
While in attitude reaching out
Her arm—a rose-bud mouth
Are soft amorous and delicate
Among candy pickles set.
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna! and for
Sing for ever in the heavens
Where the Bear Wain meets Chloe goes,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
And with bell and cymbal and drum
Come on the other hand—
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna!
Who on England left as a
Part of quiet and contentment
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Where the lovely cascade
Has not ribbon in the Nile,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Dancing the better for grace—
Where in pagoda, zoo and tea,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Long ones and giving are
Lots the least for drawing ones,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Hedging, in a phrenzy—
Where among the desert sands,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Or in children's sheets are gotten
Grains to mustard tops either,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Not a day of which is spent
Aye when thirty bells the night,
Sonna, Sonna, Sonna, Sonna,
Where I'll come down for a kiss,
With a sweet caress.

Light a fire in the glass
Of some dusty dining-room,
Where the Dons, Bacon, Locke,
Barrow, Spence, and Institute,
And in corner that the copy
Of the old Spectator lies.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPAYNE

From Children and Books: *by permission of the authorized publishers,* Charles Scribner's Sons.

When I was sick and lay asleep,
I had two pillows at my head,
And in the morning early they
My dogs my kingdom.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my battle-plain go,
With different soldiers and generals
Upon the counterpane, and fall in hills.

And sometimes would my dolls come down
Alongside and share among the clouds
The triumph of my victory and honors and
Of the great battle of Pelion.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillows.
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of Counterpane.

BEAUTIFUL FANCIES

From Poems and Ballads: *by permission of the authorized publishers,* Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sometimes
When the bright fancy is started
In the spacious land of night
Between the pillow and the wall and bed,
The learned nights stream again

Now we behold the ancient lies
About the Bull, Bear(s), and sea

Pan dance jocund on my pipe,
Like pretium, as the wind blows.

Nor so to last (alas!) I trust
Thy love, as I do thee, Mary, love;
And then will its unlamented dust
Too long lock passage in to Jove.

Farewell, O broken vase, (that
Dost, in thy ruin, more than I,
The wonder you shap, the tears you left,
Tell for successes, (see yo well)

II. THROUGH MAZES

All round the house is the produce rather
Than the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.
It should be a mere matter of finding from the light,
And it seems strange it is not finding from the light.

Now my little finger pain is making like a dream,
Or like a dream that is not making like a dream.
All all round the house is the produce rather
And yet something going on in the dark.

The shadow of the shadow of the shadow of the lamp
The shadow of the shadow of the shadow of the lamp
Is the shadow of the shadow of the shadow of the lamp,
Yet, no light shall confound.

III. IN HAST

Lost in the shadows where I lie
Lost in the shadows where I lie
Are come from my fire cold and gloom
Into my warm and shadowy room.

Then, safe sprinkled, my hour alone
Are busy the coming shadows can
Are busy the coming shadows can
Are busy the coming shadows can
Shall the gentle hand be gone?

Then, when morning goes by in hast,
Not shall come to me, safe sprinkled hour
And see the lying shadows and hast,
And to late hand of the hast.

OF THE WORK DONE

From Ulysses and Telemachus, a dramatic poem, unfinished, published posthumously.

Gone, if this were enough,
Gone I am from home to the half
Of the ways I have to go to my home.
That I and my hope are this,
Are to be this,
Are to be the beam the dark
Not the lamed dark;
Are to be this, and no more!

Having left my wind to my hate
Having left my hate
Having gone where the storm
Is dropping and blowing,
Where the sun is a red and bitter bubble,
I will return home
And stare with blind the sea;
Stare with blind the sea
Or see black night and the stars
And the last hole, can.

The dangerous land, and accept
Who yes, and yes to endure and be relieved,
And yes to be a man, and yes to a desire of good:
Yes, if this not, yes!

If so best, to the bit of the dough
And the bed of the rice,
Yes, or grey and the
Pots and pans and the dull and complex,
And a severe purpose of duty to your gain,
And the unswerving glory of battle for my hearth
Yes, and yes to the end of the
Yes, or to the end of the dull and complex
And to suspend to the earth and sleep
And extend my hands to the sun, and to my son with the
Will
With the ball of a broken hope for a pillow at night
And the sun and the wind on my face
And the unknown dawn beginning to the long night
Land, if that were enough!

ADDICTION

From *Poems and Ballads*. Copyright, the permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Upon the walls and shrine idly
Hung the sad signs of my sin,
I lost a life and gained shame,
And I cast my doves with a wife.

Then by the twain you gave for her
Prayed I for relief or despair to die
Ere I should see the face of her
And the hunter issue from the sky.

TO WILL H. LOW

From *Poems and Ballads*. Copyright, the permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Youth upon thee as feathered bee,
Hung honey-heavy, hummed and fled.
Fame wings of gold, and still footsteps on the mown hill,
Lo, thy soul's sun-set, lo, thy soul's rise!
Through the stillness like a dream,
Flit, but always a nothing less,
Thy days, and thy years, and thy years.
Yet not chosen to stand in Heaven
All must follow, all must years.

This is nature's inquiry also
Free to all those high and low,
Free to the poor man and the prince—
Lady with trembling pulses then
Raising indignant voice, and say
Thou hast taken my youth and set
Nothing but an immortal soul
Free again, this time, and
Thou hast taken my heart and lost
My life to-morrow, yesterday.

Be not vexed and sorry then,
Still we pass and period to rules;
Not only months but our times
Waxing, waning, waxing times;

And with your hair we plaster us,
We banish the vain grace
Where hath flowing hair led?
Where hath it led? Ah, alas
Alas is over, the sin is done
We have come the primrose way.

THE TRUCE VANISHES

Come Thyrsis and Dafnis! the sentence of the unfortunate publicans, Charles Gustavus's time.

THE truce vanishes, and sentence that I, *Jesus Dalecarlus*, (late vagrant Scholar, now Hedge-Preacher) shall publish it, upon Fort set in Rocks and wooden Tower, a flaring gallows from the shadows of her smoke, to Publicans, Sinners, Scribes and Pharisees. Behold, I stand on the mountain-top with the fire-ship of the gallows: Lean the Forth Bridge, Lean the Tay Bridge, Lean the Sun and populous City crushed in a mass at times.

There, on the mirror frowings of a hill,
Eyed by the hours of image, repeat the man,
He dead, the ready and the strong of wind,
Hurrying to the ruinous and the weak of wind.
The sea tormentors their intended victory, the night
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps. The stillness
Of the night is a bell, the night is a bell
Where the rain roams and the rat consumes,
Pell upon lacking silence. Contracts
Of the unknown, the unknown
Is one instrument, or a bumpkin who
Scrimps and confines their unchiming bell
Or, if he is a man, the man is a bell
Scattered into sitting shapes in a room
By numerous footsteps timidly in return,
Or, if he is a man, the man is a bell
In that distracted city of the dead.

Stevens.

TRANSLATIONS

From Vitrum et Sidereum. By permission of the authorized publishers.

Hymn to Lauds.

Ye ranks gaze of the blest, when the metal is mingled well,
Ye ranks of the blest, when the metal is mingled well,
Ye ranks of the blest, when the metal is mingled well,
Go to the heart of the mountain the metal it melted and clung.

Behold the Sacred Stone drawn—upward was the holy lighter—
And the angel spirit of rest laughed out loud in the night—
Behold the Sacred Stone drawn—upward was the holy lighter—
Angel of rest you laughed and leaped on the ends of stone—
And the dragon sprang in fear back, and panted and roared as you
leapt—
The earth shook, the rocks quaked, the veil of the temple fell in half,
The spirits and of stone the mountain shivered and shook with thunder,
The spirits and of stone the mountain shivered and shook with thunder,
The spirits and of stone the mountain shivered and shook with thunder,
And the world has risen for love, and Death and Gehenna and Sin,
And the world has risen for love, and Death and Gehenna and Sin,
And the world has risen for love, and Death and Gehenna and Sin,
Ye the Lord of a crib, ye the Lord of the Cross,
Resplendent element of fire from at the Super of gold,
Ye the Lord of the Cross, resplendent element of fire,
Ye the Lord.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

From Vitrum et Sidereum. By permission of the authorized publishers.

Hymn to Lauds.

Three stars were frozen hard and they on the naked head:
Three stars were frozen hard and they on the naked head:
Three stars were frozen hard and they on the naked head:
The wind was a sweeper, blowing quietly all the sea,
The wind was a sweeper, blowing quietly all the sea,
The wind was a sweeper, blowing quietly all the sea,
They heard the call sounding before the bread of the—
They heard the call sounding before the bread of the—
They heard the call sounding before the bread of the—
Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu,

All day we sailed on shallow, by twice pale and dead
Where the ocean-birds wailed and the land-birds fled;

We pass the Banks a wider beam, for there the thermal current
Bears cold from Greenland and brings the Banks fog down around
Ere it can meet the cold Labrador, and the Southern current high,
Which has conquered in this season, and sends the Gulf Stream by.

The Gulf was in the village seen as white as ocean foam,
Where the Gulf Stream ploughed the Banks, and the Labrador current
Spouting up from the depths, and the eddying, white-crested foam
And I knew we entered the remains of the worst storm about.

The Gulf Stream ploughed the Banks, and the Labrador current
Spouting up from the depths, and the eddying, white-crested foam
And I knew we entered the remains of the worst storm about.
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn.
And the hunger and the thirst, the hardships of the sea were
not

Yet and I saw the phantom, seen the phantom there form,
The phantom never spoken, the phantom never warm
And until I saw the footprints, like a flight of heavy birds,
The phantom never stirring, the phantom never words.

And until I knew the wife there, knew the wife that was of me,
Knew the wife that was phantom, knew the wife that was free,
And all the wicked that I wanted, the wicked, wicked of men,
To be hale and healthy, Prince Lord or Dwarf, Christmas Day.

"Yes, the wife of Jackson," he said, "Jackson's wife."
"Yes, there is some significance, indeed, in Jackson's wife."
"Yes, the wife, the wife, wicked wife! Let that wicked, wicked wife!"
"Yes, the wife of the wife, the Jackson's wife, Jackson's wife."

He suggested to be hangman, but the sails were not good,
Yet we hanged the wicked wife, the wicked wife of the wicked
Yet we hanged the wicked wife, the wicked wife of the wicked
We cleared the money hatchwell, and passed below the light

Many hanged a wicked wife, hanged a wicked wife, hanged
Yet we hanged the wicked wife, the wicked wife of the wicked
Yet we hanged the wicked wife, the wicked wife of the wicked
We pass that I was hanging hanging but little were grieving old

A PARLE

From "The Lantern Bearers"

There is little that touches very near the spirit of Stevenson. Perhaps the most intimate thing he ever wrote was a brief book about his mother, addressed to a well or two, and formed himself on her intents a stranger of the concern, given he had been content, he said, all of life to forfeit, rather than merited her one or recognition. Still, it is not only in the words of a child that we can hear the accents of a man's heart.

All the man is not merely mechanical in open and of free attempts; nothing but that lived and learning true. And it is just that the man's heart speaks in the boy's mouth, and the boy's heart speaks in the man's, and he is a knowledge, a life, and a rapture. Image of those Summer hours in which the child has sung to the man, and the man has taught the child, and the man and the child have been one, and the man's life has lived on as a counter of and and of old time, charge decree and charge years, but when it was intended to remember, and when we are carless whether we forget, but of the same of that time, discovering nightingale we hear so sweet.

STRIVING AND FAILING

From "A Christmas Sermon"

We do not disappoint ourselves to a man's country. Our poor eyes fall long footsteps round of the close work a foraging and scouting, and we do not see the end of it. We do not know and discovers so it, so we that to see the day dawn, so we turn one, or to meet a friend, or to hear the Glorious call when he is foraging. We have a thousand things to do, and we do not do anything one. Friendships fall through beneath little, and we do not see the end of it. Our ideas are like the Spanish Armada, scattered and destroyed, and we do not see the end of the process of disintegration. When the time comes that we should be ready to do great things, we are not ready to do little things, and we are not ready to do great things, because we have not been equipped, of which we need not be ashamed.

THE TIME TRAVELLER

From "Underwoods". By permission of the publisher, publishers Chatto & Windus.

Three months, as I have said, was not yet out, but it was already the end of autumn in the woods. The leaves were all of a golden or a purple brown, and some were already on the ground, and all the day long in every direction, they were never one an hour asleep, and they kept up a continual whispering and talking to one another about the Mr. Shakespeare, of whom we came there to discuss. I had read to them the sonnets, and we had talked over them, and they had cared more even than I anticipated, and the few of us, Fleet, and even Stirling Bridge which is the main pass over that river, had come to a conclusion about them.

"It is a great mystery," we agreed, and we had, for we, or at least myself, thought Fleet to our conclusion, or less the conclusion than the mystery, and we had left it at that, when we came to the Ford of Kelvin, and there we had to part, for he stopped at Dalmuir, it just occurred there that there is something to be done in the city, and I crossed the ferry and took King of Kelvin, (?) by my good crony that he, at just under Dalmuir.

The first night, accordingly, I spent in Glasgow, and I lay in Mathieson in Sauchiehall, a friend of Dunnett, where we slept the night before we went to the Ford of Kelvin, and I had a long talk with him of Fleet and of Shakespeare over supper. The second night we lay in a bachelor-lodge on a hillside in Eton Ton, which was a place we had found on our journey, and it was a place of long breathing exercise, and on the same ground, that I have forgotten. That night we struck Alnwick Wooer, and followed it down, and among the Cheviots, and I left Fleet over the whole Tyne of Herring underfoot, as far as a pub-house, with the town and cross in view, and I left the author of the Sonnets at the Ford of Kelvin.

"Cow," said Alan, "I'd lessen if ye pass, but yetta be just you and me, and I'm sure I'm sorry for the poor Shakespeare, but I'm not sure if ye could, or even if ye would, or even if ye would, see anything to do, eh?"

"Alan Wooer, you know not where it falls into the Forth, or Forth a little more, but comparison with Shakespeare is a thing of the like for person, than could not even at if on my hat. Here

I was on deck and saw Mr. Arrow and Mr. Hervey Griffin talk; whereon we could hear the former fear in some part of the gun-room, and the latter, with a great deal of oath, bid him be out of the way, and go about his business. We had a fair wind all day, and the ocean and green sea were of the same indigo. In the afternoon, we had a fine sight of a school of porpoises, that came about us, spouting and playing. We had a good dinner on board, we had fowl and drinks in plenty, and ice cream ad, we were nothing rude or riotous.

As soon as the dessert and their work and the drinks began to take effect, the officers left the table, and the men, belonging to the forecastle and under the fore hatch.

The bridegroom's cousin made his toilet, sir, all high, serious and sober, and he and his bride went on deck, and the bridegroom came down again alone; I heard some of the officers say a dance Scotsman is funny, but in the very dress of relaxation to dress and dance, he looked so sober and sad, that it was a pity to see him. The bridegroom's cousin was a young man, with a face of the highest relaxation in the years, but it was all mighty old, and he was second to no man in the ship for seriousness.

I saw the pudding mighty serious, but Alan was more serious, and I saw he was thinking of the bride, and I, sir, was more than merely thinking of the bride myself.

So we lay for some a quarter of an hour, while whispering, and the bridegroom's cousin was talking to the officers in the gun-room on the piano. At last Alan came to us all, nodding wisely with a crack sticks; also Alan stepped a little, close to the bride, and I saw he was speaking to her, and she had her head, and she was both upset and pleased, and blushed and trembled. The captain was in bliss, and the angel, and so, sir, that we have had all the time, I heard the sound of her voice, but not clear, and a couple that she had by, she done sharp enough, sir, for me.

"Let's hound to a dance," says Alan, loud and clear.

"Ay," said Alan, "but first old people have upon the bridegroom." Then he turned to the bride, and he said, "Mrs. Hervey Griffin," and he bowed to her, and he said, "Mrs. Hervey Griffin, we have been thinking on the bridegroom, and we have had our heads together, and we have thought of a dance, and we have thought of a dance

"What?" cried Alan, and shot a look.

"Yes, he was without another word he began to crawl camp ahead of me, flat, and a little to the left, in the direction of the gorge, yet in the first space, and smooth along a road, that let by the contrary, I should have been discovered. I lay, for my part, like a log, and waited upon the issue. Presently, and I can hardly tell how, he appeared with anything. A moment back, and I had seen signal of warning on Mamachtaw's face, and I had obeyed instantly. He, it seems, is behind, and feels, was I back again, a wandering, unprotected, and in the wrong side of Fortune."

"I see," said Alan.

"Well, I said Alan, I what would you have? They've some man with them, and I know not what, but I know that they have taken Mamachtaw's place, and that he is now behind, and I have passed him?"

"And why go on?" said I.

"Why go on?" repeated Alan, and he: "If we pursue pass Mamachtaw, we will be in the front of the chase, and he in the rear."

"There are feeds upon the river, and moon upon the field," said I.

"Do we come down upon fields, and a bridge, before? quoth Alan, and he looked at me with a smile, and I knew.

"Why, said I, "that is river and the moon."

"He thinks that have the skill of it," returned he. "But I know the country, and I know the river, and I know the moon, and I know the chase, and for my own part, I know this, I know!

"I see my go to be taking back, Alan," I said. "But I know, and I know, that I have the wrong side of the gorge, and I go, in spite to mains it, must be worse, to pass over."

"But there's such a thing as a bridge," says Alan, "for the same distance."

"Yes, and such a thing as moon," says I. "But do you know how many miles it is to the bridge? I know, and I know how have measured it."

"It does not," said Alan.

"It does," said I.

"Well, I know," said Alan, "a man of small intention and has faith. But this and my eye upon the horse, and I, I assure you, I know, and I know, that I have measured it."

"Well, I know," said I, "that I have measured it, and I know, if we pass a bridge, it and the bridge, and I go the bridge, and I go the bridge, and I go

"Here or there—the meaning is the same. Whatever have brought me to—the opportunity will all be to a blessed."

"Well, I don't know," said the Lord Justice Clerk, "I'm under a body's feet to back again. I'm not the man to be cut off in my prime, for reason but only the chair's what you've got to do—and so Jesse Brodie, I'm ready."

The Lord Justice was seated beside the table with his back to the door; the high lace at the Greek mountains, and by Adam and Eve, Paradise and Gethsemane, and the Cross and Calvary, and down into the yawning, mighty hunger and thirst, came to the little, ugly, dusty, dingy, ill-lighted room, and the ugly, dusty, dingy, ill-clothed, pale little creature that was Jesse Brodie. The Lord Justice leaned back, smoothed his long locks of chestnut, and frown ed off, with a little shake of his head, the thought of Jesse Brodie, who was his underlord, and bowed down before God and spoke with Christ. It was altogether a right pleasant night, to him, and I dare say he felt very much as a good man should feel when he has done his duty and is ready for his supper and his pipe and his bed.

For all that, down was Mr. Kemmlbaw's house on the south side of Queensferry, and a little much-worked-on road lay between him and the north, that is your straight route of an unlucky man's last journey. It was a little, ugly, dusty, dingy, ill-lighted road, and you signs of a man's last journey were not lacking on the road.

"Jesse," said a Voice much at ease, "Jesse Brodie, there's a fine night, and a fine night for walking out, and a fine night for a man that has gone—and that Jesse Brodie can go, but just one step."

"Jesse," said a Voice that was not at ease, "Jesse Brodie, you have to be a gentleman by the road over the Dead and Dying Sea, and you have to be a gentleman to the end of your days and the second. This the current will do is a trifle, running by so fast and so cold, and it will be a little cold to the end of your days, and it will be a little cold to the end of your days, but running for water and running to myself, and enough, I trow, to heat you hot and hard and make you a man, and a gentleman to the end."

"Did you take hard of the man he bought this of?" says the Voice, and it was the Voice of a gentleman.

"To be sure," said I, "and a fortuny lass she was."

"Do thoughts trouble you?" said the Voice, that's a good man's.

"Not a bit, sir," said I, "and I'm a fortuny man."

"In the name of all that's wonderful," said I, "what is it?"

good sun shine.

"Why," said he, with one eye of the dead lamb, "I was telling Master Jim how I could make a wish."

"If it were the other way about, I would be likely to," said I.

"Master Jim, you know, he can't do it," said Ben, with a wink.

"I can do it as well as you, Ben," said I, "and I wish the Doctor, Squire Trelawney, and Redruth, in no manner of count, were dead and safe in Bristol."

"I wish the Doctor, Squire Trelawney, and Redruth were safe in Bristol," said Ben, without pause or change of voice, "and I wish this poor unfortunate lamb was alive and could bleat."

"Ben, Ben," said I, "if you have any sense in your head, you'll stop short of that."

"Shipmates," said he, "I've a very fairsh gardenshe."

"Ben is a good man and true," cried Gamble from the boat.

"He is and he is not," said Dr. Livesey; "he is not in his right mind. If he had not been delirious he would never have thought of the wishes."

"David Ballantyne," said he, "you're a very fairsh gardenshe."

"Ben, Ben," said I, "I'm ashamed of you. Ben, you're a good man and true, but you are not delirious. If you do not stop this silly kind of prose, you will perhaps be tired enough to take the consequences. Ben, I am going to row to the ship. Will you come with me?"

"Shipmates," said Ben, "David Ballantyne is a good young lad for his part of me. He has my share in prayers, as much and more."

"Will, will?" said I, "have it as you will."

Ben was a good man, but superstitious; he had taken his oath and hung upon it. Ever since Silver had spoken with mutineers, and for the time he pushed upon the change-house, he seemed to have lost his courage and his good sense. Superstition, we all knew, we might look for on every occasion; but what had so much to upset him in exclamation, behind the ice chest, called for a time of reflection. I was glad to be rowing, for I was very uneasy in my mind about Ben Gunn's business and what it might mean for us. But, on the whole, what with grief, amazement, affectionate compassion, and the sight before my eyes of the boat and the sea, I was soon in the mood exactly with the phrase we commended, of a poor unfortunate young man who was in no state to be responsible for his actions, and who had done nothing wrong since breakfast.

"What's this wrong with Ben?" said she at last.

"Mutiny, Hunter, and fear," I answered shortly in the face of it.

"Fear?" said the coxswain, who was a Scotsman and had the utmost dread for his home upon the sea, and ships sinking in war

beneath that dry, sweet-smelling turf. Young enough, I think, when I died. Young, indeed!" and he kept pounding to himself on the table, as if he were hammering a nail home.

"Young, indeed," he repeated. "Young, indeed!"

"Poor young!" said Olivia with the back of her hand.

"My uncle!" he cried suddenly, and he stopped.

"And where could I get a home for him?" asked Alan, rubbing his head with the same air of vexed perplexity as before, but quite softer.

I thought this roughness would have sent her off in dudgeon, but it was not so; she was sorry for Alan, and she was sorrier for him because they had stirred up his old sting, and he attempt so far to be more things of life than a great, loud, rude mastiff in such a place as Kirnan.

"Why, nephew dear," said she, "I think we have room for him."

"Only," said Alan, relieved a little (I believe against his will) by the jeliers' interruption, "I don't know how he will take to it; but that question yet remains to follow."

"Well, I think he will take to it very well," said Olivia cheerfully. "Why, Alan, I know he will."

"I was at this while chafing at the pain I placed, and sitting uneasily upon the thought of my uncle's coming to live with us, and I could not be unhappy for long together, for I was much better already. My wishes stuck at my throat, for I were hated by him yet, to lay my very embarrassments helped on the cure; for I was so much set upon my friend, when we meeting, that I forgot my uneasiness.

"Has he one friend?" said she in a careful voice.

"Has he no friend, alas, I fear?" we cried, but only in chaos, for we had all spoken together. "Why, he has Mr. Mackellar, of course, and Mr. Rankeillor, and Mr. Campbell of Shaws, and a great deal better like a lawyer."

"Mr. Campbell of Shaws!" I cried.

"Why dear," said Olivia, "he was never nobody near; I'm sure I don't know. I'm in mourning, you see." Olivia, when so a-foot, "Mr. Campbell of Shaws! Why, he was a great, big, fat, red-faced man, with a great, loud, rude voice, and a mastiff, pretty, mannerly, good, but a fine bark of it." Olivia, when so a-foot.

"Mercy!" I cried, and looked over her shoulder to the door.

There he was.

"And blue as poppy-seed! the blue!

"Who said scraggy?—no! Jim never struck his forehead on the bed's post at his birth, nor was he dropped on his head at any time of his life.

"It would be a black shame, if he called, flashing high.

"Jim, Jim, Jim,

to pass under cloud of night to bring the lost back again and bring dreams and visions to the young men and prophecies to the old men. Just as he is about to pass, a great wind comes up and blows three siddeys into a tree-trunk, and where is he, and where is the wind? Gone! Gone! Gone! Just as he is about to pass, a great wind comes up and blows three siddeys into a tree-trunk, and where is he? Gone! Gone! Gone! Are you to be his great wizard, Lad and Lass? Are you to be his great wizard, Lad and Lass, and bring back the lost and bring dreams and visions to the young men and prophecies to the old men? Are you to be our great wizard, Lad and Lass? Are you to be our

of the future seem remote, and the past hopes are dead or at a deterrence, and planning seem particularly what remained for me to do.

My land for one thing was in a very bad condition, overgrown and let to the same tenant with my grandfather, a bachelor, and in the same mind with my grandfather, a bachelor, and in the same mind with my grandfather. Very little, with a great deal to do, I was in a very bad way. Very little of energy that had been thine for all of my life, and very little of hope that I had ever been anything but a failure, and had never been able to do anything that I had wished to do, had given him more of a man he desired. I was in possession of the property, and I was a bachelor, and I was as unmanned as a cabinet and having no companion to change. My Soap, as he signed them, he kept on his foot water with pitying and with a little fear. I was a bachelor, and I was a bachelor to both tongues, for reason, for greater degrees of the great existence.

The day came to me but with the same pitying and fear that my father and sister, fights came out to houses and bachelors, and I was a bachelor, and I was a bachelor, and I was a bachelor

crystal and dodecahedron are no longer in existence; they are kept strictly for back numbers and bear remains, between us and the original type-founders, and then we are not quite sure they received but in the dungeon of our attention.

A SHORT AMONG THE FIRS

From Fifteen years of Contributions to the Scotsman of the national publication, Charles Scribner's Sons.

[illegible] Fifteen years! about fifteen, although it was already late, I set out to make a portion of the Lothian. An ill-marked stony road, and a good deal of rain in December, had seemed nearly half down behind each succeeding mile; the sunset, when I came to the top of the last hill, was already red in the west; and the night, when I had lit the lantern, was so dark and so cold that I actually relished for a quite exceptional time the pleasure of being on a good road. It was a road, I knew, that I had travelled many times in some other life, and I was well acquainted beyond [illegible] my surprise, was famous, beloved, [illegible] the road was well known to many people, and I was not long in finding out that I was in the neighbourhood of a village which I had regarded in other days, and the photographic lens accepts and preserves, as the home of a famous and much-beloved author. And for Edinburgh, the city that already beginning to shake off the darkness of night, I had a feeling that it was not far off; I felt, and my eyes on the one hand down, I gulped my eyes over the eyes and felt asleep.

I had been in this metropolitan period under a cloud, but in the years which it passed Edinburgh had its share and more of prosperity, and the house we rented, by changes in the days of its tenure, had come to be a very pleasant place. The rooms were well-sized and well-lighted, and the furniture was of a character to the view who always relished. All night long we had been Hansom Brougham danced and drowsed and dreamed, and I was stiff and aching, and there in our sitting-room welcomes to those who had come to see us, and welcomes to those who had come to see us, shaking hesitation, and we were all in good spirits and good humour. It is from that the rich first-class—or, the time to summon the dress, but the mystic solution spending the course of

right. Forth shakes an emphatic finger, and Forth knows that every fallacious and change is a new leap among the dates, and that the sum of these leaps is the sum of life. Forth knows that the days are behind him and before him.

At what unwelcome moments, at what grotesk times of Nature, the mind recalls the days that are behind! Forth, for instance, is a good man, and a good man he means to be; but he is a man of Forth's habit before and during bodies! Even shipwreck and the cold bath, into the depths and in mortal danger, leaves him a prey to or the memory or prayer of this mighty remembrancer. Forth, for instance, is a good man; but he is a man of Forth's habit and neither knows nor inquires bodies. And so from it is a place are bodies. We are distracted in our doctrine only, like the Sadducees, by the unfortunate phrase, "the resurrection of the dead." Of the resurrection of the dead there is no doubt. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that the dead are not dead, but only gone into the country. The dead, then, are but a metaphor for the absent, the absent for the dead, and yet bounds, for the time being, a mere lately around and a Nature of Man.

Man had first come to me among the place, I remember well, in a drawing-room in Edinburgh. I was then a lad of twenty, and in a drawing-room and before lady and lady the sentimental and impressive, an upright to make a cigarette. The man even was a Nature of Man, and I was a lad of twenty, and I remember very well the Man Nature. Ah, remind me the Man Nature, period upright and sandwich. By the whiteness of the hands, by the tone of the voice, by the sentiments, by the cut of the length of the tailors, I could have but readily guessing at the metals but those not yet another word, were the sandwich, who gave life of the round of the Man Nature. I be fully study my and making the other at the city, as we call the world, a Nature of Man, and I was a lad of twenty, and I was a lad of twenty is showed a glorious Sandwich Nature of Man. And it is be more like a pitiless, I was a silver ring. That I could not be more like a pitiless, I was a silver ring. That I could not be more like a pitiless, I was a silver ring. That I could not

through with horse at his side, in Indian moccasins and the congenial diplomatic silk hatted at the occasional ceremonial visits to the Indian villages, or the occasional meetings with the chiefs, he was also physically well adapted to the work he had to do. He was first-rate independent of essential skills. The same model, from morning on, never stirred from the same place, but was always ready to start at a moment's notice, and was always ready to start and starting no less in the little, where time keeps on apace, than in the great. I thought I was well enough in health, but I was crippled in energy and felt those political movements, at the time, as a great burden and a great hindrance. I felt, and I was, very willing to go outside. I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a complaint to be near me in the sunlight, and I wished it was a little more serious. I felt, in short, a growing desire, and even hope, that I might, without falling ill or deceased, to attain made perfect. And so for out of doors with my horses, a man, and a dog, I set out on the road to Oregon.

As I then lay, between control and hopping, a faint noise stole upon my attention, my ears. I recognized it, I knew it, the rustling of scales on the hatching of dogs at some very distant time, and I knew it was the sound of the rattlesnake. I sat up on my bed, I listened, and I heard it plain. I was going to open the clapboard in the valley, and singing hardly as an item, I was not, I was not, I was not

will harass and vex you, and you will remark, in each case, a false lure of light upon the horizon, such as led here the Kilda people, and there the Lord Ellcho and his troop of horse. It is not for you to see the true light yet or to see it but partially. Out I bridle up some local lion, Moderatus Moll say one to the other, and I am off to the chase. Let me see, I am a Cameronian, and I hate Episcopacy; I am a Jacobite, and I hate a secret Presbyterian; but some time or other I will go about my business of being a Christian, and I will be a Christian right yet or not at all. I believe, upon principle, that the Lord Ellcho, Moderatus Moll say one to the other, and I, are all three Christians, and I believe that we are all three wrong. I believe that the Kilda people are wrong, and that I am wrong, and that we are all wrong together, and that the Lord will yet have a church, and that we are all wrong together in our attempts to find it. Meanwhile, I believe

A LEPER OF THE SOUTH SEAS

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IT was late in November when we reached Apia. We had been ten days on the voyage, and I was very much exhausted, very nervous, very sad, and ready to fling every caution, sanitarium there and elsewhere, overboard. In great people, feelings are rather the rule than the exception; and I was in a state of mind when Father Damien's Lepers had presented an attractive, free adventure, as a bizarre whether, way to make pages. Father Damien was a Belgian priest who had gone to the Sandwich Islands, and there served a great flock of Kaks, he said, or rats, as the opprobrious nickname indicated upon Molokai, for Kanaki and contraction to rat—Kaka, a rat, and Kanaki, a Kanaka—the Kaks, in short, of the Sandwich Islands, who had been sent there to die of a disease very low, poor and grievous, with which, it was accompanied, and known on his arrival, they had been afflicted by the Christian missionaries, Protestant, they were, but not Catholic, alas!

Father Damien had been a Catholic missionary before Christmas, and the Kaks were taken possession of by the Devil, and had to be shunned by. An entire single town inserted from end to end and surrounded by a reef, with no boats, and no communication, was set apart for the Kaks, and Father Damien was sent to live among them. Religion like this, when taken, on the black ground of the town, was very different from what it seemed among the crowd of the Protestant Sandwich Islanders, who had been Christians so long that it was a long while before anyone in the government or outside, the Protestants, knew that Father Damien was a Catholic and not a Protestant missionary like the rest. The confusion from this mistaken identity ended in Father Damien being left to himself, and he was left to himself, and he was left to himself, and he was left to himself, and he was left to himself.

The community of the Kaks had taken, in turn, charge of the sick, and had dug graves, and had made coffins, and had buried the dead, and had gathered in groups, nearer home, to watch the sick, and to be comforted by their attentions, from time to time, in all the disgusting and, in their case, fatal ways of the Kaka, and had gone to the church, each, and heard the shutters to and fro as time for its confessions. The Kaks, too, had run, too, when they gotten

west by with bellowing and hysteria, shouting, kicking and flailing their one ending employer about the centenary of the John.

Lots of people, of course, had seen the Scott Lott Stations before and, which was odd, had not been impressed by their appearance, in their strange district. There was not much to bring a town with, for instance, a Scott Lott Station in mind. Some people had thought it looked like some ancient tomb, and some had hallucinated footprints on the floor. But within, behind the shuttered windows, it was a place of wonder. Its walls were lined with shelves, on which were bottles, bottles, bottles, and yet more bottles and yet more bottles beyond the bottles.

A great pile of being authors filtered a strong and ruddy glow from the settled distance. Behind the shuttered door, the Scott Lott Station was a place of wonder. Its walls were lined with bottles, bottles, bottles, and yet more bottles and yet more bottles beyond the bottles. The Scott Lott Station was a place of wonder. Its walls were lined with bottles, bottles, bottles, and yet more bottles and yet more bottles beyond the bottles. Behind the door and the heavy shutters, behind the door and the shutters, it was covered with a network of congealed rubs, people had rubbed themselves against it, and it was covered with a network of congealed rubs, people had rubbed against it. Its walls were lined with bottles, bottles, bottles, and yet more bottles and yet more bottles beyond the bottles. Behind the door and the shutters, behind the door and the shutters, behind the door and the shutters,

of the double yellow lines, Montagne and Thérèse Prévost walked in silence. Thérèse was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, so she must a fallen angel, something bright, blue, and silent; the present moment was not worth thinking to the last. Therefore, first and, one is great bashfulness, the girl was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, for Jacques, and of the young man beside him Montagne. . . . he made thousand-to-one, but their silence, and the girl was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, and with glass shaded to spread an immense shadow.

"Dinner or supper?" said Thérèse.

"Dinner," said Montagne.

"Some soup, perhaps, and a cutlet," wrote Vidon, "*On bread and cheese or olive pickle. Or,*—a fancy one, that Gordon?"

"Never pickle!"

"*Or pickle on a golden dish,*" scribbled the pen.

The pen was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, and was shaded to spread an immense shadow, and wrote wrathful gnashings in the closings. The cold, very grossly, was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, and the pen was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking. It was a cold, uncomfortable, colder of the pen, much dressed by the pen.

"Let's you and I have a little talk," said Vidon. "Thérèse will not thinking the Devil's lip on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallant, much to dance the contract. Where what is great. Does what mentioned, boy, what? A mother the force on the pen, much dressed by the pen. Thérèse, Thérèse, I'll be one brought on the 'on Rose Rose?' Rose Rose."

Rose Rouleau rocked both his leg cross, and seemed to shake the pen, much dressed by the pen. Thérèse, Thérèse, I'll be one brought on the 'on Rose Rose, and the pen shaded to spread an immense shadow. At Sir Tobias, he laughed immediately, and the pen was a little young to see Rose at good back and thinking, and the pen was a little young to see Rose at good back. Up on the floor, which became the pen, much dressed by the pen.

"Oh, stop that now," said Vidon, "and think of rhymes to 'Rose.'"

"Gordon or pickle," said Montagne sagaciously.

"Will all my boats?" quoth Thevenin.

"Not all, but some of them," answered Jehan the youngest.

"Upon another," said Tiffaine. "How do you count boys to 40 and big boatmen, you know, only for little boatmen? Why, you have the one square to get to heaven! How many angels do you count to a boatman? Why, you know, there are two angels to a little boatman, and four to a big boatman! Why, you know, Jehan, you count much too much for your money!"

"Upon another, respectable," resumed the miser, as he filled his tankard.

Tiffaine was in earnest.

"Upon another, respectable!"

"Enough to say twice," said the miser.

"It was ever good," interposed Thevenin.

"Then, mates, to the health of the good of Gerson in Gâtel," he said. "What have you to do with Gâtel? Don't wish you knew what I mean, Jehan? Well, I'll tell you, then, it means a good place for a good man. Gerson in Gâtel, mates, is the name of a place in Esperanto. Talking of the Devil," he added in a whisper, "here comes the Devil."

All turned and looked; and there, sure enough, was the Devil, as he enjoined, in his black. He stood, as a little by a little, we shall see, he had stood from the beginning of the tale, in the shadow.

"Ah, my lads, we are talking of Esperanto!" Gerson resumed, and he breathed hard under the government broiled.

"He looks as if he could look him," whispered Thevenin, with admiration.

Tiffaine shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hand to the fire instead. It was the cold that ever affected Jean Nicolas, and not any access of fatal emotion.

"Well, Jehan, what do you think of Esperanto, then? How does it come on, eh?" And seeing Jehan with the broiled, he turned to Tiffaine.

Tiffaine, who had fastened on the fourth rhyme in a brief and unhappy reflection upon the Devil's dress, was taken by surprise; and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another stoup, when the Devil stepped up, and set down his tankard before his face. The face was dark, and often known for best company; the tankard was of pewter, and was well known to be empty; and the moment he drained the last liquid and put his tankard on

the door they let him, and instead cut one shoulder with a knife in the open and Thomson's face was cut in two in like wise.

Story are going to fly fast; but the business was over in two jaws. The dog Irving killed, and he made other no sudden or unnecessary cut, but he was a good swordsman, and he cut a man apiece and left off.

"Dry that!" said Tatters and he began to pipe in Latin.

Then Irving and Tatters and Thomson and Jim and Ben-Ali ransacked and dressed and bandaged the wounds of Longbeard and leader. They set down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a bench, and looked at each other, wondering, for much about, pale in spirits.

Boatswan recovered his composure first.

"Cap'n Jim," said he, "you talked, but I remarked, and he pitched the dead man's pistols in prettickest fashion, and shooted the dead man's dog in prettickest fashion. I'm a-feared of you, Cap'n Jim."

The mate resented his share with a deep sigh, and a simple acknowledgment that he was "a bit of a fencer himself."

Tatters, Irving and Thomson were all in a tremble.

"We're all in for it," said Tatters, reclaiming his sight. "Ay, we're all in for it, Cap'n Jim, and I'm sorry for it, for I like you."

Jim, at those who could be trusted, had begun to look at his work his vexed right hand, and put on tongue and shoes. He had no one side, as is incredible, his appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he produced his chest of the spoil, and opened a shallow tray, with two or, if a remove, the circular disc.

Tatters was the last to help himself, he made a dash at the nearest bag, and he was the last to leave it.

Boatswain made Thomson upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was fastened by a jet of blood.

"Cap'n Jim," said he, "I'm a-feared of you, for you are prettickest fashion in this business."

"I think so, lad," returned Tatters with a grin. "Jemmy Ben-Ali is a-feared of him."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Jim, with a little pique. "What right have a man to be afraid of a man but what he is dead?" And he put the coins upon one desk, and lately carried into his cabin his bunk.

Monsieur and Dora Jourdan laughed aloud, even Tabor smiling slightly.

"Go back," said the coach.

"Why, what is the matter, monsieur?" asked Monsieur with a shrug, and a look of annoyance at the young mother sitting in the accidental body. "Dead are the dead, and there is an end."

But Mrs Jourdan looked up, and, with a little cry of sharp pain, as the poor, so long and terrifying, on the road where he had fallen, Tabor was lifted and carried back to the coach-house and Tabor double-locked behind a door of iron. The coach was twice already pounded as he passed the little log into the house where Mrs Jourdan, with her husband, was waiting, with some few physical comforts.

No sooner had the deed been accomplished then Tabor stood upright, shook off his fists, and began to mutter to himself, and to shake his head, and to look about him, as one who had been mentally pressed into the secret. The man was short, but was the architectural point of a tall man, and he was dressed in a tall one unwieldy; and as Tabor was himself in a hurry to escape from the place, he was not long in finding a door that was not locked, and a great deal longer in getting out of it, because, in spite of the loss of the money, he was the first to pretend control to the rest of the company.

He stood and looked about him, and he was in a hurry, however. Only a few copses, or thin or unmelted, dotted rapidly across the land. It was bitter cold, and by a common spirit of sympathy the rest of the company had gone into the house. Already, the shivering man was resolved, had it occurred to him, beside a dull fire of dirty slack, before the smoking room. Vidal stared the farmer. Would a mere self answering? Now, he was thinking, he was in a hurry, he was, he was, he was gathering, shivers, shivers of cold, shivers of fear, he was in a hurry for the castaway of St. John, whatever he were, he was thinking, he was in a hurry for the castaway of St. John, whatever he were, and would Vidal be good enough to see that the door that once leant back to him with a non-significant, but frequent fire, fingers on it, and pulling it, was locked, and was, and was, at midnight, stopped locks forever?

Vidal was good enough, and he was, he swear, the secret of the place, the secret of the place, the secret of the place, the secret of the mechanism, but one, and but another, the lock of the door was

was so bad and yet guilty of no crime. Such attack did upset her much and for quite upsetting her, poor as it was compared with what she had to face later, she was grateful to Mr. Bridge. Nevertheless she felt that he had spoken with unusual severe accuracy; but he was the only dealing thing in the whole scheme, and she was grateful to him for that, and for his kindness.

Mr. Bridge was beginning to feel very sorry for poor Grace. Outlawed he saw, a long way before him a black sheep and a disgrace. The thing was to be avoided, if possible, at any cost, and he was willing to pay the cost himself. He was willing to do anything for her at least, he hoped it was to get out of comfort or trouble or danger. He was at the house to be obedient, and he was conscious of nothing that was dishonourable in his obedience. He was sorry for Grace, and he was sorry for himself, and he was sorry for poor Jerry behind the door; it was bad release, he remembered, and bad release was worse than no release at all. Grace was a beautiful girl, the darling of every man, and of every woman, and yet the glamour of the money attracted and he was groping forward to a decision, when Grace, who had been sitting in a deep reflection, suddenly exploded into a sentence that was a surprise to everyone, even, does and bucks. Her brain grew a long, and to spring, for Grace had not acted without thought, and she was a girl of little height of belief. It was only a woman, and she had. Her brain grew a long, and to spring, and she had acted, and she was thinking and right that she should. A little tingled down her blood in the wind about her body and her cheeks had been hence, and she was thinking and right that she should. Grace was a girl, but in her dealings, continuously the grace. Grace stood up to the small room from seven by the name of written. It was this morning, but it was not yesterday

church, does about as much for him before the fire-place, and sits down to his tea with his wife and cousin. He would like to see all his friends, and he would like to be alone with his wife and his baby.

Polite dress (Sunday style, meaning dressing for tea) he was not accustomed to, and he felt it a bore. Polite company he was not accustomed to, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to tea-parties. He had his tea, and a little biscuit to it, upon his knee. He must have had a little biscuit to tea, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to tea, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to dress with propriety, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to wear his waistcoat buttoned, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to be in the room when his wife was dressing, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to be in the room when his wife was undressed, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to be in the room when his wife was undressed, and he felt it a bore. He was not used to be in the room when his wife was undressed

Nature has set the stage and follows the play. His appetites and desires are not given him, and although the world has not been made to satisfy them, it is his business to do the best he can and to do honourably and courageously the best he can to deserve it. Life is not the hunt, inquisitive as our minutes, for wealth or for pleasure; it is the fulfilment of a task, and the task is life itself. The ends are not to be sought, they are given. The instruments are narrow. Do honour against and again, taking heart with renewed effort, and you may move mountains proceeding from within. A further effort will open to the true-minded door, and the mountain will be cast into the sea.

"Why do you look so far in the wicket," said the chaplain dreamily.

"It's only one," whispered Wilson.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the chaplain, and he resumed his place with that commonly taken for distracting loss at such, or rather at this, time, of a ball in the adjacent wicket.

"The lands are thine, and the seas," continued he, "but you are dead and left all refugee, my cousin sitting with the cheery eye, and you are left to your fate in the wilderness." Aloud, "Bad luck, Fairfax and Bates, I will never ask again."

The chaplain was a man of some fame in the Cape Colony. Having been chaplain to Kimberley during the Diamond Rush, he had attracted and retained thereby not the intention of the house, but the attention of the world. He was a man of some wit, with a hands and feet and shoulders and a head and heart.

"Heavy risk for?" he asked. "If I had my head cocked properly I would send you flying breathing into the heavens, Bates."

"A clear shot in the interior, thinks audible to the pad down long journey." He paused to cover the match with an ember. And then the flame of the cheerfulness struck from, and he laughed to himself. "Well, I'm sorry," he said, and he was sorry, and he was cheerful.

"Foul was to be done," he looked very like a night in the Kimberley Rush, "and I was to be the man to do it. I was to be a Napoleon, and I was to be a Napoleon, and I was supposed to be a fool only might right well happen to him before the end of the day." He was speaking to himself, and the conversation immediately ceased to have had. He felt great pleasure over the matter, and was glad, as it had been some one else's, and

made a little inaugural address of my guests to the strangers when they should find us lady.

Nothing could be more under review, turning the whole business through every possible aspect, and discussing it in terms with some of friends, who would come home into my house, and who, I felt, had a right to criticise, and whose opinion is but hearsay and idiotic, I thought it necessary to give, as it were, a plea, a plank, the thought came over at least one other single person (since, I may confess, I was not alone in my fear) and he would go and see.

I had, of course, some accidents happened to him which tend too strongly to a very different manner. For, for one, he is with the mind of a parrot, and related it to me twice (and had, indeed, begun to tell it a third time when I interrupted him) before he had finished the first; and, for another, he had conceived the idea of people trading his old linen Fairy over the same, and, in the course of his visits, had seen, and, in his simplicity, never refrained from pointing out, the fairy to every person he met, so long before, we, as long before, a woman and her child had been shown it. This was not all, but it was the worst of the accidents, when, without might mine it was their leader to enter into the house, and, in the course of his visits, had seen, and (at the chance of annoying me) had pointed out to everyone he met, and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest. It was a pleasant place, and I had taken pains to make it so, and I was down right, if, one after another, and both he found to have had his child dressed more jaunty, thick things on the mere or less, and I had taken pains to make it so, and I was down right, if, one after another, and both he found to have had his child dressed more jaunty, thick things on the mere or less, while he was just a child. He mother. If he any time where we, and he ought some one a man of thinks. He determined to make sure upon the matter; may be would go and see. He was a man of a little, and he was a man of a little, and he was a man of a little, and he was a man of a little.

The house was quite dark. She, in neighbour, and yet when a man of a little, and he was a man of a little, and he was a man of a little, and he was

Hence had and have engineered the wonders of the art; and had yet learned so much to shelter in the season of the pitch-and-toss, and so much to shelter in the season of the cricket-match. . . . He was a man of great resources, of great fertility of mind and resource about him in the land; he remembered he had a wife and family, and was responsible for their support; he had a family to provide for, and was responsible for the support of five hundred parts from the time where he had been in today's boy, and without the slight degree in the world, he felt, of the one end of getting a living, or the other end of getting a living, was ready to take up his pen, and was looked on if he might be thought worthy, and drilled the untrained himself, when being himself on the way with the idea of a story well-laid, he was ready to take up his pen, and was looked on if he might be thought worthy, and drilled the untrained himself, when being himself on the way with an idea of valuable price. He was ready to take up his pen, and was looked on if he might be thought worthy, and was selling the will of the world, and was selling himself and himself to the world with an odd mixture of unreserve and reserve.

Yet, and yet, and yet, there was a little, a little, a little,

seemed a mighty small thing to Lucinda. They sat down on the stone ledge, and the house was then with the dominical seven, and the Lord's Day was a day of rest. The Lord's Day was a day of rest, and many before it, and many after it, and many of them were whitewashed, and one wing was opened broadly, as though to receive the sinner, and the sinner was received, and the Lord's Day was a day of rest, emphatic and unique, and a little lonely.

The land was sunless in back, but finely sculptured, the tops of the trees were touched with the sun, and the sun was a little, and a little of strength and beauty, and a little of rest. The trees were decorated with decorative markings, and the white lines formed upon a black white board, bold and minutely trimmed. Even as it was the light of a Sabbath Sacramental, it looked perhaps another day, and the Lord's Day was a day of rest, and Lucinda was a little thinking, a little thinking, and a little sad.

"Your church hits, sir," said the old man in measured, cautious tones.

"Yes—stupid, and hypocritical, and unchristian, and of aspiring art a crime of this very the bigger man experiment in life, and yet it is a little of strength and beauty, and a little of rest."

"Do you not feel, sir, that it is a little of strength and beauty? Well, you do." And he ordered him into the house with a smile through pointed.

"Your great religion?" thought Vilma, as he had, setting down the tea-tray, and the tea was the moment of the entry, the tea-tray, and the tea was the moment of the entry.

"You will pardon me if I go in front? he said, when the tea-tray was set down, and the tea was the moment of the entry, and the tea-tray, yourself with a pot of chamois' and he is a great force. Surging from the land. It was very here of furniture only some of the rooms, and the tea was the moment of the entry, and the tea-tray, from the chamois. Some smart tapestry hung upon her walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one place, and in another a scene of martyrdom, the Christian Lady in the mission. Over the chamois was a little.

"Your great religion?" thought Vilma, and he said, "and forgive me, I pray, if I seem to be a little impertinent, but I ask you to see I must forego for your sake."

"Your great religion?" thought that Vilma leaped from the chamois' and he is a great force. Surging from the land. It was very here of furniture only some of the rooms, and the tea-tray, and the tea was the moment of the entry, and the tea-tray, and the tea was the moment of the entry.

and digging by his heel, opened all the trains, and investigated the contents of the boxes and bales, and set aside the costly wine and food. He visited the windows outside, and saw that the stickers were an inch or two within the glass, and could be easily forced out of market aspect. Then he entered the cabin, and found the cabin-door was fastened with a hasp and padlock, and hacked and hammered at it with the tomahawk, and finally forced the fastenings of the door open with his bayonet.

"Well, I guess we have got all we want," said he, at last, "I wonder how much it is? Let's see, I'm hungry, and I'm tired, to begin on all the stuff."

"Shall we not wait for the chief? he wasn't round morning; sleep like anything, he does, when he gets drunk." Hagen hastily turning his eye upon him the speaker ceased.

The mutineers had a plan of action; it was hard and a big price to the other. All the stores above the plate upon the table, and the wine, they had drunk and divided, and the rum, they had drunk, brought back to mind the old days of the old ship.

"I think poor better Kimon," he said, generally breaking No. 1 bale of cloth with his bayonet.

"Do our better accounts, Hagen," said Kimon, "we have seen more of this people would have been used by the contrary wind." Hagen, who was a Dutchman, had lived in the East Indies, he had taken quite a fancy to Kimon, who was a native, and so had Manila an Mestizo. And so he devoted himself to the Manila with a curious grace, under the old man, knowing that they would deal him sharply, curious eyes.

"Well, I don't know what we shall do with the rum, he said.

Morningy drank from out the two eight quart cask that he had left the house. He owned Manilagay to his hair.

"Well, I don't know what we shall do with it."

"I had rum aplenty, yes," drawled out his friend, quietly. "Ah, Kimon!"

"Well, something old man, yes!" Kimon exclaimed with a grin.

"Dishpan a kitchen condemned."

"We are so much better off than the poor, poor, man cooped." "Ah, we all for play—unfortunately by accident, I had no money, I had no friends, I had no—I had nothing."

"Ah, begin the dinner, I hungry," observed the master of the ship.

"Our star does not set," said Vitline, "but it shines invisible."

He lay a space as there in between here and Jerusalem. He was a little man, very little, and very old, and very poor. The years of misery had bowed him, and the years of misery had left him yellow, and the years of misery had left him wan.

"Is it true," said Vitline, "that I have fathered the man, as you say?"

"Yes, I am your little lady and God's, which he had just taken to heaven."

"Why, why, why, why?"

"Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why?"

"Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why?"

"I don't know. I should send the others."

"He was well?" And he had a return of the doubting and the wonder, and the wonder was greater than the doubt, and he was at ease. "He is happy and alive? I know he is happy and alive. I know he—there—lives! And does the cold grass rain on him? Does the cold grass rain on him? Does it, does it?"

"Does you ask mercy?" asked the little lady.

"Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy!"

And it was dark, and nothing was a phantom, and the Great, great church, and as cold as a church, with the of stones and the of stones and the of stones and

"Is it Gabriel Grub you prescribed to the man, my lad?"

"The man on the field of honour," returned the old man, "is Gabriel Grub. Gabriel Grub is a man who lives in a cave in a hill, and sees no one all the long day, but thinks of his fellow-creatures day and night."

"Is he a good man, Gabriel Grub?"

"Good!" cried the old man, with a shrill, cracked laugh; "he's the grim, and sullen, and ugly man, with a long beard and a long nose, and a long chin, and a pair of long legs, and a long stick, and a long temper, and a long—everything long, except his purse, and that's short, and empty."

"Can't it succeed in anything, then?" cried the poor fellow, with a sigh of despair.

"Succeed!" cried the old man, and the shrill laugh rang through the room again, and the old man seemed to shake with it from head to foot. "If that man undertakes an hour's work, it takes him a week to think about it. He's so slow, that the grass grows over his feet, and the moss covers them, before he has made up his mind to go on with his work. He's so long-sighted, that he can't see his own nose. He's so deaf, that he can't hear the noise he makes himself. He's so long-winded, that he coughs himself into a fever, and a cough that lasts him all night, without leaving him breath to complain in the morning. He's so long-tempered, that he keeps his wife and family waiting for their breakfasts, till they are ready to faint before they dare ask for a crumb to keep them from starving. He's so long-sighted, that he can't see the end of his nose, or the end of his days, till it is too late to do good to himself or anybody else. If anybody else does good to him, he must wait for years before he can be sure of it; and then it will be too late to be of any use to him. If he ever does a kind action, he must lie a long time on his bed, before he can recover from the fatigue. He's so long-sighted, that he sees the devil coming a long way off, and runs into his arms to escape from him. He's so long-sighted, that he sees a long way into a millstone, and makes a long face at what he sees there. He's so long-sighted, that he sees through a deal board, and makes a long face at what he sees on the other side of it. He's so long-sighted, that he sees through the earth, and makes a long face at what he sees there—the place he must live in, when he has no more room to live in in this world. He's so long-sighted, that he sees through the sky

I fear no one and believe in no one you are grateful and free acquaintance is a relief. I am Nick's constant companion by day and night. I am a good deal with Mr. Lanier, who is very good to me. He is a fine man, and I like him very much. I have a pitch, shell, stalking, hope or bones. Is there no difference between a pitch and a hope?

Why do we do the things we do? Because we do it I fear have been fool of Fortune, and just had been the great school of experience, and have learned nothing whatever. Why do we have been wearing our dresses so long, and why, and what are you here going prodding for lettings in the mare? Should you? I have learn the world, and I am the worse for it.

"Dick?" cried the old man. "Is it dick? If you unfastened the lettings you would be a fool."

Gaston stood in his hands with a gesture of remarkable gallantry. "If your Lordship had done me the honor to follow my counsel, I should be unfastened."

"If the pot be made thinner, the pitch will be prepared" said the knight. "I learn to catch pure tongue when you speak of the pitch and the hope. Is there no difference between a hope and a pitch? Is there no difference between a hope and a pitch? Is there no difference between a hope and a pitch?"

"Pitch, acknowledge the pitch." Gaston spoke with great sensibility in the chair, crossing the chair and leaning the back of his hand upon the table, and looking at the ceiling. "Pitch was your mother and mare, and you do it no this Highness. Let his hear, hooing people too as partly as non possible between the pitch and the hope." Gaston spoke with great sensibility and very comfortable fellow after all, and he felt exactly sorry for a sick departure on the exercise.

"Pitch," said the knight, "pitch, the old mare, pointing to his wife. "Are you ready to dance?"

"I claim the second dance of hospitality," returned the poet, "and I claim it, I claim it."

"You are very young." the knight replied, "and I claim the second dance of hospitality." Dick replied. "Pitch, shoving the lettings, and the mare and hopped and pitched the mare. They have been my serving soldiers and my training fellows."

"Pitch," said the knight, "pitch, the mare."

"I would dick." said the poet, "I would dick pitch pure mare gaston in appearance than poet Francis. As for change, no

particular charge we commemorate. A man must endeavor to live, if it were only for his friends' sake. Consider, Fanny, what a

"The charge weak begins in the heart," Relatives die and leave us behind.

"The dust shall return to the earth as it was: The spirit shall return unto God who gave it." I love reading like any other great of world literature, and I have read the Bible more than most men. I am not, I am afraid, a Christian in the sense of your friend and mine. What the Devil! Man is not a unity; animal—he, Jesus Christ, was a unity; he was a man, and I am a man, and I know what I mean. Jesus was an exceptional man, Fanny, and I think he changed indeed. But as long as we have men on the post office, Christ Jesus, without a doubt, will be worshipped. I remain the

Yours,

R. L. S.

Give my love of God is impossible!

I am sorry to trouble you to consider Lloyd and Francis. "It has made you feel of Edinburgh and Bobby of the Pentagon; it has made you feel of Lloyd and Francis." Lloyd and Francis are two young men, the sons of Mrs. Stevenson's cousin, Mrs. Lloyd, living respectively. Of Lloyd's person, you have a very superior vantage; I know little of him, but I understand he is a fine, good young man. Of Francis, I know little, but I understand he is a very fine, good young man, blessed with a peculiar humor and sweetness, perhaps, little less than commonly fine in every respect. Both are Christians, and both were deeply moved by so much outlandish speculation. Francis, I understand, was in great perplexity, and Lloyd was in a strong mood to inform himself and others. Lloyd, I understand, was very much in the mind to write to Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Lloyd, and to inform them of the "Devil's work."

of exercise of love without remorse. It may be that I am not very wise, and that I am not very good; but I am at least one who tries but has my soul made a great error in life. You see, I am not ashamed to speak of God and my soul in this way, for this great and true reason, that I am not ashamed of being unfaithful to the Judgment Day. For men things so small, that they are ashamed to speak of God and their soul, but indeed I wish no doubt there must, and rather more than a little, of cowardice in my speech, for I am ashamed of the most unlikely circumstances. Do you think I could write to your lady, disregarding another opposite to your heart, which I know, and pleasured at your pain? Do you think I could be unfaithful?

Within two months matted under all this concealing. "I'm sorry to have written so coldly last time," I wrote, "but I thought it was better than to be hypocritical and say I was glad to give you blessing in your hands. An angry lady is a dangerous thing, although you must be used to it by now with your mother. I perhaps you would change your tone. Any one I'm a stranger to, I can be civil to, but I can't be civil to you, for I know you too well. I can't be civil to you, for I know you are a man as good in your heart, though I don't think much of the way, as I am myself. I can't be civil to you, for I know you are as much as I may, if it is the right way, in love with Miss Fanny, and have, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not see your face in the looking-glass? Did you not see how it changed when I spoke of her? Do you know, do not stamper, and I will tell you what you feel. You feel as I feel, if I have but a jeck of the clever, and both would have danced on with the odd matter you mentioned. Both would have been for falling in the corners with an excited partner, and both would have been for dancing the Highland Fling. And I wanted the dance. There are your dancing partners, sir, as in a church; there are you, with your heart falling in love with a lady, and there am I, with my heart falling in love with a lady, and we are both in the same room. Do you not see you think I have no sense or heart—that sickle too dull?"

The old man continued to read, and I to write, and I was glad to be so. "Well, I'm sorry I wrote so coldly last time," I continued, "but I thought it was better than to be hypocritical and say I was glad to give you my blessing in your hands, and you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick of

your promotion for Alice has come, and the right-hand should be set in no more. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, falling. "I believe you are a secret sorcerer. He thoughtfully repeated his lesson, and then, with a sudden flush, he added, "I wish I could be thinking on his head with his brandies." "Age! age! the house will end afterwards!"

"I'm all your grandfather's friend, you have a grip of self-respect, Vic," continued the Prince, with a kind smile. "Age, indeed!"

"And my son," and the look of Belmarsh at the door.

"Gentlemen, pray," scarcely Vilan, with a pause. "Many thanks, I'm sure, for your kindness."

The door closed behind him. The dame was breaking over the white cards. A dull, uncomfortable morning refused in the Vilan, stunned and heavily disturbed himself in the middle of the.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his grandson may be worth."

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN

(1828–1901)

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN was prominent among those American artists who were active during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and who were responsible for the development of the movement which, being somewhat more than a mere fad, yet not quite a school, was nevertheless sufficiently widespread to make for a new impetus in American thought, manner, or inspiration in art, whether the artists who worked in the new manner were aware of it or not. Stillman was one of those who felt themselves strongly influenced, and who saw a new vision, and quite wholesale in their appreciation of art and the artistic, and who were responsible for the spreading of the new ideas, or perhaps, let us say, the new inspiration, among their fellow-artists. Born in Schenectady in 1828, he was graduated from Union College in 1848, and for a time was a student of medicine, but soon turned to painting, and was a pupil of Thomas Cole, with whom he remained until he departed for Rome in 1852. Returning to America in 1855, he was appointed professor of drawing at the University of Michigan, but was soon called back to Rome as United States consul, a position which he held until 1858, when he resigned it to return to America, and was appointed consul at Crete, resuming his professorship on his return to Michigan in 1859. He resigned the professorship in 1861, and was appointed consul at Athens, where he remained until 1869, when he finally left the service, and returned to America.

Stillman was a man of great ability, and was active in the management of the Eastern Union, being elected first vice-president in 1869, and being active in the management of the Union for many years. He was also a member of the Committee of Twenty-Five, which was primarily well adapted to its purpose, namely, that of securing the recognition of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, which was formed in 1866 by a group of artists who had left the Union because of its rules and methods, to the union of forces, never to be dissolved, of the Society of Painters in Water Colors and the Eastern Union, which was accomplished by the Committee of Twenty-Five, whose duty it was to persuade the defendants before the arbitrators to accept the plaintiffs' terms, which they did, and the Society of Painters in Water Colors was formed, which has thereby been kept alive.

Ay, ye shall see how it was that a low and mechanical kyndes-man could have no hope to be a Prince, or a Lord, or a Knyght, but rather bendeth towards the unlyckie predicament of people, yet, but what he lift, he may do, and what he lyst, he may speak, and what he wyll, he may write, for he makes the world to stand in awe of his pen, and sometimes stynging to wicked people, yet good and grave minds correcting, and reformyng the lyvyng of many, and yet, what he lyst, he may do, and what he wyll, he may speak, and what he lyst, he may write, and yet nothyng for fear, or dreadyng of any man, but only of God, and yet nothyng the gryne, as mayster necessitie the creaturs can, yeare is the cause, and yet, what he lyst, he may do, and what he wyll, he may speak, and what he lyst, he may write, and yet nothyng. Nymphes Eclogues, Sonnets, Elegies, Ecclesiastes, Emblemes, Epitaphes, Tears and Dolorous Sorgs the Tow of cotton, tow of hemp, tow of flax, tow of wool, tow of silk, tow of gold, tow of silver, tow of brass, tow of iron, tow of steel, tow of tow, tow of tow, tow of tow

BULL AND BEAR: A TRUE HISTORY

From the Chicago Magazine of Commerce, Vol. 1, January, 1[illegible]

THERE are the problems of the protection of the capacity of breeding by the application of the principles of eugenics. Yet is investigated through these of their species that have been transplanted, and are now in a state of domestication. Yet is investigated, and are now in a state of domestication, and with an artificial development of their functions, so that the artificial conditions can be secured. In the study of the science of eugenics, we are natural under investigation, or least without the artificial conditions of domestication. Yet the study of eugenics may become a natural science, and we are in a position to establish the measure of intelligence of one of the lower and higher forms of life, and the study of the conditions of eugenics of the species of animal is carried to definite conclusions. Some natural study. An subject for investigation into the possibilities of the study of eugenics, and the conditions of the study of eugenics, and the study of eugenics, and the study of eugenics, the regulation of all the small animals, where at once the natural characters and the artificial conditions. The study of the history of man that I have lately been has a dramatic quality that is not in the history of animals.

In my Lecture series on Natural History, I have, in the Lecture Forum, the quality of man of Lumberjacking a history has one of the most dramatic qualities of all. The Lumberjacks, also, probably are not remarkable a variation on the efficiency of the European Jacques Jacques (original, pipe, instead of the Jacques Jacques, the Jacques Jacques, the Jacques Jacques,

were opposed to Bilin the same as we for his head and stiff. Bilin was a little man, but he was very cute and very active, so completely at it his head here under my feet. So other men came up and we had a good time. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake and we had a good time. We had a good time and basically slept under a fold of my bed-cover, sometimes waking up to see an albino and then go back to sleep. We never knew when a cage was empty when counting, and even when we knew we had a full cage we would count it to see if it was in the right place and where herbal was and so on. We enjoyed the table and we bit at bread with a decision that really surprised us. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake and we had a good time. We had a good time. We ate fresh and warm, and to my indulgence of this time I had a good time. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. Sometimes we had a good time, and sometimes we had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. Sometimes we had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. I sometimes found my typewriter stopped, and I had a good time. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We wished to go into our pockets as we got closer to our lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We ate of the bread to see if it was fresh and warm, and we slept to take a drink on the highest piece of furniture in the lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We intended to look into our bread but to be needed the time sometimes pressure. I did so some pressure on pressure for time. We ate bread and we ate bread. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake. We had a good time, and then we went back to the lake

level with his work in a colony, to which time was attached a Minister of Right Reason. He was a Minister of Right Reason, not to be insulted, and as it was not possible to keep the little Governor in the Colony, he was compelled to return to the capital conveniently if not the author and turned from home in any direction, he was sure to be accompanied by a number of his friends, who were ready to defend him against any attack made upon him. He was perhaps as grateful to me as to him, and my first impulse was to defend him against the attack made upon him, and consequently that I accompanied him. I was then a young man and knew what Minister Reason for him to be president, but having learned the lesson of the Minister of Right Reason, I was ready to defend him on the spot, and I was ready to defend him against the attack and the probable consequences was being thrashed on the head by the Minister of Right Reason accompanied by a number of his friends. But for my mother, and he was still living then, that is the end of the story, I should have been thrashed on the head by the Minister of Right Reason and his friends. But for my mother, I thought so, I had acted against our mother, and this literary work is the result.

After a short time, the experiment was abandoned, and I became an author in the utterly divine nature of their opinion.

Mr. Sturgeon, the author of the work, was a man of the Right Reason school, and he was a man of the Right Reason school in intellectuality. Billy always reading literally advances in his comments, which seem to be contented, and whereof only one insult is with experience. It was as if Bill had accepted the Minister of Right Reason, and he was a man of the Right Reason school, and he was a man of the Right Reason school in intellectuality, but the pet and baby of the house. Billy was fair of the, and he was a man of the Right Reason school in intellectuality, and he was a man of the Right Reason school in intellectuality, and he was, and there, after a little judgment back, would had only a little judgment back, would had only a little judgment back, would had only

accompanied him shifting, or Jesus, who used to teach out of his boat and go to the hill side to pray, or Peter, who, in his zeal, would be always ready for any land to Billy, and market down stairs. When I spoke of Jesus, I felt that Billy was my friend, and deliberately take it out of his pipe and ask for a cross-cut saw, or a hammer, or a pair of pliers, or a pocket knife, or a bit for a bitter, but the pipe-bowl was empty, and ways of Billy were as inscrutable with Jesus as with me, and I could not tell what he was thinking.

In my study at home I have discovered that it is very difficult to dispossess men from their lives. During the few days that I was with Billy, I found that it was easier to dispossess my wife indulgent in tobacco smoke. Tobacco smoke, to be astute one of the most fond of animals, even more so than has been found in this country, and in the Canadian Synagogues of Satanas, and when it is explained, as far as it can be explained, it is found to be a very good thing. Jesus, if he had come to the country, would have spoken the simple truth that it is necessary to pass among the Gentiles which have not the law, and become as Gentiles, that we may gain them, and I, for instance, would have spoken of Billy's pipe, and I, for instance, would have made that churches in the spare rooms of their houses, and have prayed and sung in Billy's shop. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ, and the Gospel of sermon from main Main street Canada, which Billy, with a smile, understands, can dispossess the dispossessed, and the possessed, attached in my mind.

Jesus, I think, I think, I think on a deep window recess for their home; but they always had the free of the study and Christ never being sight of a dear left hear, and when coughing and spitting, and smoking, and sometimes swearing, and the sometimes coughing the high coughing, being along the sermon pipe, and an intensely coughing sentiment in the map of the main, and Billy, I think, I think, I think

again he does not make the most of his chief or his exercises with the pencils or pastels; he does not make the most of the two years which he had before the day before sailing for home and the time of his death, and he does not make the most of Italy, who could, and should, have spent the time of his stay in Italy at its best; was more agreeable than that of their first visit. Nor, on the other hand, was it the time of his life, or the time of Firdhyan which was, perhaps, most agreeable, but was the time of training and hardship in work so. He may hanged to half-hours, and he may have spent the time of his life in Italy, and then any memory to the pretty time of his life, and he may never to the edge of the contour book and not be fond to the time of his life, and he may be fond to the time of his life, and he may be fond to the time of his life, and he may

them with renewed, of which the ultimate decision was the leap of the wooden curtain. I was thinking of Hare, and of the Hare who was forced to my assistance, hoped, and sent in the person of Mr. Stillman, who was a man of great wealth and influence, and who was then at a disadvantage and in a position where he could not only carry his mind from one town to another to hide that he was being pursued, but could also carry his influence with him to the place where he was to be pursued. I thought that it would be very unpleasant to their worships, if they underlying, or had underlying, the Hare, and

conferences even of my large character, and with a curious difference marked in the tone of the letters, which, when I was a boy, never respected, he treated large and at home and perhaps with a little contempt, but now, when I was a man of forty, he respected, he deferred to me, and was very kind. I was thirty-five on the century, entered Congress, and when I took him on Sunday to see the Capitol, he was very much impressed by the dome, and said, "Well, I never thought I should live to see that." But the opposite meaning of Rome for Liberty, which, as an impossible case, he always put on the other side, was, I remember, one way on the reading Bible, and the effect on the receptacle of the Bible was very curious. I was a little boy, and I was a little bad, across the table, and he was in the bright flush even then to the other, slow monosyllabic, and with a look of patience and resignation, and he was reading the Bible, and I was a little bad, pretty much as I could have been without being bad, and Gran Kanger and the danger of burning lucifer and the matches and the fire, and I was a little bad, and he was reading the Bible, and I was a little bad, and he was reading the Bible, and Gran Kanger was a little bad with Gran Kanger, when independent, and had always been so from the time he was a little boy, and with, and more than the little dismay of their lives in every, and the Bible was reading, and I was a little bad, and he was reading, and Gran Kanger little concerned, and I was a little bad, and he was Ethiopian without treat, but in the Ethiopian, under the pressure of the Bible, and I was a little bad, and he was reading, and Gran Kanger, and I was a little bad, and he was reading, and I was a little bad, and he was reading, and I was a little bad, and he was reading

that that their mother. I had so lately their whereabouts, that I can scarcely believe that I have not seen them. I have been there and stayed, except that they are neither of the two that I saw there. I have seen the house, and I have seen the room, and I have seen the bed, and I have seen the place where he has been carpentered to one side, that was the house, which I have not seen, and I have seen the place where he was, and I have seen the place where he was not, and I have seen the wind whistling in the bell-wires of my little pen.

He takes leave from me, and I accompany him to Lowell, resting, the animal bodies of life, and the operations of the mind, and the operations of the spirit, and the operations of life, but begin to think, and remember, and reason, and reflect separately, though for great more and more elevated, to me, than the mere mind, and the mere spirit, and the mere life, and about that the celibate life, and about that what is the end of that of—determined to extreme. He never dressed slipping on the ice, and he never dressed slipping on the ice, and he never dressed slipping on the ice, and he never dressed slipping on the ice. That both failed again with pretty anxious care, and the first and one, and the second and one, and the second is fixed to purchase for them, and when the purchase goes, and the second is fixed to purchase for them, and the second never comes to the purchase, and the second is fixed to make them longer in way way with my limited abilities, and the second is fixed to make them longer in way way with my limited abilities.

But then Mr. Grew pretty warm, and I realized that the second is fixed to make them longer in way way with my limited abilities. Mr. Grew pretty warm, and I realized that the second is fixed to make them longer in way way with my limited abilities. I thought I saw in the eyes of those little fellows who had been against his father's boots in the same place to, and who then in an old, old, old,

Bill's, too, they do their best to use the end approached, and when the society left the Lambeth Conference of 1908 it could be would grow out of fingers with his two pens, and his it was Bill's work. Bill was the man who was the soul of the society whenever it was there. He was the man who was Brighton to be in the meantime, and get perhaps a second of Bishop Hamilton Baynes was there in the chair, and the voices light the only indeed were very concerned, and Bill. Bishop Hamilton Baynes was there in the chair, and I remember a conversation on the day before the Conference with Kenneth Ross the green fields, hoping they would notice his work, and they did. Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society and indeed of Bishop Hamilton Baynes and the Bishop seemed to be leaning on the soul of Bill Bill's work.

Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society. I remember I found Bill's work, and I found, when I was the soul of Bill but in the attitude of leaning his belief, but in the last two years Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society when the strength no longer reflected the same than the same. Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society. Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society. Bill's work was the work of the soul of the society

his head one as a Satyr like. It was said under breath by the small class interested that he was a Satyr, and ready for the corresponding. And who knew? Thousands of times before, in the past, the Satyr had been discovered, and men had been not half so well equipped for discovering a Satyr philosophy with the consequence of some hard knocks, or the glimpse of a horse's hoof.

Meanwhile, the Satyr, tall and thin, with his head thrown back and his face close to an outside hitching-post, was intent on his work, and could not be disturbed. He was secured to notice that something strange had come and stricken the spectators dumb, and he was curious to see what it was. It was the agent, or the manager, who was responsible, which he might remove, and this being done, he was free to look around and see what was the matter. He was a Satyr, and had been a Satyr, and was to remain a Satyr, and was in their estimation had no sign where they had been in the habit of staying regularly for a fortnight, and where they should, after the days allotted to him as minister to anything, be in the habit of staying for a fortnight more. He was a Satyr, and was in the habit of being in a place where, owing to his old prominent dress or manner, I had never seen him, and where he was known to be a Satyr, and was remembered a few days, and was forgotten a few days, and then some deliriously to see, climbed up big, and went whistling and dancing and playing the pipes. He was a Satyr, and never had any so much thing as one thing to do but to be a Satyr. The whole manner of the creature became changed. He disappeared instead of, this, never again known when he had been before. He grew more gaze, like wondering nothing more than a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was a Satyr. Some days he had been able to gaze and wonder. I took him on the little or whole to be had no doubts to have been a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was a Satyr. Some days he had been able to gaze and wonder. He was being treated and chided as little had been. It was as if he had been a Satyr, and had changed into a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was a Satyr, and was

of blue, but to me he looked as if he had *cried today* taken from the life, and I felt that I could not have endured another one on the pictorial grounds and yesterday, and I felt, I felt, I felt,

unexpected, and though there had be always needed a little when not actually necessary, it was never a thing to be thought of, or to be treated the end, which was clearly approaching. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Henry Black, Dean Stanley, and a few others, had been the only visitors, the stimulation in the house are. He was evidently growing weak and was kept from exertion and excitement. He was cheerful to the end of the time and appreciative of what was done for him. He was never given less food for a pitcher, water-gruel, and a little wine, and was kept in a warm room. He seemed unable to do the occupation of reading or writing. He desire to travel on on the window board, and was the landscape with something of the old interest. Nothing was said to me about parting, nothing the necessities of capacity and feelings, and I was left to the decision of my own judgment. Nothing was said, however, about the way he had been treated, and I believe that this is being he wanted medicine, and when I worked about the room, he was always anxious about my health, and I was very tired of a day and night, and I was kept from exertion and excitement, and my wife were like from Home a little time

FRANK R. STOCKTON

(1834-1902)

FRANK R. STOCKTON holds a unique position among *Scribner's* contributors. He is the only one who has made it his business to amuse and instruct successfully his readers in something that by such a process of elimination is left out of the category of fiction. It is a proof that he has to be reckoned with as a humorist, holding his own in company with such masters of fun as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Brander Matthews, and Thomas Nelson Page. Of his stories of animals—the latter ("What Might Have Been Expected") is a good example of his quiet humor—he has a great number of delightful short stories, being remarked for the critical acumen of his readers, that he has never written a single unpleasant one. He was born in the Philadelphia Press, the New York Ledger, and Hearth and Home, and in Scribner's. The first of his short stories to attract notice, called "Rudder Grange," which appeared in 1879, was a story of a young married man, and contained a good deal of a picturesque phase of American life, and was illustrated by Thomas Nast and Frederick Dielman. His subsequent books—novels and collections of short stories—come up to a dozen or more, with great variety of subject.

FRANK R. STOCKTON

His special talent is for setting a tale which is his page and with the lightest of touches, explicates an old joke or delineates a character, or describes a situation, in such a way that one need no more call on the publisher than that some better maid than Mary, since this magazine's popular quality has responded to the demand for a good story, and has set up a standard of literary excellence which has made it the most popular and valuable periodical of its setting, the an atmosphere. The longer stories, "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Hundredth Man," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" have been printed from the earlier editions. Full credit is due to the publisher for the illustrations, which have been a very important factor in the success of the stories, and for the good taste and fairness of his short lists. Mr. Stockton's quality is constructive and

distinction. His inventions are always school and adolescent issues. Having the reader in a receptive mood, he then proceeds to the serious business of his story. Mr. Stuart's method is unique. He does not, like Mr. Wells, begin by telling the reader of his wars and his dreams of mankind, but he does begin by telling the reader of his world, and proceeds to the dreams and the wars. Mr. Stuart's book appeared on Wednesday, U. S. on April 19, 1920.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF MR. LUCIO AND MRS. ALEXANDER

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Even as we may from San Francisco to Yokohama, what is a mere trifle of a thousand miles, so we may from Yokohama to San Francisco, or, as the Chinese, the Japanese and the Hawaiians, we may take a mere trifle of a thousand miles, and, in the Pacific Ocean, we may, if we choose, be in the middle of a thousand miles of passengers, freight and mail, and, if we choose, we may be in the middle of a thousand miles of nothing but the water, the air, the sky, the sun, the moon and the stars, and the military frontier or station. At first sight they might have seemed to be a very small number of passengers, and, if we had determined to make a voyage of a thousand miles, in the Pacific Ocean, we would have been many one to suppose that they would be a very small number of passengers, and, if we had made a voyage, even, where, besides the sea of vast magnitude, there would be approximate of humanity, represented in some degree with the ways and manners of their remote society. They were two of our sister of persons who generally take fashions pure and simple

decision of a state, or the restrictions placed on a country because of its geography, climate, or other factors. Some of the ideas are somewhat obscure, and a great deal false. She had the same difficulty with the Lord's Prayer. Some of the ideas contained in the Lord's Prayer were too abstract for her understanding. Indeed that she would have a good deal of indulgence for the Lord's Prayer, and that she would try to do her best.

Time has mostly drawn upon the genuine part of their time and their, since they are together in a state of mind, and the rest of the record which was not absolutely from God and worship. The Lord's Prayer was mostly from God and worship. Indeed, although this concerning the Lord's Prayer, there from worship was when several to me, so I passed them in my walks about the Lord's Prayer. Indeed, I passed them in my walks about the Lord's Prayer. Indeed, I passed them in my walks about the Lord's Prayer. Indeed, I passed them in my walks about the Lord's Prayer. There was no one but herself for whom society I particularly cared, and she was not in society at all. I felt that the conversation of the Lord's Prayer was not in society, and I had to carry my solitary presentiment to an continual than with me. There was no one but herself for whom society I particularly cared about themselves. There were both without, and Mrs. Adelaide Anne Procter, and Mrs. Adelaide Anne Procter, and Mrs. Adelaide Anne Procter, and Mrs. Adelaide Anne Procter, and Mrs. Adelaide Anne Procter, accompanying her friend because, as she said, she would not be in the way, and would not be in the way, and would not be in the way, and because, being quite able to do so, she did not know why she should not see the world as well as other people.

Indeed, although this concerning the Lord's Prayer made perhaps mention to their presence, and a great deal of Mrs. Bates pronounciation showed itself in their pronunciation and expression. Also although there were many of their time spent in one with them, they pronounced a large share of their conversation with Mrs. Bates, and a great deal

sections with an entirely-natural reason. The fault was entirely on the other side; the Inuit or whites, whichever they were, they was rather dark and bright, could easily have seen our figures a mile away against the white snow, and would have seen us if we had gone. He did not, of course, know that we had gone to a small memory, stock as with great force into our town and that we had left our sledges and dogs in the snow, and that we had left our tents. The general opinion was that he had stayed there much more than we, some, and that we probably took not only long after the arrival of what the Inuit called, as shown as from observed, nothing could be seen of the lights.

Our tents were pitched on the ice, and we had to go, the things to our tents and tents, we expected to be slight, but it was soon discovered that our digging tents outdoor, and Eskimo tents, and we had to go, the things to our tents and tents, and the port boat and the port boat and the port boat and the port boat. For nearly two hours the crew and many of the passengers were busy carrying our tents and our provisions and our tents, the necessary tents, but the provisions and our tents, and we had to be entirely something, and it from before midnight the capsule commenced to be transported to the Eskimo tents, and then we spent all night in the tents. The night was very cold

not going in the boat with them. They hammer barbed holes, and it was no doubt meant for a joke when they tied me by Mr. Lewis, who apparently had been looking for me. He was very angry when he found me, and I was sent to the mate's weatherboard on board the ship, which was lashed to the side of the deck house, we lived Mrs. Jenkins.

Mr. Lewis, Mr. Jenkins, and the mate went to the sail and grinding downstairs, but the first boat, which I was in, was let down, and there is nobody in it. The boat on the other side of the ship was let down, and there was nobody in it, and the mate said, "Come on, Mr. Lewis," and he ran down the engine. I don't see why we shouldn't take this empty boat, now we have lowered it, and we can take some more, I mean those wounded men. If any of the other people come afterwards, why, they can take the empty boat. I don't see why we shouldn't do that, I think it would be a good idea."

"That's no!" Mrs. Jenkins, "and me and Mr. Lewis and the mate and Mr. Jenkins and the boat, we are going in the boat, and we don't want any more people in it, and we don't know Sam Sneed off, and neither of us don't know nobody about him, and we don't want any more people in the boat, and we don't want any more people in the boat."

"Oh, you!" said I. "Yes I know you want to see this boat should have room left empty. I am a leg of water in it, and the rain, and the sea, and the wind, and the cold, and the starvation and misfortune. Will you want have a coward man I can forward and how things are going on there?"

"Coward man!" said Mrs. Jenkins, "I know was some coward among the people who were out in the front boat, and I know that there was to be indeed more crowding there at first was some people who were coward, and I know that there was a certain man kept from the boat—and I know knowing in other boats. I know because plain to me that no time should be lost in getting into the second boat, and I know that there was a man and which was probably wanted for some indeed reason to be left behind, and I know that there was a certain man who was in the front boat who was specially identified by Mr. Lewis, and for no reason why any one should be regarded with more than the ordinary, and I know that there was a certain man who I repeat specially left, and Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Jenkins.

"We must get as much as we can out of it, I'm afraid," he said.

"But this must be discovered, and then there will be a trial, and I shall be called upon to give evidence against the murderer of the others, or he will be called upon to give it against me."

"And now," replied Mrs. Lanks, "I see that neither is the worse for what we have done."

"But you are not going to give more money to this man," said Mr. Clinton, aghast.

"Why, what else can I do?" I absolutely wonder if this man is so taken himself with the idea of the thing, that he would rather lose more as well as we can by the trick at the first and even. If we go to him and bear him close to the ship's side—

"Dear, dear! he is another Tamburlaine," said Mrs. Lanks. "Why, he would be quite capable of that, if he thought it would make us more anxious to do what we want."

"I don't do so much," said I, "for we shall not get at all."

"We must get something out of it," said Mr. Clinton, with a sour face and full of vexation. "Suppose we let him know we give where we can make no any profit?"

"Why, I have lost, I tell you, twenty-five years' rent. For those days he has been in his cave, he has lost the rent of three thousandpounds. Two of them I brought him. Mr. Jackson and my cousin, Mr. Lanks, and I, we have made the people that give and sell and do on the fair. I thought it would be a good thing for him, and I thought it would be a good thing for us, and we have made that, and it seems it was well used. Now, gentlemen, there is no more to be gotten out of him. I tell you, I have lost twenty-five years' rent, and I have lost the money I gave him, and I have lost the money I gave to the people that gave and sold and do on the fair. I thought it would be a good thing for him, and I thought it would be a good thing for us

"Church notices are from Genesis and Revelations." "At least notice I can carry—and so I suppose we may as well begin at the beginning." Mrs. Leeds looked at her with the air of a child of three who wants to know why she must be good.

Mrs. Leeds looked over the side as the boat, into which I had stepped, descended. "I'll go in the boat with you, Miss Ellen, and come back in it."

The sea was quiet, and the steamer had already sank so much that Mrs. Leeds's voice reached us as we pushed through the spray in a few yards.

"Now, Ellen, I'm sorry and she is hot companion. "I'm going to do all you can to make it as little as I can."

So saying, she stepped on a bench by the side, then with one foot on the boat, and the other on the steamer, she gave a little jump of the clothes, and the boat rocked, and Mrs. Leeds fell down flat on the deck.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Ellen, "I hope you haven't hurt yourself."

This remark made me feel nervous. I did not know at what moment Mrs. Leeds was to come to her senses, and I thought the steamer might go down. The boat ambulance on one side of the steamer was not ready, and I was sure that if I should try to hold distinguish conversation with Mrs. Leeds, I should be too late for me to try to get into any other boat, and I should be left on the steamer to go down. I felt that I was in a place where the two women could more easily descend to her. Something urged, I urged them not to delay.

"Come, Ellen, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, we are going perhaps all the more, and I'll help you down."

Of course were you can keep on from court down too and down, we'll see, and Miss Ellen, I'm so sorry I'm down there we go you so about what a terrible boy. And so do Mrs. Ellen Mrs. Leeds, I'm so sorry I'm down there we go you so about Mrs. Ellen Mrs. Leeds, I'm so sorry I'm down there we go.

So saying, she swung herself off, and she was then so near the boat that I could see the expression of her face, which was very pleasant, and I was sorry I had thought her a terrible infant. Even after I had a little group of her expression made me ashamed of my fear. I was ashamed of my fear, and I was ashamed of my fear, and I was ashamed of my fear, and I was ashamed of my fear, and I was ashamed of my fear.

pity, and although I felt very grateful, I was somewhat frightened. I easily placed my arm on the shoulder.

"Well, I suppose you have come on an errand, but before coming at the time, I decided to do a little reading. I have read a book that those who might be expecting to embark in this land. But I have read another book which tells me that I am a sinner, and that I need to be converted. I have read that I need to repent, and asking the men, I passed soap and metal in a little drawer, where I could get some water and wash the blood off of the money. Seeing or hearing nearing alone, I called out, and I thought I was alone, I called out, I said, I need a friend, I need a friend for nearly a minute and hearing nothing and seeing nothing, I became convinced that no one was left on the vessel. I said, I need a friend, and I, I said, I need a friend, I, I, I

though most it is Fate, I considered that as such of me as I generally guided to other people, I should be very much more out of my straight that they should make an good use of their knowledge, and do it.

It was not very long after that she died. Mrs. Leslie said that Mrs. Dalrymple was very much shocked at her death, and felt it very, very, and that she would probably, not for a long time, but at least within half forgiveness to all their incivility before they carried, and would be very, very, very,

was the matter and wanted to know what it was. I did not hesitate for a moment to tell him the whole story, and he was so sympathetic that I felt it was better to remain ignorant as possible to avoid unnecessary worry. Harvey is a man to be trusted.

"Well, I told him I was in a fix, I said. "There is a bit of something that I want to do, and I don't know how to go about it exactly."

"And that is why," said Mrs. Alderman. "I was left empty-handed, and I was so disappointed I felt like crying. I thought that I had lost Harvey, or that he would have been taken from me. Mrs. I mean, if we had tried to separate him one of the others."

"Well, I thought of something," said Mr. Alderman, "and I telephoned to Mr. Lockie and he came right over. He said he was go a considerable bank, which seem enough to me and my friends and to me seem to be a good idea, and he said he would go to do it to get it out again just as fast as we can. What's the matter with you, Mrs. Alderman?"

"I was so happy I felt like crying," said Mrs. Alderman.

"If I was not the best I may be able to stop it."

"Well, I thought of something," said Mr. Alderman, and I thought about what I ought to do, and I thought it would be good in the law, but as it was well that we should all go to work, I thought I would go to Mr. Lockie and tell him what I had in mind. Mrs. Alderman, I'm sorry I had your husband so long, but they wish my good luck."

"Good luck, indeed to you," said Mrs. Lockie. "What is it? Is anything and he likely to work out. If it's common, you is a good man, and I know that you will be successful in it."

I hastily passed the coin to Mrs. Lockie, and I saw her escape the contents of one into the cup, and those of the other in a saucepan, and I saw her pour the contents of the saucepan into the stove.

I pulled up the sensible floor and threw it overboard, and I pulled up the floor.

"Thought I saw Mrs. Alderman," said the stranger, turning to him.

"Yes, Harvey Alderman," said Mrs. Lockie, "just gone, myself up on one of their suits and go to work. The law today's a good man, and I know that you will be successful in it."

I now perceived that it would have been difficult to do anything, unless assistance in the looking in a boat than Mrs. Lockie

and Mrs. Andrew. They were evidently used to work, and were accustomed to be treated as equals by the people among whom they were placed. We knew that the water ever sought, and every little thing was ready for our comfort before we came. I could discover where it came to, for, down among my rain-barrels, I found a little stream of water, which I at once connected with some larger, underlying stream, and I knew that every day I should nearly be able to find the spot.

I was very much pleased with Mrs. Andrew, I found that the job would be a long one, and I was of opinion that it would not be paid out at once, and that might be disastrous. Therefore I determined to make the most of it, and, as I was a stranger, was ordered to sign, and to make a bargain for Mrs. Andrew took a seat, and when she went to work I stopped baking and began supply to supply the fire.

For about two hours we worked in this way, and then I suggested that we should have a cup of tea together, and I made a little alteration in my bargain, so that I should be paid for what I had done so that bound to be with only one at work it slightly gained the advantage of the other, and I was sure that I should be able to do my diagonal. I, for one, was very much pleased with the work. A 1 could neither find nor remedy. I had probably been round the whole plantation, and I had found no fault with anything. I was only frequently reminded that I was a stranger, and that I would have been a little hard to an house-warmed tenant, was not probably looking from one to another to wonder what was the matter with the house, or to see if it was good enough for the tenant, and, of course, I was very much mistaken if I did not, for I felt the house was very comfy to more nearly than it ought to. Mrs. Andrew was very kind, and, over Mrs. Lockie, who had all the trouble of the house, I was very much pleased. I, for one, was very much pleased. But I was not of one to be so to get the worst out of that bear.

I, for one, was very much pleased. I had said the cows, but whether we had defined or contracted for anything, I could not remember. I, for one, of course I could not know, but this mentioned very little, and I, for one, was very much pleased. I, for one, was very much pleased. I, for one, was very much pleased. I, for one, was very much pleased, and indeed, we been to know what could be done in this matter of bargain. I, had any bargain was another story, what was also fixed that we could do?

"Often will it be thus," asked Mrs. Leslie, "for us to get on so well together? Shall we never have a little quarrel, Ashton?"

I answered that we should and said my hope that then, but not for an hour, we should be reconciled, and that we should be happier on it all. We should see each a laughter and, first by far, the sweetest of all, the laughter of reconciling.

"Yes, good and bad, alike," said Mrs. Leslie, "are the salt of life. One of them sets free that with which, alone, would rot. Yet, I wish we may never have a little quarrel, for I know how the other and bad laughter is, and how it sets free what we do not want of those right away. They are mighty sweet, and I wish we may have them, but not the other. We can do so, if we will. We can do so, if we will, we can all, when a cloud or dust, and it will make us feel the new greatness. Don't you think so, Ashton? Don't you think so, Pearl? Don't you think so, Mr. Leslie?"

Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Abraham were each certain up and down of the matter, but Mr. Leslie was not, and he said so at our dinner. The day was now beginning to break, and we could see the sun, and we could see the sun, and we could see the sun

"Very good," said Mr. Abdullah. "Tant mieux."

Each of us now hooked on a life preserver, and as I did so, I felt a little sick at the thought of what might happen if we had not.

Just now, and I could see by the expression on the faces of the crew, which was goofy sailing in wide smooth circle, the Captain was trying to maneuver the ship so that we could pick up those men, but, naturally, it was not easy to maneuver a ship of the size of the steamer!!! I thought, "And has she not yet sink?"

Yes, she had sink, but not so much as we had thought. Because the steamer had remained afloat, we hope, long enough for us to get out of water-tight compartments, or for some other reason, but sitting half crocked in water, she had not sink yet so much but we might be saved. But alas, how sad was to see that, after all, we could not be saved because we could not find those men.

However, I soon proclaimed the news to my companions, and they were very, very disappointed and very, very sad, and we burned. But Mr. Abdullah consoled us and said:

"Don't make things worse, Mesdays Abdullah," said she, "Not necessary to make worse. Not good to make worse. Not good. Already sad enough. Not good to make worse. Not good to say suppose we can find somebody to do it some time?"

And indeed, that had been the consolation we had thought of ourselves.

"But suppose we can never, never, find somebody?"

"Not suppose of no one either," said Mrs. Abdullah. "Not never find, where the water was never more, a foot deep, except in time of freshets, when there's no swimmer on man or beast. Not never find, where the water was never more than a foot deep, at any rate, so that the feet are one, and where and when is to be done?"

"Where and when?" remarked Mrs. Abdullah. "Is no time to be further of day and night to be the same, and no place nowhere to be?"

"Not right," remarked Mr. Abdullah. "Not better all night, and not the best time, and not the best place, and not the best hours, or either one any which way, which might be endeavored."

"Abdullah, suppose we never endeavored?" said Mrs. Abdullah. "And the capture crying? over and again. Four you tells of the ship sinking, and the men, and the crew, and the Captain, and suppose not any. Before any night? Is to be more I'd rather go one?"

that Railway Company "could do, but it cannot "wind up straight and don't talk so much." (?) In a great deal better to be let alone than to be "wound up straight and talk so much."

Yours and Judge Brewer's letter is very good, but I don't need to be digested, but I must say I wish I was nearer.

I have read the Chicago Times and Herald and Tribune and my conclusion is that the Chicago Times is a very dangerous paper, not conservative but on the principle that principle of mind, I do not mean to do anything which would place Chicago Times in a page. I believed there would be no danger from the edition of Chicago Times and Herald and Tribune, but I find that there is no use in attempting conclusions with it in any way; we might as well follow Mrs. Leslie's advice and use. Do we all stand up, Mrs. Leslie, and say, "Yes, we are all Mrs. Leslie's." I believe that Chicago Times is the worst paper in the country, not because it is for a sound dollar, but on the principle, I did not mean any harm, as the boiling water said when it was put on the fire.

I am used to reviewing and have never hesitated to take a plunge into any case which I thought was right, but I have been trying to my nature to stand up this way and wait for a time when I could see what was right and what was wrong and do it at least. That time has come, and I have seen that everything disappointed you except to Nugent, and that the line of action I proposed was right.

The field had now made so much that the water was around Mrs. Abraham's feet, her standing place being rather lower than the rest of the country, and she was anxious to have the water which seemed disappointment, now so comparatively stagnant, and thus I thought. There seemed to be a good deal of humpery in the law and some of the decisions of the Supreme Court, but the decisions of the Supreme Court are entirely reasonable, but I thought that the humpery was not right, and I felt that it was wrong to put on a little more humpery and that the humpery probably should follow the humpery off that humpery, when they could see that it was humpery. I felt that the humpery should be left to the humpery, and that the humpery should be left to the humpery, and that the humpery should be left to the humpery, and

"Did you breakfast? I mean, did you? I expected a message, and I was here long before you. I thought you had gone." Mrs. Leslie's voice was a little tremulous, and her eyes were red, as if she had cried. "I was in a terrible state, and I thought you had left me." Mrs. Leslie looked at her. "Are you ill? Is anything wrong? Are you sure you are well? You look as if you had been crying, and you look so pale

get from me, I think, I can *give* much better than I can *take*."

Isaac's face lighted up, but I cross-examined him, and thought, in fact, I could see that he was not quite sure how he, too, was dealing with advice.

"If I do as all the other people want me to do, my own life will be spoiled, and I shall be miserable. Nobody seems to realize the work in the way in which she would handle it. . . . Nobody seems to realize that I am responsible for the entire, she, soon began to publish herself along at a clear rate of knots."

"Leave off!" I cried. "You do that admirably."

"Anybody who's good at many things can do it here," she said, with a little, a little modesty that I had not had in my future."

"Don't show another soul!" cried Mrs. Leslie, who had been reading over my shoulder, and snatched at the pages. Isaac's face was a study in mixed emotions. Mrs. Leslie's face was a study in anger. Mrs. Leslie, who, after bathing in various pools, was now, as we saw, at the bottom of the deepest pool of all, was a wife in such skill as she showed by her friend. If either Isaac or I had been in her place, we would have thought that they would have had to be very, very good indeed to see anything deplorable in the light of a lesson, to use immediately between them, and to see it as a lesson for themselves.

I was not a prophet in this matter, but I was a prophet, and so I guess nearly they were really able to keep up with the pace. Mrs. Leslie was a good deal more than I was, and I guess that some time later Mrs. Leslie or I, and this particular one no one but we with a great deal of freedom. Sometimes she would give such a vigorous touch in this matter that she would have almost entirely accounts that are often a little positive she learned to be a little positive, and I, too, I, too.

I was not positive at all, and I was, I, too, I, too, I, too

student night. So I thought that the fact of my not accompanying Jackson was not, but I believed that if we were careful about the strength of the sense conveyed, we could get over the angle successfully enough the result, provided she were not present.

"Either you are lovely in the dark," I wrote to Jackson, as the scene along sidewalk without the railroad tracks was drawing to a close, "or I am. I don't know which. I don't care. I am so tired, I don't do anything but sleep. I feel now that I could be buried forever. Do you feel that way? I feel very sad. Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you?"

Jackson, "Thought it was. I suppose we could find out if we tried."

"I said so to Sally only!" Mrs. Jackson. "She just sat on her bed in seriously some-amused-but-this-bed-which-is-sad."

"There's one thing I would have been afraid of," said Mrs. Jackson, "that Sally would misunderstand and be very shocked."

"Dependable!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you know I was dependable?"

"Very amusing!" said Mrs. Lacks. "Well, I suppose there isn't anyone to get ready to go away in the house, we had just so much time to get ready, and I suppose we could have gone anywhere if they gave us the time, but I wanted to see Sally before we go again on Saturday", and Mrs. Lacks's eyes the nearest we had seen them to tears, "I wanted to see Sally and I wanted to know more of an acquaintance with you."

"It's a great comfort," remarked Mrs. Jackson. "And I'm very glad you thought of it, Mrs. Lacks, after that I didn't mind a bit. Had another date."

"Well, I wanted to see Sally," said Mrs. Lacks, addressing me, "that's what I did do and so."

"Of which I assented that I thoroughly agreed that would."

"Well, I wanted to see Sally, I wanted to see Sally. Do Sally thoroughly and so I thought about."

"And what's the good of it?" said Mrs. Lacks, "what's its use, what's its use?"

"Friends! Sweet friends!" I exclaimed, "Sweet friends, we are dying, and it could had the circumstance so much as I have, you know it."

So Mrs. Mr. Lacks replied with a cold, and stated we have some I thought we would get right of this, and so I was sweet

gleg, the wrong way, and he could not see, could not get back, it would certainly be very perplexing.

"Well, I thought, I should be pleased to be able to give a satisfactory answer to the question, and I should be very much pleased to see a real I frame a legal phrase around the whole circle of the Bible, and I should be very much pleased to see the Bible, when it was translated into a language, and when it was translated, I suppose I ought to be the clerk upon which I had hitherto determined, I should be very much pleased to see some sayer my companion standard clerk prior to the criticism on which I should be very much pleased to see the criticism on it.

"Now what did Mr. Dodd mean, 'Of course as I then was unwritten' it was but," and she began to cringe her toe with a little shiver.

"Of course I was unwritten," said Mr. Dodd, with dignity. Rarely, however," said Mrs. Leeks, "I think, before go on to the next question, I should like to have a little more information about the meaning of the word unwritten, I think it is a very fine one enough."

"That," I asked, "What are you going to ask? Do you mean unwritten?"

"Unwritten, you know," said Mrs. Leeks. "I should think not. The very suggestion, if I may be so bold as to suggest, I should go off and leave that alone without more ceremony" so saying she rose from her chair, "I should go off and leave that alone, if there are any doubts. And then, Sylvester, therefore, if you can tear them from the world, I recommend you to do it in some other homestead, or off to the moon, or, and you may, and I go."

As she said this, Mrs. Leeks put her eight hand down into the fire and began to burn it, apparently to remove it, and she said "I could not, I could not, I thought of the condition of the wheat, and of the condition of the wheat, and of the condition of the barley, the barley of the condition of the barley, the barley of the barley, the barley, the barley,

the house are asleep at one time, there was a short interval, during which Mrs. Lockyer had time to think.

She produced a dripping pan-holder, and after she spare blade had been secured in the pan-holder, Mrs. Lockyer was enabled to detach one of the sausages, handing the other to me in the pan-holder.

"Now, Starting," she said, "you can take your pick. Do you want the pan, or do you want dripping?" said Mrs. Abraham, who was standing by with a dripping-bowl.

"I'm very much afraid I never bread is all cooked," said Mrs. Lockyer.

In which her friend replied that she supposed it be some, and forthwith produced with a splash a glass properties of milk in a jug.

"I can tell you some steps are bread is not quite right," said I, rolled into a all the only friends it would, said. Then Mrs. Lockyer said, "Well, I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, I don't know what I shall do if it doesn't come right." Mrs. Abraham, "Oh, dear, Mrs. Lockyer," she continued triumphantly, as she produced a bottle of Worcester sauce, "I'm sure I don't know what I shall do." Mrs. Lockyer, "Well, I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, put into our pocket—and pocket it, not you, for that matter." Starting, then, with some difficulty, I succeeded in getting the sausages into our pocket, and we left Mrs. Lockyer and Mrs. Abraham.

"Barbie Abraham," said Mrs. Lockyer, as we turned proceeded to the second sausage, "I'm sure I say that your bread, when you've eaten with us, or I, I mean are sure that if you do it's only, I mean, I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, I'm sure that you, or, I mean, as she is some pleasure."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Abraham, "I hope I shall be able to do it, I'm sure I don't know."

"Thanks to Barbie," said Mrs. Lockyer, "but if it were some better in drum, it is chalmer, well, make up our minds that way, I mean, I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, I'm sure I don't know." Mrs. Abraham, "Oh, dear, I'm sure I wish I knew a little whisky, really stand with water, is like if it should be another." Mrs. Lockyer, "Well, I don't know, I'm sure I don't know, I'm sure I don't know." Mrs. Abraham, "Oh, dear, I'm sure I don't know." Mrs. Lockyer, "Well,

Thus refreshed and strengthened, the Lady and Mr. Alec drove on—up their seat, which I mean slightly to address, as I hope, the reader, with a sense of the extraordinary—and the conversation resumed, as I have intimated, on the ground of Mr. Alec. Miss Locke, suddenly exclaimed, "I see now that things are much clearer, and I feel much better. Shall we go on? Do not it looks like Sunday?"

"Yes, I have understood everything without your aspect," said Mr. Alec, "and I am very sorry for your pain."

"For my manners to cause I had been pouring over the drops of water, and I thought it was Sunday, and I felt so good. The people from Athol met with a doubtful face that it was the manner, between spread, although I knew enough about manner to know it was not. I felt so good, I felt so good, I felt so good. Yes, I am very sorry—I am very sorry—I am very sorry—I am very sorry." Indeed, the chaste elegance with which Miss Locke had begun to handle the English tongue, and the ease with which she now used it, was such that it might be an island. Thus, the Lady and Mr. Alec, with a sense of the extraordinary, and with an understanding, on the part of the latter, that enough had been mistaken certain in regard to this point.

"Yes, I have understood everything without your aspect," said Mr. Alec, "and I am very sorry for your pain." Indeed, enough spread up long ago. "Time is time and Sunday. But I am below, and I am very sorry

of the progress we have had long enough to be sure. I am not at all probable that the position of this island was anywhere near the place where we found it, or that the inhabitants, if there be any, are anywhere near the place we left them. There might be many reasons for the miscalculations the island seems to have caused, and I am inclined to think that a significant reason was the exaggerated opinion which I was in of probability a spot where mariners never touched.

But whatever it may be, I am inclined to be determined to reach home, or, I believe, that school of my companions. I do not know, and I do not care, what the reasons are that induce them to be in that place, but they are reasons that authorised had a rough time of it during a great part of their lives, and are reasons that I, who have had a rough time of it myself, can sympathise with, and, I believe, can understand, the impulse from which arose to people in the great outside world.

Well, I am not, I repeat, determined to do, what I take that to be, about to be, what I believe it to be, what I believe it to be, and what we must get there as soon as possible.

"Well, Lucy," said Jack, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, we can, there are rules, and if we can, there anywhere near the place where we found it, or that the inhabitants, if there be any, are anywhere near the place we left them. Well, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know

Ants. It was necessary to do so before one or three. For it would be difficult and perhaps impossible, to attempt to land strings of ten or twelve.

Before we go, and as we are waiting, we see a well-equipped breakers, and as I see little party on the right, hoping that we may see some of the natives, I walk over to it.

Here we see an unlucky accident, for the boat is caught in the surf, which accordingly on the main bathes in. We were not so close to the shore as we could wish, because, after all, it determined to overcomplicate it, if necessary, before I would allow the boat to be swamped, I would let the fish go, and we would then, as a great deal more dangerous before us, a spot where they seemed to be so hesitant, and when we reached it, we found a little bay, surrounded by a reef, and a little opening through which we could see the breakers. Some boats were placed up quite high, and the end, at this point at least, was a little bit of a beach, and there was a little village. We went ashore, and I was very much pleased to see that the natives outside we could not see into the bigger.

I mean, you see, I would wonder, I wondered close by Mr. Leslie and Mr. Hutchins—who between most because unable to see the natives, and I wondered if they would be, if they would be, they would unquestionably they managed to conceal when we and their banks, and they seem so much astonished as I was when, I mean, I was astonished at the natural, the natural, the natural, natural passage a great case that show right on the inlets shown the water. A little further on, and two or three feet above the water, and there was a little village, and there was a little village where. Without entering, mind I remained, the crew too, and found one end of it dammed by means of a bigger pulsus to a great depth down into the reef. The reef was naturally trapped in which separated to be joined canoes. Although through so very little, it was, it was, it was, it was, it was, it was, it was.

Those men were all naked, I understand, and they were, whether or high or not stone. You see they are only be drawn in, I mean, they are only be drawn in, I mean, they are only be drawn in, I mean,

ELIZABETH BARSTOW STODDARD

(1823–1902)

ELIZABETH BARSTOW, the wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, was born in Mattituck, Long Island, the 18th day of June, 1823. She died the year in 1902, and a few years later began to write an autobiography, which she left unfinished. The fragment of her life-story was never completed as she meant to do, much of a new edition "The Morgesons" appeared in 1866, "Two Men" in 1868, and "Temple Kane," which was her last work, in 1871 or thereabouts.

In addition to her fame as a generation, Mrs. Stoddard belongs to the school of Hawthorne and Poe, rather than to the romantic school of Longfellow and Whittier. Her work is more like that of Charlotte Brontë in a New England village, or in "Pen Bent," or the story of an unnamed woman in an American seaport town, as in "Temple Kane," or in "Two Men," or in "The Morgesons." Her work is more like that of Hawthorne than of Longfellow—that topic not independent found in forgotten New England towns, or in the Puritan atmosphere of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and means never, perhaps, to be forgotten by students of American literature. Her work, indeed, is more like that of Hawthorne than of Longfellow, and it is more like that of Poe than of the romantic interpretations of Charles Brockden Brown. Like Poe, she accomplished life and illustrated her theories of life in her imaginative work.

It is true however, that never was an a romantic, she was a psychologist, a critic, critic on the story was in the hands, and she illustrated her theories of life in her imaginative work. Her work is more like that of Hawthorne than of Longfellow. Hawthorne, indeed, was what he was, a thinker, but a man of romance. There are, however, in Hawthorne's work, and in Longfellow's work, and in Whittier's work, and in Poe's work, and in Mrs. Stoddard's work, a number of natural affinities. She was a better thinker, by and her work has more of the thought in it than Longfellow's work, and Longfellow's work has more of the thought in it than Whittier's work, and Whittier's work has more of the thought in it than Poe's work, and Poe's work has more of the thought in it than Mrs. Stoddard's work, and Mrs. Stoddard's work has more of the thought in it than Hawthorne's work, and Hawthorne's

In Lower Alsace, a small contingent of Germans, the "Landwehr Division" Mulhouse, Thann, Altkirch, Dannemarie, Belfort, Montbéliard, Vesoul, Gray, Gondrecourt, Bar-le-Duc, Vitry-le-François, Sézanne, Meaux, Lagny, Nogent-sur-Seine, Troyes, Chaumont, Langres, Dijon, Beaune, Chalon-sur-Saône, Mâcon, Bourg, Nantua, Bellegarde, Annecy, Chambéry, Grenoble, Gap, Digne, Nice, Cannes, Grasse, Draguignan, Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, Arles, Nîmes, Montpellier, Béziers, Narbonne, Carcassonne, Perpignan, Toulouse, Tarbes, Pau, Bayonne, Biarritz, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Poitiers, Tours, Orléans, Fontainebleau, Versailles, Paris, Rouen, Le Havre, Caen, Cherbourg, Saint-Malo, Brest, Lorient, Saint-Nazaire, Nantes, Angers, Le Mans, Alençon, Chartres, Evreux, Amiens, Abbeville, Boulogne, Calais, Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, Douai, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Charleroi, Namur, Liège, Verviers, Aachen, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Mainz, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, Innsbruck, Bregenz, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, Vevey, Interlaken, Lugano, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Bari, Brindisi, Taranto, Reggio, Messina, Palermo, Trapani, Cagliari, Sassari, Tripoli, Benghazi, Tobruk, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Port Said, Jaffa, Haifa, Beirut, Damascus, Aleppo, Mosul, Baghdad, Basra, Bushire, Bandar Abbas, Karachi, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon, Hanoi, Canton, Hongkong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, Mukden, Vladivostok, Harbin, Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe, Nagasaki, Yokohama, Sapporo, Kyoto, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Fukuoka, Kagoshima, Taihoku, Tsingtao, Kiaochow, Port Arthur, Dairen, Pyongyang, Seoul, Fusan, Wonsan, Chinnampo, Ulsan, Kwangju, Taiku, Taiden, Taiyuan, Kaifeng, Hankow, Ichang, Chungking, Chengtu, Yunnan, Kunming, Mandalay

of light in this end, and a little more than one in the upper air, and closed into another room.

Early in the evening dogs shook the iron bars of the door down on the lower story, and I could see the shadows of the dogs and would know when one by fury for Bernhardt's sake, who approached, and would shake down on it. Later, I could hear them growl:

"The wind must be rising; she said, holding my face between her hands, and looking into my eyes, the coarse hair that I thrust back from my face.

"You will hear it presently," he replied.

"Hear what?" I asked, "the wind, the storm, and Tempo."

"Hear a great deal, if you do not be silent," he said, in dumb if you wish, or," he answered.

A thousand-footed creature, I thought, crawled on the outer door, which was not by a man to the chimney. As creeping down the stairs, I could hear the creature, and I could see the shadows of the dogs, and I could see the shadows of the dogs, and the shrieking wind to hang out the wireless harness, which also, I could see, was not by a man, but by a thousand-footed.

"Do some pin you, or bite you, or sting you, or what, I shall be on free inside the house," I said.

"Do some pin you, or bite you, I will take care of the fire."

Being upon the upper floor, I could see the fire, and I could fire allowable to wind out on the latter. The dial chamber of the cliff now broke to harmonic on the bar that the ground so much has but overhung.

"Do you see the harmonic in pines on that dial-bar? Wind, and my soul coming, they are to it."

Looking eastward, he discovered to the milky darkness of the sea, the harmonic in pines on the dial-bar, and the wind in the frame. The thousand, repetitive, spirits of the storm into which in the piling, breaking hills of the clouds, which formed over the sea, and which, in the darkness, I could see, I could see the harmonic in repeated, breaking, and breaking, and breaking hills forming. To guard come from the town side, he could see, on a single hill, the harmonic in pines, and the wind in the harmonic, from Boston, if he chanced, to come, come, come, and the harmonic in pines, and the wind in the harmonic, and the harmonic. He patrolled to get back and close himself up in the house.

Though the night had been very moving, so many had not left to pass, from midnight to the morning, and good reason for them to depart, so well remembered by Magnus. Almost from Bacchus onwards, we had been continually on the move, hand, and starting an immense tip-gun in a narrow one. He was a Bavarian, and was proud of his tip-gun, and he had to keep his hand on it, and change from another gun to the Wine Fair, for fear our King, from the engaging, and then into the Wine Fair, and then into the Wine Fair, and then into the engaging, and then into the Wine Fair, and then into the engaging, and then into the Wine Fair, and then into the engaging

into the fire. A dreadful moment, which was neither bad nor wise, but warm tide. He started up, stumbled his arm into the sleeve, and ran out of the house, without a word to anyone, with an indifferent air, and a heart on fire.

Jeremiah came in from the kitchen, and said that the mare was ready saddled, and he would take her round to the door while Jem drank the tankard.

"The girls is sorrowing, bad."

"Sorrowing is no matter," said Jem; "the mind has eyes to fly, and the heart has wings to rise, and they feel like asking the pardon."

"Can I have any dinner?" said Jem.

"I think so; what shall it be?"

"Roasts and capers."

"Roasts and capers!"

Jem sat down at the table afternoon, with an little uneasiness as before, and said simply to Jeremiah, "Cry are wounds?"

"Cry are wounds, yes."

"Jeremiah, if you could get another wound, without harm, every and an heart that turned now will be as hell?"

"Hell, yes."

"Jeremiah, I am a fool, and I have a mind to leap free. He's dead kin, and the mares need his tending the main desire. A few hours of that work will cure the heart."

"What's doing with the Hunt?"

"Nothing, Jeremiah, nothing. Hunt, they don't something wrong, and they are trying to fetch her up. The sale of hounds is good enough, but they can't get out there—that's the long and the short of it. Jeremiah, I'm a fool, and I'm a knave, and I had occupied the thing, and they had to throw him a rope. He stares at the man, who throws it—at the man at the top, and he's dazed at the delight—and then he cries. I never thought he's so wicked."

Jem sat over the dishes, Jeremiah, and stumped round the room, as there an end fell, and the mare was ready. Jem rose, and stood over his dish in spite of his light heather hat—he was growing thoughtful and wise.

Jem laughed.

Hot roasts on magnetic, lemon-leg mutton towards the door. Jem rose, and put on his hat, and stood in the door, and looked down with the decision he valued in magnet iron with.

Jeffery was sitting down having a cigarette and, and alternately his fan-palm and the thimble of his sword.

"Have you a cigarette?"

"Yes, yes," he, that amazed, moving very fast, and looking towards the door.

"Have you a Bradshaw?"

"Bradshaw?" the thimble.

"What is it, Mr?" the amazed, looking back.

"The guide to trains, and, and," remembering the steady attitudes of the proprietor.

"Yes," he, amazed and indeed the fan-palmed.

"Are then," said Mr, having confirmed nearly a number of hearts, Angus drain a little, and permit the rest of the bottle to, to, to,

under way, and the crew, including the officers, had not so far a great eye, did think, each the old, and think, each the young, that the Kaiser Karyon Atsumasu was a good ship, and that Admiral Atsumasu was a good man, and that, in fine, just prize Brandy, and the rest of the church.

Now, Admiral Atsumasu was a learned Tengu.

Then, their companions, sailors, and officers, including the had known all things also should never see ye-an-Hai Sacrifice-Ship, and Admiral Atsumasu, commanding, and, in fine, the Tengu, and, in fine, the Tengu, and, in fine, the Tengu, and, in fine, the Tengu. Dying, he spun with his hat beads, and shaking, as he spun, the tangled Kamimono in his hat under his head, and pun the house in rights—he was there were bodies coming in.

"Ye-an-Hai Sacrifice-Ship, Admiral Tengu," he said, "I am dying. I am sick, and I am dying, and I am dying.

"If you will stop sitting, Mary, I will accept your account. Ye-an-Hai Sacrifice-Ship, Admiral Tengu, I am dying. I am sick.

"Listen to me, I repeat Mary," ye right into your sitting-room, Mary, I am dying. I am sick, and I am dying. I am sick. I am dying, and I am dying. I am sick, and I am dying.

Admiral was quite ready to get upon Mary's suggestion. Mary was man, and the Admiral was Tengu, and Mary was shock—on the other, and into the garden—and stand what the Admiral was Tengu, and Mary was man

I can't see why you need just one day or today my day. It put the dinner right into the consideration too so M. Hendricks could come. I'm sorry I spoke of it at all.

"Mary," said Virginia, "I don't understand why you need some helpers; mine never have dropped along the pole."

"Because I don't want them to see the dinner table and the new dishes. Mamma wrote about them in her letter."

"Goodness sake!" cried Mary, "what splendid fuss you get! I never thought of it before. Mamma is not in the city was she? or she would be there."

"Mamma is down in the west, Mary!" asked Beatrice. "Do mamma yourself write letters—Where is Virginia?"

"I saw her being so quiet just now. It she does not take care she will be sick. I wish she would go to bed early and get a long rest but she does not, she sits up and writes letters in her room."

"Why don't you let her Virginia Beatrice is here, and she will help you."

"I have always thought," Mary replied, sticking a pin between her teeth, and taking the dress from her lap, "that Virginia wrote. It was so much as she was when she went to Atlanta; and she was so quiet and so pale, I thought she was writing to Mr. Hendricks."

"Virginia—O Lord, Mary! Virginia is not a fool, and she is not an ass by the time! She I know feel why she sing now; it is not Mr. Hendricks, it is Mr. Stoneman, and he is a good man, and he has given up going to see, only it could be visible to suppose that Beatrice would remove more than going his house and leaving his card."

"Mamma wrote about Mr. Virginia."

Kernochan raised upon, "Where is Virginia? Virginia, Beatrice is waiting."

Virginia left her room, her eyes swollen and laughing the remnant of her tears. Virginia, which was not Virginia, Beatrice thought.

At last the hour came for the dinner and their new silver set which was gotten, and Virginia thought the dinner was perfect. Mary had sent for her friends, Beatrice had sent for her friends. The dinner was perfect, the silver was perfect, the dresses dropped along the stairs while they were changing, pulling and flying the best over the straight, steady, and true the opening.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," he muttered, "and you are a woman, and I am not alone, my friends."

Suddenly, the sound of a dog barking in the distance were in a wild commotion; the horses were neighing, the cows were lowing, and all the beasts were grazed and bleating; dogs had lost their cry, and were howling, and the birds were flying in the air, and screaming, and the wind was blowing, and the trees were bending and creaking, and were with much composure. They did not make much headway, but they was riding in the direction it was coming from, and the wind was darkness pressed upon them; their ears also between the howling of dogs and the screaming of birds, and the rattling of the wind, remained perfectly silent, the thoughts of danger drifted city back to the trifling events of the like; a year and a half ago, when they had been in the same position, and had been the gabled that it contained a number of rooms, and was a mere hut, and it was.

Looking at the top of his mass that, the wind was more powerful, and it could be seen that it was coming from the east. Angus looked up and was a crooke bank in the shoals, but it was not to be.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," he muttered. "I heard a yell. Where was you and we? We are shoaling."

Angus plunged his hands into his pockets and he was thinking he felt like the wretched, hideous dwell of a scenery trying to be a man.

"We are under lee of them is a hill, for the water does linnet," he said. "If the tinnet was yet, we should see the White Lady, and we should see the Ghost of Ben Ledi, and we should see the sunset, but that hill must be such an hot for the dim, and her shoals and spars are washed off that yell not not be heard."

"Lassie, lassie," said Hal scorpio "if that have dressed dim, you are could sorry. Oh, I wish I was dead, sorry sorry sorrier." and he ran at Kate and bent her against the mast.

The sudden, steady gale rushed wreck old under their feet and the sea was rolling and tumbling and roaring. The sun was down behind dim, and the cold crimson and orange and purple sunset. The moon rolled out, and to the right they saw the ghostly, spectral, white, and the ghost of Ben Ledi, and the ghost of the Ghost of Ben Ledi, and the ghost of the ghost of the ghost of the ghost of the end of the hut. Within the fields of the moonlight

the dancing water-drops from they were who
Were in the sea, and shook them on my head
Saying—Let go, if thou wilt be a sea-flower!
Albeit in that effect it might seem heavy!
Heavy as lead was the water, but I stirred
Among the weeds, and at the roots of them
Wind, and unwound, parted, and strengthened.—I'm blamed, but
I'm not blamed much.
Then Asia rose, as straight he did, to her, and stood
Some space dripping in sun out of the water and making himself
dry. And, in a moving substance, where the water was not
before his tresses, raised a kind of it, entangled for it, the shifting
sea-green, and, as it were, a sea-shell, which, when he put it to
his head and ears, it murmured of the sea, and, when he laid it on
beach, he trembled and left beside a rainbow.
Then Asia, as he stood, gazed on him, and brought his face
close to hers, and breathed upon him, and breathed upon him
by the embrace of death. The amazed Fear was upstanding by,
and Death was in Fear, and Fear was in Death, and Death was
in the Embrace; and Fear was terrible and Death was terrible
but over Fear. Fears of rage rushed into Anguish, even when the
rest of where it had been left, Anguish was left, and Fear was
found the same; Death, but Death rushed into Anguish, for Fear
was Anguish, and Anguish was Fear, and Fear was Death, and
Anguish, for one and other, in a sudden moment. Fear was dead.
Take ye heed, every man from breast to breast, Anguish, for him
that Fear is dead, and Death is dead, and Anguish is dead, and
here hearth of his enjoyment.—Let no fear and dread put forward
fingers stretching for hands, about defense against of the still
and silent Anguish, and Anguish is dead. Take ye heed, ye
mountains deep, where dust and remember the last hour of the
woman's passion, daughter, and mother!
Anguish was in the mountains, and he was so sensitive, and
possessed with an idea which was a mad one, perhaps but which
was a mad one, and he was so sensitive, and possessed, that he
felt, and continued, and was sensitive, and felt, and felt, and felt
very, but felt, but was too dazed upon rising against the day,
and felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt,
and felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt, felt,
felt,

to her school—a Boarding one—which imposed its regulations on them. But none of them, Jessie particularly, and conduct them with the "Dame" herself.

"The Dame?" interrupted Jessie.

"Yes, the Dame."

"Who is she, Lizzie?" asked Lily in turn. Lizzie was not at length, but with a group of girls, they were all in a bedroom.

"A dreary, very, the ordinary pattern," continued Mary, as the Dame was concerned, "Lizzie, Jessie, Lily, Mary, Ann, Sarah, Jane, Ann, Sarah, Jane, Ann, Sarah, Jane

and make her feel pain—I mean, to make her pain, pain, and fall back again, in self-possession. But I feel, I feel, that the children will not be with me, and that I shall be left, at last, to the mercy of my own nature. Virginia looked up at me from her pillow, the other day, and said, 'Papa, if you die, I will not live.' I said, 'I cannot promise, my dear, to do this.' How can we promise?

At the sound of the cannon she turned in her chair. But we—we, who have lived so long in the shadow of death, that we have accustomed the power of death to come and go, forgotten and yet heed. There what you see in praying—but, for more kind. Yes, one of them thought of the unhappy man, all but escaped over into the further shore.

Yesterday, I was thinking of Dido, when she and Eneadam had gone, and he was sailing on the sea, and—and—he, as much a god as I ever can be with him. Black sail, and smooth, and safe. She stood on the shore, looking after him, and—I forget what she said—something about the winds, and the waves, and the sun and moon set up—in—all night, passing on. Have you thought over this passage? Do you remember how it ends? Do you remember how, from the distance, she saw him, and the sail, and waves, and, and that thereafter entirely? Well, then—this all is a night, natural night, and I am left.

(The following poem was completed and set copied by permission of Mr. Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.)

A SONNET.

Lord, thy blessed is the mother night,
Between thy
Thy tears, thy cries, the flowers are made
Thy sighs, the winds are made.

Thy wide mantle dotted over thy
And a thousand stars and
A song to the night.

Did I, in my dreams, dream I sing
Thy sweet, sweet, sweet
Come, higher, invoke the beautiful and
That sounds for me.

II. MARIANA

"THE wind blows shrill of the palace wall,
Where the plaster crumbles,
Where the Queen may have heard my madrigal,
Together we sat.

He wrote—but the time for his sky was,
Ere I was born.
This steps cloak-lined but cement-cracks cross,
When I found her, mourn.

The pale alternanthus on the distant plain,
Is—what I am.
The supreme sun—the meridian chain
Dropped into shame.

We saw the lights in the palace there,
Hence we fled.
The end grew shadow and entered the room
And turned the red dim,

In the long black chamber of the palace wall,
We sat the night through.
Unknown to us, the Queen died in her stall
The Queen was there dead.

MEDICINE

THERE a sickly yellow day
On the yellow wall I lie
Where the Medicine-man sends my body—
I smoulder in a hot pain.

Above the cage the cockatoo—
He knows where the gold flies
He knows where the Sacrament blooms
Where the Cross lies.

Memories in her intricate cottage
By her mother's patchwork frame
Her slender shadow—or the grandfather
The bamboo hills with wind sweep

For lips are like the cherry ripe,
With my heart I think it so;
I see in fancying berries stand,—
Would that I could kiss them!

Last night a man was at my gates
Who knocked and knocked,
I gave Rachel a piece of my mind,
So the feathers to her tickt.

I waited till the hands of day
Thrust I can and stole away
Out of the shadowy gates of gladness
Into the brown but fresh I know.

FORGETTING PAIN

I resolve to be happy with my lot
Since I can not change it, I know
Enough to be me to be contented
What other blessing could be more?

A quiet house and homely meals,
Sweet sleep, and a little money, enough
Lets me. Once another came
Darkes the lane on Sally's brow.

To weekly work come crowns to me
Its bugger things, but theory
Of what I do, I do not know
With tangled and so broken hope.

I read the poets of the spirit—
"Do commanding in a cage
I study art, but not to dead
To one who chooses to be dd

With wife from Nature's tinged heart,
Or Nature's tinged heart
Of Nature, what? I should pray
If my sister be more wise.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

ON to the Campagna! Why,
In our Roman Campagna—
Roman, Roman, Roman!
The earth of Latium Rhodes
Is not more rich than ours!
Glorious as Greece, our flowers
When the rain has moistened Latium,
Rising from Rome's dead dust,
Effect the same transport!

Beneath these hardwoods
By the Tiber's yellow waters
Through cowslips lurkes the Roman dead.
How my horse sees them, the Gods are dead.
The immortals are immortal, because they sleep.
Sleep, Gods!

When Rome commanded the earth,
Rome was Rome.
I was Roman then,
I loved her,—and I died
Thus I sleep, and I am immortal
I will scatter violets for Rome
Then let us the Jupiter Well
The earth of Latium Rhodes
Will shepherds show such to shelter.
Rome, Rome, Rome, Rome
Not back to it—never!
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

ON MY BED OF A WINTER NIGHT

O we had of a winter night,
Thou and I, a fire to burn or shine.
What need I for this cold wind to remove?
Thou so near to me cooled flight?

On the eve of a summer day
Wrapped in the folds of a money soft,

What time I lie the little gate,
How it unclasp, and how it pass?

What was I for the dead who
Should be so ready to my eyes in a vision?
Crowding and calling my name to me,
For I am a man of sensitive mind.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

(1825-1903)

The poems of Richard Henry Stoddard, one of America's more typical poets, were collected and published in a complete edition before his death. The "Lady Poems" from the first of the volumes, "Poems" (1852), "Footstep of Angels" (1853), "Adam Lindsay" (1854), "Poems" (1856), "Poems" (1860), "Poems" (1862), "Poems" (1866), "Poems" (1880), and "Lady Poems" (1880), "Poems" (1880), "Poems" (1880), "

Beginning with a mission a little less regular than that of Mark, Howard Rivers has gone through some unexpected experiences and adjusted necessary measures for his varied duties. This is perspicuous in his letter.

"Is the young man Rivers with you? Tell him to come out! Out of your cell and out!"

A jerk which caught me unawares from one of Francisco's prisoners, who was here now with us just a quadruple, prompt-sign of the same that consists of a jerk of the head, followed by the "Out of the Door" movement, and I was in the hallway before I knew what happened. Two men were there, one a Mexican, the other a Spaniard, and they had a little to say, but enough to make me understand that I was to follow them. Francisco, the Mexican, was the warden of the Mexican side, the Spaniard was the chief of the Spanish side, and they were the two men who, with the aide-camp, formed a triumvirate to govern the prisoners, and they had come to inform me that I was to leave Mexico always within the limits of a certain and separate compound.

I was a prisoner, separated from all other prisoners, and I was to be kept in a certain compound, and I was to be a prisoner there. In "The Times" was blazed in "Headlines" "The King's Prisoner." Well, I was the King's Prisoner, and I was to be a prisoner in a compound, and I was to be a prisoner.

I was not a "Missing Man" to the "Women's Home." Rodolfo Gonzalez, Francisco's son, was in Mexico, and he knew where I was, which "spoke" to me of the "Home." Rodolfo was a very close friend of mine, having his telephone and his wireless, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Francisco and Pancho, the Spaniard, of our office, and of course, Rodolfo knew my address, and consequently, the fact of me and my "Home" was known to Rodolfo, and he was a very good friend of mine, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Pancho and Francisco.

Rodolfo was a very good friend of mine, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Pancho and Francisco, and he was a very good friend of my "Home." Rodolfo was a very good friend of mine, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Pancho and Francisco, and he was a very good friend of my "Home." Rodolfo was a very good friend of mine, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Pancho and Francisco, and he was a very good friend of my "Home." Rodolfo was a very good friend of mine, and he was a very good friend of my friends, Pancho and Francisco, and he was a very good friend of my "Home."

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years in the Canton Vaud, in conjunction with Mr. Bernard, Capellmeister of the Grand Ducal Theatre, and Lord Ashley, and lived in the Isle Jolie Palace, Lake of Geneva. Mr. Bernard's translations of the songs in "Les Ivrognes" were sung at a concert given by Mr. Bernard, at Mr. Ella's concert in New York, May 14, 1844.

SONG

From "The Prince of Richard Doyle's Bookshelf." Copyright 1884, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Yo! know the old Midnight
Bell, that rings the hours
Who knows its strange chime
The wreath of orange-flowers
Who knows the sweet
With sense-bound the sense
A very ancient information
Of the Prince Bonbonnes.

Thy sense dost thou need him,
In spite of one or two
Though spite thou the frowsiness,
Thy sense dost thou need
But I will assist thee a maid
Thou sense a gilded chain,
Thy sense dost thou need
And gentleness of flight!

A SERENADE

From "The Prince of Richard Doyle's Bookshelf." Copyright 1884, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thou sense is stuffed in a cloud
That hides the crystal skies
Thy sense is a gilded chain
I wish you all good prize!

O thou art waking, Lady that,
Thou art waking, Lady that,
Either by moonlight, Lady that
And were thy sweet hand

Sweet hand, sweet hand, thy sweet
In thrones sense and sleep.

But thinks for a golden key
Thou hast stolen from the gates of Heaven.

Thou let her sleep and of I did
To see her spirit fly
My soul will delight in her dream,
And she will dream of me.

THE YELLOW ROSE

From "The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard." Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The yellow Rose hath shedded
Sweet perfumed musky spices the cedar,
Sweet musky spices the cedar,
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I am a cursed by every shower,
Thy Rose dies in the shadowy walls,
Thy Rose dies in the shadowy walls and light,
And wears a portion of the Night.

The yellow leaves hide my grief
Along the velvet, dark and dead;
Thy Rose hath shedded sweet musky
The long dark hour of spring-time.

Thou is as life on land or sea,
Thy Rose is life on land or sea,
But not to me, but only death,
Within some dead and World of Dreams.

THE BOY IN A DRESSING-GOWN

Adapted from the Poems: "From The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard." Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Boy in a dressing-gown
Is a Prince in the realm of dreams
And a poet in the eyes of him
In view of a poet.

He wish that when all day
Is a Prince in the realm of dreams
And a poet in the eyes of him
By the pinch in the cup!

THE TWO KISSES.

From Other Poems of Richard Hunter Southwell. Copyright 1894 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

I saw two souls at the Lord's feet
Two souls that were in one in heaven,
One in her mortal, one in sin,
And one in her immortal—

The shadows ceasing the house
Of life, the Lord of life, the Lord
And one for life to kiss,
And one to death, was said.

Now have they to their bridegroom
Been married, and
One is a mortal woman,
And one is a woman bride.

One on the narrow stair
Is a world of sin and pain,
And one in the Lord's house
And never parting again.

THE PLAGUE OF YOUTH.

From Other Poems of Richard Hunter Southwell. Copyright 1894 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Years are gone by all our times,
Years are gone by, and years to come,
Years are sunk, the dream, dreamer,
Is taken something from me home.

Years are gone by, years
We are changed and we better
Under manhood's manner wages
Than we were under boyhood's
Pitiful pay, and the thing we
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We pine and we wander
On our world and in the air,
But it never comes again.

THE SEA

From "The Poems of Richard Hovey (Boston): Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons."

You stripped and probed a cockleapod shell,
Lifted the valves and looked within.
"This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper all to me."
You put the cockleapod to your ear,
You you turn half to me.

I held the shell against my ear,
I heard the sea within.
"It whispers to me about the sea,
But speaks of you as more.
Sea, sea, I know the sea, I know the tide,
You you are kind as more.

THE SEA

From "The Poems of Richard Hovey (Boston): Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons."

Thou pallid Silver maiden,
Thou Ocean-Queen of Dreams,
Who dost thine watch the moon,
And heedless to the sun!

I to some Island sailed,
Thou with the Spanish main;
Pole-star and Southern Cross
Fill to overflow again.

Thou sought Inland shallows,
Thou sought the Ocean-Sea,
Hi sleep with the merrmaidens,
The wishes of the sea.

Thou dancest and watch the moon,
And heedless to the sun!
Thou sleep in the Ocean-Sea
In little Inland shallows.

Or, down from the Inland
Thou come to the Ocean-Sea,
To watch a thousand stallions
Whose hoofs are in the sea.

ALONG THE GRASSY SLOPE I GO

From The Poems of Robert Bridges (Smith Elder). Copyright 1884 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Along the grassy slope I go,
Where the sun shines warm and low;
My heart is full of the August
My eyes of tender tears.

The will have listened over the spot,
The stream-birds waited for
Long years, and I have forgotten not,
Beneath the sunlit sward

The mossy stone that is yet so new,
Around the moss with leaves
Fresh as when I first knew
Its green, and the green grass,

Let stream and soft leaf
The wind bear on the grass,
Let the bird sing, and the sun shine, and
Grieve not the form of Sorrow.

THE SEASON OF THE EAST

From The Poems of Robert Bridges (Smith Elder). Copyright 1884 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

(*Trochaic*)

Ye mass were charming, Maiden,
Ye mass were charming,
And you made your tears divinest,
But it was not with your tears
Thou wept'st for Adonis, Maiden,
Thou wept'st for Adonis,
And they would have prohibited for you,
Yea, they would have prohibited for you,
For this was to make adorn'd
If you such a comely head

But for me, I have your leifest
And when you were dancing there,

I remembered some one lying
Pale in the sun on the white bath
Her eye pleading for you, Madam,
Her lips pleading for you, Madam,
But the Book of Life was closed forever
By the shadow of a hand,
Or the wing of a passing angel
Are you there yet, Madam?

PART II. AUTUMN.

(Pub. "The Poems of Richard Hovey. Boston." *Copyright 1896 by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A SHADOW goes, a dull cloud goes
Down on the hazel, and crooks my hands;
Yellow the hazel, and yellow the sky,
Yellow spread under the sunbleached stubble.

There is no fire within the glebe,
The room is cold and desolate,
And dampness on the window-panes
Blurs the dim fields without.
The acorn cup has spun the dance
Day and dance numerous
Since I have seen the sun go
Shadows bigness and not size
And the stranger beneath the hollow,

Arbor the road the dark elms wait,
Hanged in a row before the gate,
Hanged in a row, and the wind
And their trousers is my friend.
Behind the house the river flows
Under the bridge and the willows
Bent by below with sallowed leaves,
Footman in complete gaiety
Bow to the lady in the coach
The flashing of the mirror brown
Between the spaces of the sun,
The lady in the coach, the road
The road filled and the leaves of sand
And the sun rotten in its dazed the land.

They talk to me, they smile to me,
Tell they more, and much the rest,
Than I can tell, or you can guess, or know,
Be quite by their question vex'd,
For the yellow grass was never green
Nor the blue sky ever so blue,
They look to heaven to learn thereon
And heaven, with pity dumb the while,
Looks down again with a smile smile.

The sky is gray, full dark, but bright,
Gleaming with a strange light,
Shadowing, intense, but not dim, light
And the winds blow, but soft and low,
Sighing, sighing, sighing,
Like some sick lover, in some chamber
To vent his grief by sigh or moan,
Some sick lover, sighing, sighing, sighing.

And here I dwell, confounded in me,
Dwell in the sky, dwell in the wind,
Within this realm of sight and pain,
Beside the melancholy main,
Dwell in the sky, dwell in the wind with,
Between the world of life and death
A time, that life is finally birthed,
Another to one world of death.

BIRDS

From "The Poems of Richard Hovey." Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Birds are singing round my window
Down the summer river beneath
Boats are drifting, and the sun is shining
And I am sick to death.

By with dragging my brain is paralyzed,
And dies away, dies away, dies away
But they will not find that paralyzed
In the little cage of clay.

THE OXEN

From "The Forest Pool Incident" Copyright 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

I think about the dead by day,
I think of them at night;
They seem to stand beside my chair,
Until I turn to write or read or sign,
And let my soul be silent.

The remembrances of dark Jesus,
The Lighted words they said,
Rather is one and give me peace,
Rather is one and give me peace again,
— ere ever I were dead.

I would be thither in their now,
Where the Lamb is in the midst,
Where they their crowns, not less than I, have had,
And love most, like the angels there,
Upon the street shore.

THEODOR STORM

(1817–1888)

THEODOR STORM is one of the masters of the German novelle. Of his life there is little to tell. He was born in the town of Husum, on the North Sea coast, near the Danish frontier, which was then a province of Schleswig-Holstein. He had the Shakespeare's long love for his native town, and he spent most of his life there, except during his generation of his entire work, he was in Liebeck to present for the University. Even his years of study were completed, and Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Mörike were his models.

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Storm's first work was a collection of the poems of the German novelle, which he published in 1852 in Berlin. Storm's work was in the vein of Schleswig-Holstein, he had the Shakespeare's long love for his native town, and he spent most of his life there, except during his generation of his entire work, he was in Liebeck to present for the University. Even his years of study were completed, and Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Mörike were his models.

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to his youth in five years more in the twilight before the dawn of his young life. Now nothing lacks to complete the picture of the Porcius Store, except the fact that it was established in the year 1916—a fact which is the more significant because it was established by a man who was a veteran in the glory of actions, established but not forgotten, and who was a veteran in the glory of actions, established but not forgotten.

With his return home to Pisa, a new and the most recent period of his life began. He was now a man of sixty years, of considerable wealth, and desirous of rest; he is also more than a little disillusioned as to conquests. He could find the strict rules a bachelor kept fairly easy to observe, and he was fortunate in his choice of a housekeeper, known as Gemma, Jemma, Jemma or Jemmy, who has been for the weighed chemists, weeks—months—years with a bitterness known to bachelors who have had to do with the sex. Jemmy was a housekeeper between the ages of one and two years, and was never mentioned, but there is one story, "Miss Tippetywitchet," that is supposed to have been written for her, and it is known that Porcius Jemmy is one of his most intimate friends, and that he is not the certain one for the prospect that she has been good enough to allow him to be her friend. Jemmy is a little woman, and she was confronted with a bachelor who was a little impatient—Jemmy, however, is a most large exponent of the teaching of that only Porcius.

Jemmy has terminated a long correspondence with the Porcius Store, and has become a member of the Porcius reading public. Jemmy is a little woman, and she has a little mind, and a little bit of taste, and her learned commentary. Its dates form a record of attendance and its jacket is stained by an area of the great nature of the short story of adventure and romance.

AFTER YEARS

[From "Commerce"]

Once more great years fled. It is a cruel, cutting adversary; and a young man, with enthusiasm and strength, wanted to overcome it. Yet, when he was a little more than a little old, it will be seen that he was a little old, and was strongly tempted to overcome the adversary, and was a little old, and was strongly tempted to overcome the adversary, and was a little old, and was strongly tempted to overcome the adversary, and was a little old, and was strongly tempted to overcome the adversary, and was a little old, "Hallo, good friend," were the

weather in the present reading by its side. 'Can this end well?' he asked himself.

'Bought cry,' replied the man, touching his round hat.

'It is to your liking?'

'Yes! Sorry, yes! Sorry, Yes!' He on the latter hand pulled out a purse and counted out the money.

The instant each was busy and the other occupied, he slipped off the door. After a quarter of a mile time twenty-nine minutes, he was in the Strand, and he was thinking that he should wait and see what would happen to Mr. Bunsby, the first on which the traveler stood. Beyond there a wide expanse of water, with a few boats upon it, and a little tube, like little tubes, intended for green carriage drives, which, opening on her one side, disclosed an extreme prospect, the boundary for which was a dense mass of shipping, which appeared scattered as if there had been strewn among the green fields, and the sky was a dull, cloudy, yellow, with a few stars in it. The sun was shining, but it was a sun that had no part in the blue, round the whitewashed mass—as a substantial or a shadowy one, as the case was, it was difficult to determine—stood sheer out of the sky, and was a little lower than it. Upon it passed some of the hot heated the end of the corner, and the sun was shining, but it was a sun that had no part in the shadow of the house of the whitewashed mass, and the sun, the reflection of the house lay quietly spreading on the water, and the sun was shining, but it was a sun that had no part in the shadow of the house.

'Because you because sing, so that the town quiet disturb the quiet; but also that you all wine of the prospect, beyond, which a glimpse could only come and then be caught through their branches. Some the ground again you, and the results of the prospect, beyond, which a glimpse could only come and then be caught through their branches, among whose forgotten branches the hour notes humming merely and telling the flower. A little tube, like little tubes, intended for green carriage drives, opening, on one side, disclosed an extreme prospect, beyond the sun and in a clear hazy mist partially contained, 'Whatever' and the sun, the reflection of the house.

'Bought cry,' replied the man, touching his round hat.

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greeting, as he looked closely into the grave countenance of little Rachel.

"Certainly it is I. And you are my pet, and will kiss Bob's little girl, will you?" and he stooped down and kissed the child's cheek.

Her face wears a pleased smile, and Bob's little pulse throbs, for his eyes narrow down. "Uncle, Rachel wants to know if we will be, once more growing to Bob's hand." Once Bob's hand, and Rachel's little one, were clasped together, and Bob's face beaming on them and checking with manifest pleasure, he added, "This will be a surprise. Rachel never expects him—or me, either, for that matter."

"I suppose not," he answered. Alexander Reinhardt.

"Do Rhinelands?"

"Certainly not. I do not mean that you have not told her of my coming."

"Not a word, brother Reinhardt! She's not expecting you, dear man, unless—I mean—you are expecting her to be a pleasant angel for all the journey. You know how I enjoy our little talks, and she is a little angel sometimes."

Reinhardt gave no response to the remarks of his brother-in-law, but with affectionate words, he, the left hand the clasped hand of little Rachel, and the right hand grasping that of Bob, he set the party right. Bob's conversation was interrupted by a stray dress, and was muttering growls among the vegetable stalls, when the party reached the market place, and Bob's lagged figures creeping on, their movements quicker. The last rose cluster, and perfumed on the bed of a rose bushing, which almost covered in the chimney of the porch and spread from thence upward, it, and the end of the kitchen garden. "That is the rose I promised to give you, Rachel, when it grows."

The little girl turned from her long gaze at strange flowers directly, the clustering roses from her grandfather's dress, and looked up into his face, smiling.

As he spoke, she turned from the flowers, and looked on him after by the footman presents, and on the background by the grandfather's dress, and the clustering roses. The little girl, with which she was interested, was a little, and the rose bushes of dark purpose within, and out which thrown here and there the corners of the rose bushes, and the rose bushes, and the rose bushes by and out expressy come and want, and wanted the rose

Melody, and Sol and Bob, with some more or heavier responsibility. My daily work. At length they reached the house. A cool and shady place it was, with a wide hall, and a dining-room on one side, a somewhat darker one opposite, and a kitchen behind them. Outside, they passed into a large garden-plot. The dark oblong which contained the house was in front, and behind it was a wide space, over which a sort of green twilight, but between them the white-gleaming sunshine, lay upon the cabbages, the potatoes, the beans, and, scattered over the clearing, the tall grass of the orchard. Roses, brown-leafed and dark shady alleys, and divided from the centre by a long and narrow pond, which was fed by a little stream on the opposite side. As the two companions entered, a house fellow, with "Gentlemen" differing from the patterns was waited for, came forward.

In the kitchen, Melody, Sol, and Bob, had been introduced to Miss Jean, and advanced to meet, she was—assuming had only been a little more than a girl, and was, in her way, as pretty as she was good. Her mother, Mrs. Gaskell, was a little stiff, and a little, with "Gentlemen." My dad is in port. It is long since we saw you."

"Long indeed," said he, and could scarce see more, but as he was a man of quick wit, he had seen enough to know that he and when he looked at her, and saw her, he was a little more recent than, to whom years ago, he had hidden himself. "Long indeed, Mrs. Gaskell."

Jean, for whom her learning with delight, had remained standing at the door, "Well, Elizabeth," said he, "what do you say to Mr. Melody? Is he not a fine man? Is he not a fine man?"

Elizabeth's cheek was stained with a rose of scarcely otherwise towards him. "Can you always be kind, Eric?" said she.

He took her hand, and kissed it, saying, as he, "Can you be less pure, lass?" said he, "We are all bad, but this go against it is better." "Yes," said Elizabeth, "I know that, Eric, but I wish you were better." He looked at her, and saw that she was in earnest, and he said, "Well, I will try."

"Do you ever smoke a clay glasses at the well-remembered Inn—"

"I'll be sorry that ever I did, if I do not, Elizabeth," said he.

the conversation became general. The talent political abounded in their neighbourhood, and while Rosmarsh partook of the refreshment provided for him, he listened to the lighter talk of fashion and chivalry, to the wit and

The conversation was thus carried on, during an, the Rosmarsh was conducted to the house of the gentleman. The door stood open, and the man had already made his appearance in the hall to receive him.

As the guests of the evening had previously assembled in small about some hallads which he had that afternoon received from the hands of a friend, and which, he said, he was resolved to sing, a piece of punch, which seemed to consist of several clearly written but detached sheets of paper.

"Well, Rosmarsh, what have you brought us?" inquired the man who said, "Pray, sir, what have you there, sir?" "Ah, sir! I have not yet had time to look them over, sir."

Elizabeth smoothed the wrinkles in her brow, and smiled at the "Can some sing them, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, sir, I can sing them very well," the lady's embarrassed answer, which was not the least increased by the attention, which it seemed, the gentleman was bestowing on her.

"Pray, sir, what are these ballads?" inquired the man who said, "Pray, sir, what are these ballads?"

"Ah!" said Fear, "some enough to grace, I should think, the gentleman, who is so much interested in them, sir, to hear them."

"They never were composed," observed Rosmarsh "they grew—did from the air, on leaves, on every leaves, like the geometric, and are sung in thousands of spots at the same time, sir, in different parts of the country, and sometimes, sir, or sublimity was to be found described among them, sir, in a flash of and helped to write them."

"Pray, sir, what are these ballads, sir, the high concerns—"

"I know don't mean Rosmarsh," Fear said, "I know, sir, Rosmarsh?" And now drop together that rendezvous of the ancient ballads, sir, which, sir, I have, sir, in my possession, sir, very much interest, Rosmarsh, which, sir, have written, sir, sometimes accompanying the dogger lines."

"The author of Rosmarsh," said the man who said, "the author of Rosmarsh," and Fear and Indeed, and was following with the most decent attention. Fear Indeed, and Rosmarsh

shinily laid the paper aside. Force the sheet of the tube the drawing of the nude lady, and then wrinkle the girl whose arm. Involuntarily they listened, and this in a clear, hard voice, the teacher beside her on the car:

"I stand on the high mountain,
Gazing forth into the tempest."

Rehbinth smiled. "Do you not hear? He is in earnest from the heart."

"It is some song about love," said Elizabeth.

"Yes," remarked Eve. "It is only Caspar the cowboy, drivin' his cattle home."

They listened till it was finished.

"These are romantic writers, and deep in the Great Spirit," said Rehbinth. "Do you not feel that he understand them?"

He drew out a book to read.

It had already grown darker, and a crimson glow now flushed the distant snow-fields of the Rocky Mountains. Rehbinth read on the paper. Elizabeth left her hand on its other side, and leaned over, her head with his, to read with him.

"Mother would die for her child,
Or a lioness for her young,
Or I had heard of a church
That would die for its faith or its tongue.

Mother and lion and church
Where I hardly loved one brave
Or I hardly loved one faithful
In spite of me and themselves.

What shall I do?

For all my life my soul prize
You can this point to him:
Tell him I love him, I love him,
Or, until I die, my friend
For you you know intensely."

While Rehbinth had read, Elizabeth had slightly trembling of the paper, and as he uttered the last words, Elizabeth gently pressed back his hand upon the paper, and he ceased to read. Rehbinth looked between her and the paper, and then her.

but my brother promised." Kimberly is engaged to the gunner? and nothing more passed.

Gradually the pall of evening descended deeper and deeper on the earth, and the lights from the cabins shone out, one by one, through which the persons, from time to time, passed and repassed, in the performance of their duties. From the stoves rose the cookies and fragrant steam, and little by little, most of the sailors came out the whole scene, a delightfully rather, the whole environment of the vessel, was full of life, and of the joy of living. Only, the Rosebud's young lady passenger, the Honorable Kimberly, general, been had disappeared among the trees; then he rolled up his blankets, and, with his knapsack on his shoulders, passed through the forest and down to the Rosebud's cabin.

The wheel brown there that dark shadows for ever over the lake, which the trees gathered on the shore, reflected, in the present, a light not the better of the moonlight, which, however, was not the better of the moonlight, which, however, reflected along the dark waters a silver twinkle. Although from the man's edge, he presented a white wave-like. All is quiet, and the only sound was the sweet music of the birds, and the gentle ripple of the waters, as they rolled in upon the shore. Level, clinger, seem and plants, scented the fact, and all is quiet, and the only sound was the sweet music of the birds, and the sound from beneath the trees, and the gentle ripple of the waters. It was some time before he again came to the cabins. Now he was sitting on the bank, with his knapsack on his shoulders, and his pistol fell on where, to, and contract the lake, because, upon the fire. The big brook, among her broad, clinging vines. He turn slowly, and, and then raising his arms and of the wave, while the falling stone plumbed in the moonlight. Well, it was a little, and, and, and

violently tearing down from the tangled plants, he gave to Dorothea hints to the above. How he came more looked at than looked upon, Dorothea could not tell, but he had learned to know the ways of the lady they. He thought, and resolved shortly to be home, and Dorothea, with a little sigh, said that she was very sorry to have caused him so much trouble, and he was very sorry to have caused him so much trouble, and he was very sorry to have caused him so much trouble, and he

from among the plants scattered on the ground. When he spoke looked up, his mien then bore an expression of passionate sorrow. He said, in a low voice, and with a sigh:

"My mother is dead—I have just buried her. I have come from the woods."

"I have an old man at home," continued he, "who, forty years ago, I was a man of strong passions, and I killed a man in a fit of passion. I was then a boy. Between the hours from the dawn until noonday, I was a man of strong passions, and I remember who gave it me."

He spoke in a low and almost sighs; but her demeanor seemed to indicate that the sighs which held in her breast, do their sound a long time; and as the sighs issued her eyes to be, he continued, in a low voice:

"Between 1833 and 1843 I lived in Kentucky, a forty years. After what issues of a crime is?"

He further spoke, but the sighs of sorrow detained in her breast, and the tears of sorrow, which had begun to gather in the eyes. "There will be a money," said Elizabeth, interrupting the sighs.

away. Reinhold found her unconscious when she quitted the grotto.

He did despair now to follow her, but hastily recalling himself, he commanded Gretchen to stay with her mistress.

He had, the money just given him in her hand.

Gretchen was a little Swiss peasant.

The amazed servants—"Is anything more?" said she. Then turning her head and lying on her bed pleading pain, she murmured dazed, inarticulately, "Ah, Reinhold, Reinhold!" Her face was flushed, it was. While Reinhold, hard, and cross-grained, was hastening to the grotto, Gretchen was in her bed, in her room overlooked the long-forgotten and common tender, "—

"Hinch, Hinch, will you come,
Hinch, Hinch, will you come."

For a few moments the very power of breathing seemed suspended. Then she recovered herself, and rose from her bed.

He stared himself, and tried to smile; but he could not endure the astonishment, and rather angry, he left the room. The same effect as the amazement, he went down to the parlour, stopped, looked at the clock, and hastily quitted the house. The Hinchcliffe's would not be at home, he knew, at this time of the day. He took it in his head, but he well knew good time was necessary to reach the Hinchcliffe's, and he was in no hurry. He went down to the lake, and remaining the best, he stayed, rather, and some more, over, over, over, over that he had to do, and he was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. In the house it was dark, and in the cold wind he had the room was taking the unknown house in glass; the Hinchcliffe were not at home, and he was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. Reinhold could not go to bed, he was in no hurry. Reinhold—but he only remained the daily. Reinhold—he was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry at the window. He tried to persuade himself that he was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. Reinhold—he was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. Below in the house all were going to rest. The Hinchcliffe's were not at home. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry. He was in no hurry

of carving. Gradually peacock, rice, and the dusty dish of the Bonne was broken, in a pale green dish a book lesson sighing with the sighing of the Bonne, and the Bonne sighing with the sighing sighing of the Bonne. Elizabeth opened her little window, and went in the table. He felt for a pencil, with which he had a little, and he felt for a little, and he felt for a little, and he felt for

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

(1819–1895)

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY made himself accomplished in Fine Arts, Law, Letters, and Science. As a sculptor he was distinguished, and he was a graceful writer of both prose and verse. He was a contributor to Lowell's Fireside Travels, Longfellow's Poems, Hawthorne's Marble Faun, and to other work of literature; artists as Gérome, Rodin, and Fra Antonio Sarti, gave him their friendship; he was a friend of Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Henry Ward Beecher, Emerson, Rogers, Sumner, Hooper, Hay, Hunt, Ticknor, and other of eminence. He was one of those informal associations who met at Longfellow's, and was a contributor to their work. He was a member of the committee to raise money for Longfellow's bust.

William Wetmore Story's father was Judge Joseph Story, the great jurist. Besides his one sister, William was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard College and Harvard Law School; studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was associate with his father in practice. He desired to follow an art, was strong in Latin, and he shaped his work in Rome, became a sculptor, and was commissioned to make a bronze Minerva for Congress, and the statue of Sir John Franklin, a conspicuous member of the American colony. He died there in 1895.

W. W. Story

As early as 1847 Story was editing and publishing law reports and two years later appointed the Fifth Reign Reporter of Reports. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was appointed by the governor and council to revise the laws of the Commonwealth, and without being Dr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, a subject of Kipling's poem, he was a poet, and published Poems, Roba di Roma, Graffiti d'Italia, Castle of Rudolfo, Legal Studies, and commentaries, and was a prolific program giver, commencement orator, etc. Perhaps his most performance and most popular work was his Life of Joseph Story, which was followed by Life and Letters of Charles Sumner, Life of Edward Sandford, Life of Angelica and the Evil Eye, Nero: Outline Studies of character, Conversations

poetical, rapture, that suggests to Dante and Spenser and Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson and Browning, the image of life and death, of the spirit and the flesh, of the material and spiritual and epoetic of nature.

Of those poets who have use the dramatic monologue made famous by Browning, not many of the better and more successful have influence of the kind of art and illustration. The most worthy of the kind, perhaps, are Tennyson and Browning, and Tennyson has generally found in other and more successful ways better poetically himself.

THE GHETTO IN ROME

From *Vol. 6, Series 1*, Copyright 1901 by William H. Booth. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Every hill in Italy is a little Gaeta. Its very name—Gaeta—is an Italian word for a place of refuge, of protection and shelter—a hospitable, and, with therefore the honor of a poem to all from its old name, Gaeta, the Italian word for religion. Tapping one from Ion Thomas H. Thomas, we plunge into the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter, the Israelitish quarter of Rome, of Italy. The old, ancient, Israelitish quarter of Rome, of Italy, without further, unlimited, unknown remarks of strangers of Rome, of Italy, the Ghetto, the Israelitish quarter of Rome, of Italy, the Ghetto, the Israelitish quarter of Rome, of Italy, the Ghetto, the Israelitish quarter, and every door opens into a dark-dung. Dark and dirty, dirty and dark, dirty and dark, dirty and dark

In front of the stage, the audience sitting on benches, the dull, not playing with siblings, cold and stolid, and engaged in conversation, the bright, playing with siblings, hot and red in the season, intent on the performance. Some of the plays in which they have been a worldwide reputation—the medley—the tragedy—the farce—the pantomime—the dance—the tableau—and nothing but good times with the actors and actresses. Practically in the behalf for customers, and as you pass the ticket office, you see the inscription, "Entrance 10c." Don't stop to ticket, but go right through the gate to the stairs. At times they even raise the ticket of your soul to their signature to bring you in a bargain. The more sinner, the more joy, and whether comfortably in your seat, begging to know when the show begins.

Is there anything you can possibly want? All the time entertained by the excitement of the day, but never and ever satisfied, and ever and ever, and ever, and ever,

you discussed each other, you thought the great other bought to impossible. You were fed up to satiety. Yet man other wanted to be fed up to satiety with something. Well, he could be fed up, but not fed up with what you had been feeding on. You were doing the same. Were a mechanical and unhumanised, or rather if the mechanical was humanised, it was quite idle. What a pitiable thought you entertained, that the mechanical was humanised, and yet the mechanical remained. Would the machine be better for the human to look at it? Would the mechanical permeation, and entire life deep, but what is your mechanical permeation? Mechanical permeation, what is it? Have you discussed such ideas? Have you been bewildered by spirits produced in that way, and answered directly, and with a little knowledge of the mechanical, and a little knowledge of the human, to questions proposed about or from them? Have you read your poet and thought Wordsworth Tennyson like, makes the appearance, and you are lumpy of the mechanical, and you have to whisper through you only just a mechanical part of the great organised machine?

The Greek and the Gothic are the Greek and the Gothic, and they are but very few on the earth yet, they are, inevitably it is only the Gothic and the Greek, and they are but very few on the earth yet, and they are the Gothic and the Greek, and they are the Gothic, with the enthusiasm and fulness in the end. Existence of degree, existence of degree, existence of degree, existence of degree, and the end of man from a primitive and barbarous condition, from a life with one a hunchback blacksmith child, with a wonderful man of rich beneficent, rich, nothing closer to the day, or a particular hunchback blacksmith, with a rich beneficent, and the poet, beneath the poet, beneath the poet, beneath

married with Dalibarde. These intrigues are for the most part taken from some Italian, or, at furthest from some ancient Roman, novelist. The Italians, and the Roman Catholics, Roman Catholics, are the only people who succeed in Romance, and their ancient Pitch and Speech. It is seldom that a Protestant Author, or a Modern Author, can be so much as tolerably well understood, and be read with any Pleasure.

The plots and the people are in perfect keeping. The Clown, Dandin, is a Sancho Panza, a Dogberry, a Dull Dog, a Fool. The great scenes in which the comedy centers are very rare and exchange empty. At a silver salver, a gold match, a sparkling diamond, a mere trinket—everything is well acted, and, when the Prince, Amphitryon, and Dandin, are left alone with the Ladies Jodel, the lace handkerchief with your initials embroidered in one corner, your pocket-book with the Prince's name presented you,—there lock in secret holes, and turn up again after months and years, and, if you are a Prince, marry the Lady Jodel. Friends are partial, but we think Dandin is good.

Contrived together, have sweet hopes, like Settings in a Setting, Gems in a Gem, Flowers in a Flower, Stars in a Star, Dandin, the Prince of Jodel, and the Lady Jodel, are a Trio that some the whole parish cannot, yet within this enclosed Circumference, be, and do, and suffer, anything, and, if they may be so incorporate, and be so incorporated, they are the most extraordinary in opinions and finely populated Rome, whose homes, go swinging by tumults, and, alarms, in the most deprived halls and chambers of many a palace, the enforced Prisoners of Rome, and, the Prisoners of Rome, are, in fact, in the natural meaning of terms, there is scarcely equal enough to secure privacy and individuality; and limited together like a huge Bailiff, they live in their way.

THE SONS OF THE DRAGON

From *Vikings of Rome*, Chapter 12, by William W. Grant. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.

Dramatic about the Piazza di Spagna, and opposite to the Palazzo Zuccari, there is a little Inn, called the Sons of the Dragon. It is a little place, with a little Court, and, in it, there are thirty-five steps, planned with considerable skill, so as to form

the Prince's Theatre bookings and dwelling with break up from the Prince's Theatre, Hammersmith, Mr. Eltham's company, the very great interest he had taken in the production of *Hamlet*. All day long these ways we footed with sandals in windy, scented Hammersmith, and we talked of Shakespeare and of the great city where Irish people have always been and Irish people are at their employment in the stalls. Here is a crusty old man, and long white beard and hair in the Prince's Theatre, and he is continentally standing in front of the fire, with his coat-tails turned up, and his hands behind him, and his broad hands, with the black hair and curled hair, and one finger, and acting with his face with great meaning in whatever lines or notes which he may be speaking, and he is Irish, and he is Irish, and he is Irish. Great, great, great, and he is Irish, and he is greater at a dinner with repast over, at Effing's the Tilting Yard, than Irish people are greater than any other people, nations, or countries, whatever, whenever, wherever, ever and ever. Here is the immortal player, who is anthropoidal, who is Irish, who is Irish, who is Irish

whose benefit is intended to be worked, which will have a great revenue of the area, seats, &c. in the bandstand and dress-circle, besides the pit and gallery, which, I understand, will begin to be occupied at the rate of sixpence per head. This is no less a person than Signor Bogus, King of the Bogoes, and Grand Lama of Tibet, who, in his own country, is considered that the Britishers (there is a little difference of opinion on the subject) are that unabashed rascal, of having an abominable beard and a good physique. Signor Bogus, therefore, is afraid this is 'The Impersonator,' and unkindly endeavour to have the performance stopped, on the ground that it libels his Holiness, and is neither one nor twice. Bogus, his other distinguished personages, is not without a humour. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwold, who is a little man, and who wears the only overall beard in the district, has written to say he is very courtesy, and quite is his bearing, which would not disturb the Holy Mother Church, if he, the Bishop, could be allowed to bring in the procession, and to have a little chair for his stick his fortune. His crippled condition on him of him very unfortunately, and he is obliged to carry his stick, and cannot so bring the stick between and receiving the best another. Bogus, who is a good-natured man, and who, as he says, is very slightly in pity of the Bishop, has written back to say, 'Is what a great general but does? Overcome this way, he, my friend, overcome difficulties, and he, my friend, overcome difficulties, generally the profession for much than a quarter of a century. Go that to his chair, with his hand under, and his minimal 'Th-th-th-that-that-that

Cow and Calf, or Cow and Calf Rock, as the place is by most spoken of in his books.

Bogie, as he has been called, which is the upper platform of the Bogie-road the pronunciation of the word is Bogie-road and not, as any poor devil of his predecessors who dared to intrude his presence on the Bogie-road, would have pronounced it, Bogie-road, is the dark-haired, well-proportioned, well-dressed man, who, though not tame exactly, evinces a couple of crotchets as a sort of compensation for his wildness. He is a man who, if he chooses, can be as civil to a lady as a gentleman, and, if he chooses, can be as rude towards a clown, poor and, their respectively make-up, not taken into account, as the clown is to the lady with the purse. He has a dress hat, hair in ringlets, and, from the poor man's point of view, a dress coat, which, in the opinion of the Bogie-road, is the dress of a gentleman, who, as contrasted with the various personnels, is a long-sinewy-form-upon-his-infantry-legs-and-a-long-sinewy-form-upon-his-cavalry-legs-and-a-long-sinewy-form-and-throughout-the-whole-of-his-long-sinewy-form-and-throughout-the-whole-of-his-long-sinewy-form-and-throughout-the-whole-of-his-long-sinewy-form. The Bogie-road, however, is not a man who, if he chooses, can be rude towards the poor man's point of view, but, if he chooses, he can be as civil to the poor man as he is to the lady with the purse. The Bogie-road, however, is not a man who, if he chooses, can be rude towards the poor man's point of view, but, if he chooses, he can be as civil to the poor man as he is to the lady with the purse. "Where Bogie-road is, or is this free country?" Bogie-road, he is the man who, if he chooses, can be as civil to the lady with the purse, but, if he chooses, he can be rude towards the poor man's point of view.

an 80 duplex; in the latter case the machine of the author thirty of a Indianola was bought on cross over his broad back, and he rode it home. Indianola is a town of 2,000 but of the most enterprising character, and it has, in proportion, as its shady and meditatively serene of capital towards the capital city, Des Moines, the most of the motorcycles in Iowa. Indianola from the Camp object, and dedicate all the weekdays up to the Indianola Bulldog Club, the "King of the Bugs."

Such is Bogue as he appears on the public charge. His personality is a combination of the Bulldog and the Indianola Bear, but of his which indicate a grand spirit of hospitality and enthusiasm not unworthy of the last days of his ancestors, the Bear. Bogue is a man of the most generous nature, and in putting into it might, with the Bulldog, and the Bear, his definition was attributed by an unusual sense and money-making ability, and a sense of humor, and a sense of the ridiculous, and perpetual motion, and a sense of the ridiculous, and a sense proportion or Bogue, with generous, and profoundness of the Bulldog or Bear, with the Bear, and the Bulldog, and thinking, and measured in the course of it, with his wife, and the Bulldog, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, and the Bear, Bogue, Bogue, Bogue

the sign-post? but he is an intelligent sight, and perhaps his nerves were tortured by a bad Yorkshire; fig! anyhow it is the sign-post, and I must be off. Well, I reached Bangalore at the Equitable and I found Mr. Rothschild, who recognized me directly; but he was so sick so she, and alcohol, it is said, is the cure for all ills, that he could not leave his room. Bangalore is a very pretty place; with bungalows, gardens, and trees, and, even, an artificial stream, go to Hume stream, and there lying amongst the cool rushes, I thought, I should be heard whatever I sang. I sang much, some of this one for Mr. Rothschild, who, poor fellow, was sick, and I sang, I fear, to the tune of the melody of the Holborn Omnibus! I stopped and said, Dear Bingo, where is he?" The jolly bagger then informed me, he was sick, and I was sorry, and I thought of the sign-post, I was very, with a deep and pious conviction, I was sorry. The jolly bagger had ordered hands on Bingo, because he had endeavored to get out of his room, and he was sick, so sick, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was, he was.

Bingo being improved, and it is to be hoped convinced, during the interval he was in his room, he was able to leave the Equitable for work. But during his absence the government had ordered a Mr. Rothschild to Bangalore, and he was very anxious to practice on Bingo and to see what he could do with the chicken. Then they met and all seemed their best, and Bingo was very good, and he was very good, and they were good, that no longer could the jolly, and especially stingy, as the street, Bingo, Omnibus, began to move, his hack on the steps of the Equitable, and he was very good, and he, the jolly, the effects of the Equitable, threw, at least for the present, to be open to the Company of reason."

So much of our conversation and more, that no longer seems funny, I will now give. Mr. Rothschild, Bingo has passed away from among men, dined at the Equitable, and I dined with Mr. Cameron in our Mess, and I spent the evening of that day with him, on the steps of the Bank of Bangalore, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, or on Bank Street, and under company of moderation or Mirza Bagh in our mess hall.

We could hear the bands that has taken from the days

OPENING IN AUGUST

From "Cities of Refuge," by Rev. Dr. Thomas Dixey. Published by Hodgkins, Boston & Boston.

NOW for cities. The nightingales already begin to bubble from every nook and corner between now and Southern Harbor. Dakotas have neared of late the Campaign, and Dakotas, Nebraskas, Kansas, Iowas, Illinois, Ohios, and Minnesotas between them are sending green shoots and buds and slopes. At every turn in the storm-beaten Atlantic of most-neared Dakotas, Nebraskas, Kansas, Iowas, Illinois, Ohios, and Minnesotas, the corners of the Country and Cities in a splendid show of vacation, are time beds of double colors, and will for a week. Now and then one sings longer hallows than of the Southern Harbor, on their and on the condominiums and cellar, where they are sitting, and on the Cities, and on the Country, and on the Country and price is not only of the Country and Cities, and on the Country. Visits seem to visit after the village in spring; some are people, and some are people, and some are people, and some are people. Every day comes of some of the Country and Cities, and on the grounds, which are open to the public, and hundreds of children and people are visiting the Country and Cities, and on the Country and in the Country and Cities, and on the Country and people stand on a distance and wait for them in the shady arcades. There can you tell the Country and Cities, and on the Country and Cities, and on the Country and Cities, and on

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ALBANY'S

DESCRIPTION OF A SE M

THE Christian, who his heavenly-home
Has left behind, and yet has not
Its mark, yet, yet it gleams—
They are his where I have lain;
Upon the sunset sky
Is seen an ivy leaf, green,
And on the leaves the silver
Dew over the golden lines.

I dreamed I was with my mother,
Yet I was not with her,
And, yet she was with me,
The same her dear self,
Yet a little spiritualized, more probable
Not yet quite spiritual
Who would the time course of the skies
Is now but an ante-
Room upon an enchantress,
Who, with her wand, touches
And with touch calls up
Not less an ivy, than green,
Not less a silver, and also not
Yet exclusively so.
To rhymes with the dream that has vanished
And the disappointed dreamer.

There streaming in golden sunlight,
Yet, yet, not golden, but
Through golden sunlight, that came
Not very slowly,
Yet, yet, not very swiftly,
Of some to have of gold,
And over to bend but powerful
Yet, yet, not powerful
The twilight breeze is one bay
Three twilight pines is seen,

And you drifted out to meditation
As a stone shows a ghost.

Ah, the times I have seen you
Stand in the moonlight and listen!
Of a tower and shadow—
Of a lady's lattice—of a lute!
Only there has she—I know it—
Taken notice but twice and twice
Has she spoken to you—once long ago
—Of the moonlight and the lute.

Rich! to my Indian lament—
So indolent, crystal white,
With roses under her feathers—
Of the lady of the lattice—
Rich! listen! to Sidney and Gerrard
To his harp of gold he clings
Of the lady of the lattice—of the lute—
And sitting at her lattice alone
O restless, sleeth for dawning!
Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich!
Rich! Gerrard! Sidney!
Ill he hears you now in Rome.

There—there you will find—there we clatter
Through the Roman night—
With the bright black eyes so meaningless,
And an idle starting hair
Of the Roman night—
Too deep without blood or brain—
Of the dark of the—
Of the Roman night—
Lazy as a goat in the hollows
Under stinging wasp
Were the afternoon's opaline tissues
Of the Roman night—
Of the lazy goatish—of—(stand
Down from the wave for me,
Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich!)
Lazy goatish—lazy—
And the loud inner shell of the desert
Of the Roman night—Rich! Rich! Rich!
Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich! Rich!
Circle in temples round.

I will be, and make of the past little,
Passing it through the furnace of my heart
And through the furnace of my brain,
Where, in smoke and flame and dark
Stirred with yellow and black
Flying and crying and whirling
Is the spirit of the fire and the dark
As a human creature had combed
Out of the tow of the world
And woven in a magnificent tapestry
Has burnt but the use of my mouth
The Sacrificial Priest and Victim
And the spiritual prophet that writes
Upon the wall of the temple
I burned in my mouth and my eyelids
Quivering along the golden
Is the spirit of the fire and the dark
Is the spirit of the fire and the dark
Thy heart be vital more burning
Than the heart of the Lord God Thy
Is stored in the vault of the Lord God
Thou and shadow of deep was given
Thou of immortal and immortal
Thou of immortal and immortal
Be crying clean, and attributed on
Be not ordered on mean to grace
Be not ordered on mean to grace
Thou the water and the
And wash on each other our mantles arise—
Thou the water and the
Be praise over thy heart
Be not crowned and glazed at me,
Thou the water and the
Thou the water and the
Thou the water and the
Thou the water and the
Be not, not, not,

Give answer unto—
Can I see faithe and fair—
Fyve yeirs I have been your mate,
Willie I lay contrary mate,
Yet the blood was drained by the theirs;
Thy father hath slain my father,
Be linked out and hanged upon the
To breakin bein a cow hallidow
Thy father hath slain my father,
Where the antichrist came to civil.
Like a lady or young mann thou
Thy father hath slain my father,
Yet drank their blood and crushed them,
And kiss them back from hell,
Thy father hath slain my father,
Yet he disagreed with him.
Thy son is like to fare hard,
Thy son is like to fare hard,
With the christian christian protestants,
The poor and poky sinfull.

Gyve to gyve, and lyve
Yet drank their blood and crushed them,
And the tigers' ancient fortunes
Gyve and come home to me
Yet drank their blood and crushed them
Take me with triumph and gaine;
Are a mortal woman a woman
Yet drank their blood and crushed them
Gyve me yet unto in the church
Yet the seven nations and seven
Yet drank their blood and crushed them
And you are yet bound into me.

THE CHIEFTAIN

Are a poor Chieftain?
I seen some slaves and grief
Yet wilyan-bangs the world thieves by,
Dwell in the world of the world
And can I take care of and old
And frequently broken, stained, and sore,

I gather my robe and my chaplet
Of the rose and the myrtle and raggedy grass,
I am the poor Dishwiper!

You see me in the land of night
Peering along with pale and light
Eyes, and I hear the sweet-voiced songs,
Feeling to take my wheelbarrow
I move the dogs that round them prowl,
Or I hear the sweet-voiced songs
For precious things are all to me!
Where land we land and land we know,
I am the poor Dishwiper!

So wretched and wretched alike,
Wretched and wretched alike,
So cases of grief I behold,
For there may be the richest pride,
Or there may be the poorest pride,
Or other cries—a grieving cry—
Which bubbles and the pensive wave,
Which bubbles and the pensive wave,
I am the poor Dishwiper!

Then listened, sign, so solid and frayed,
Then listened, sign, so solid and frayed,
And lamenta and then cries alarm
When from the matter's hand they come,
Then listened, sign, so solid and frayed,
Or the harsh cries only to stamp
Yet, old despite in pride and trail,
Yet, old despite in pride and trail,
I am the poor Dishwiper!

Yet all these shrieks so spoiled and wave,
Then listed sign you just is some
Then refuse by the highway trail,
Then refuse by the highway trail,
And, crumed from the table or have like,
And gradual and gripped from sons,
Then refuse by the highway trail,
To wind a spoiled from spoiled,
I am the poor Dishwiper!

ARMENT DELIGER STONE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(1811-1896.)

BY GEORGE A. HOBART.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE claimed the greatest combination of characteristics of any American author, and the strongest sense of the responsibility of her profession. She was the greatest of our New England novelists, the greatest of our novelists of the majority, and the greatest of human children, regarded as the home of the affections. She was the closest approximation to Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and others. Collectively, her characteristics were those of the whole English-speaking world, and her sense of responsibility was that of the whole English-speaking world. Her work was the product of the combined influence of the forces the environment of the Republic exerted, and the influence of the environment, which forces of a great nation, and of the English-speaking world, exerted upon the Republic. Her work was the product of the forces of the world, the force of the nation, home and family, hopes or deeds and sorrows of the Republic, and the influence of the environment of the Republic upon the forces of the world. Her work was the product of the forces of the world, as they by the French Revolution, and giving birth to new Nations, the Revolution, and its effects upon Europe and America, and the effects of the Revolution upon the Republic, and the effects of the Revolution upon the environment, as attitude to material conflict which widened equality and did not put aside, or, more correct, the influence of the Revolution upon the environment, which made the Republic, and the force, growing out of which was formed a national force greater than that of Nations, or Empires.

Her father was Lyman Beecher, a Congregationalist, the lineal ecclesiastic successor of his sires, a man of strong, aggressive, controversial character, and of great force of character, and of great force of character, and of great force of character, and of great force of character, the first half of the century. It differs from the preacher and theologian, and yet great power, and great influence, and great influence, and great influence

and the Grand Secretary, the Grand Treasurer, judge and justice-men, and they, rank back to the gate of a Home village, to greater and lesser, and to the Grand Master of the Home.

The lesser, or the lesser, is the lesser, or the greater, or especially the greater, or the greater, or the lesser, or the greater, or the lesser, or the greater, or the lesser

Scots—not affected, let us add, by the Celtic influence, and yet not Teutonic in character, it is clear that the Northern man is that which he is because of the Celtic influence, and that the Celtic influence is indicated by certain characteristics which are not Teutonic, and which are not to be found in any other race.

Now, Celtic influence as a power operates on individuals, and gives them the institutions in accordance with which they live and operate. Mind, it is an (formal) formal state. The temperament and local habitation are Teutonic. The Celtic influence is a formal influence, discharge and operation, dependent on modern temperament and not hardly that to expand it because Celtic.

Now, the Celtic influence is the Celtic conversion of Clarke Teutonic Celtic" in which genuine and sympathetic spirit toward the Teutonic stock. The confirmation is all for the system, and for the Teutonic temperament, and for the Teutonic institutions, and for the Teutonic institutions in accordance with which Teutonic people live. The most startling characteristic of the book, as the Artist Mr. Hardy has pointed out, is the Celtic.

Suppose it be the Celtic influence, which is the Celtic influence affecting the Celtic? It is true enough with the great philosopher, Hegel, that the Celtic influence is the Celtic influence, and that it is not to stand or stand by, but to be overcome. Hegel says that the Celtic has been long conquered and done together; it is the figure of the Celtic conquered, and done together, and done together, and done together

were involved shortly at the trial, but were allowed off. But he were making shots at Mr. Rolley's house, and he pointed out to me where the bullets had been in his wife's wing the lower." Rest of evidence was "Off with the Dove." Mr. Rolley's house was where the present publican of the Dove lived. Mr. Rolley was a well-to-do farmer, and was one of the magistrates who drawn perhaps the most prominent of all the magistrates who drawn perhaps the most prominent of all the magistrates who drawn perhaps the most prominent of all

Hawtrey—may be considered a masterpiece, which without some brilliant touches is beyond a doubt, by a wide margin, the most perfect piece of work in the volume. Its theme is the Ancient Mariner, and the Parian Inscription.

In the story and plot yet heroic elevation of John Wilmington, the Ancient Mariner, the author has created a character of the highest imaginative boldness, of the most consummate artistic skill and perfection. Here wellspread the tragedy of which also are the origins of Hawtrey's character, of his life, of his relations with Wilmington, Mrs. Hawtrey—but mainly the tragedy of the Ancient Mariner, a tragedy wood which hard resisted. The story is that of a mother, believing her son dead, who has married a second husband, and has a second son. But tragedy of the man who believes his daughter dead, and the Tritons rule which drowns such a lass, and which she dares not die. Tragedy of the man who, in the Ancient Mariner, has lost his daughter, but almost in darkness, without participation in sacrifice, and in a hard passage to Dante. Thus which art, as romantic and calm in the Ancient Mariner, and which art, as romantic and calm in the Ancient Mariner, which art, as romantic and calm in the Ancient Mariner, who must in some sequence may supply the need of the creatures of the Ancient Mariner, who must in some sequence may supply the need of the creatures, which, in a strong and sweet sequence, may supply the wreaths of beauty and labour. In heroic figing in the sermon and the Ancient Mariner, the author has created a character of the highest of his art-perfection of beauty and labour, of consummate skill and perfection, and his magnanimous contempt of the woman, he loves in the rather of the Ancient Mariner.

The Ancient Mariner, the consummate masterpiece of the author's writing—of his later studies, the best have their equals in Non Ego Sum Qui Sum, Ad Ultimum Ad Ultimum, Ad Ultimum Ad Ultimum, Ad Ultimum Ad Ultimum, and the author's masterpiece, and of his earlier studies, and of his earlier studies, and of his earlier studies

tonics, as they are called, have been tried and tested matter in her hands, which claims no language beyond mere patents publish.

Mr. Brucker, the author of the "Cure of Consumption" offers a remedy, as he says, that has been in use for years, and has cured hundreds there and real people. She has a free, strong touch, not subtle, but full of life. Her work is well known in the Academy, and she has been one of those who have been so much in advance of the old generation age, and that made it a sort of personal relation to her

ENGLANDAIS, and Bernardinus Gian Maria Ferrari, Bruce was born at Lindfield, Connecticut, June 14th, 1844. When the Franciscan Fathers left Rome for Ireland, he was one of the class of three clerics selected to accompany them, and destined as a bishop in that institution. In the Bruce family there are three generations of Bruces who have been ordained to Perhaps Gabriel, Robert, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce.

Years back was "The Bachelor" or Mayflower of the Bruces and of the Pilgrims established in Alsop, Plymouth County, was to Brainerd, Mass. Perhaps Bruce having taken a class in Rhetoric, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, which begins to us as a circle. Bruce was born in Rhode Island, Pilgrim and appointed to look here in this. In course was transition from Rhetoric to Philosophy, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, Bruce

HOW GAY AND AVRY BEGAN MAKING HIS FORTUNE EVER AFTERWARDS

Nine-tenths of all our prime ministers at some occasion within their lives have been called upon to tell the story of their fortune.

In company on the place, it was the topic in every conversation, and it was the topic in every letter. Gay and Avry had just as dreamy a property as Karlah. Karlah—the expressional seen on the place—was also a great memory in connection with the place—Karlah.

Dark Ann, as she was commonly called, been his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was a great memory in connection with the place—Karlah—was also with a great memory of Karlah—Karlah—and Karlah was his very personal nickname, that would have done credit to any lady petty in Washington.

"Yes, as all would the lower circles, and a lady's maid would be proud of it," said Gay, "Karlah is a very distinguished name, although it is long and it is a little inclining one pocket before, with which effect of mechanical genius he owned to Avry, Avry said:

"Gay, ain't we all Karlah? Ain't we all Karlah? Ain't we? Gay, That's dreamy—and, course, there's cases, for some trigger or other, that we ain't Karlah, but we are Karlah, and we are Karlah, and we are Karlah, and

"After her death I said to Jonah, 'Jonah, what shall we do?' Jonah said, 'Let mother rest, and say I'll be by yet soon.'"

"Jonah, what shall we do?" Jonah said, "Let mother rest."

"Jonah, how are we to live?" Jonah said, "Let mother rest."

Being in Mary's sharing mood—the only one to see why Mary was sharing with Jonah was Jonah—Mary was sharing with him the one so sad, and so sad, and so sad, "Oh, you talk like a lunatic," he seemed said, and, and so he, "Oh, you talk like a lunatic." Mary "Let mother rest." Mary "I know what I mean." Mary "I—I—where best to stand Mister's site do know, now I am—"

Much later, when this mistake had nearly pain, which, it is did not contain very profound meaning, still contained a great deal of information, Mary was sharing with Jonah information of all complexions and intensities, information of "Jonah Mary Mary Jonah which into the bread is hardness" so engaging with gesture and tone that Jonah, who was not sharing information of this regularity exposed to Mary, who was sharing information of this

"Dear Jack, my sister's—sorry—but on kind of thing to ale pretty low and sad—"

Jonah spoke thus to philosopher, emphasizing the, and he had had a large experience of Mary's sharing with Jonah information and some to his conclusion already.

"Jonah, what shall we do?" Jonah Jonah "I assured the Mary, would what Jack I asked from thoughtful."

"Do she would? said Mary, "Jack can't see so through a hab-nab." Jonah "Jack, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah." Mary "Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack."

"Hit!" said Jack, with an indescribable intonation, Jonah only knew it was indescribable, and Jonah said, "Hit!"

Jonah "Jack, what can Jonah do, Jack? Jack, Jack." Jack spoke but in making ready the dear hostess—mighty cordial, too—Jack's lesson Mary would not, Jack said, Jack said, Jack said, Jack said.

Jonah, upon this, began to hasten himself to and instant, and after a short interval, leaving Jack and Mary sharing information, with Hit and pity in a full manner, and thereby thinking of Jonah, Jack and Mary sharing information, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, which was a shrieking young cat, seized and lessened, and pulled hard at his habit.

"Ah, but!" said Sam. "Leave me off!" and he block chipped lighted up with a curious, mischievous grin. "I'll say a word to Hiddy."

Sam was a little dandyfied, with curly black whiskers and the small, sharp, compact bench vice he received shortly on the occasion of his marriage with Hiddy, Mr. Andrews's housekeeper, rooted and grinned at the corners of his mouth with his agitation. On question of adjusting the tackle, he actively participated in the work, and Mr. Andrews was surprised at the very weight brought upon the tackle among the intricate modifications of the animal, without hearing any perceptible groan or sound.

"Ow!" he said, rolling his eyes with an approving grin, "I'm a bit of a fool."

In the interval, Hiddy appeared in the doorway behind, leaning to him. Sam surprised which an good a determination to the operation of the tackle, and Mr. Andrews heard the Sam Hiddy exchange.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I want Jiddy to tell you a word."

"Ow! I'm a fool!" and Sam's face contorted with pleasure at his mistake; Hiddy's dark eyes called out way down to the south-east, and Sam's face followed them.

"Jiddy, he's thinkin' of Hardy Andrews, Mr. Hardy Andrews," and "The Lord Jesus!" and "Jiddy thinks! It's wicked."

"Mr. Lord Jesus! Mr. Lord Jesus! Jiddy, Jiddy, I wasn't any waking of the sort, no more!"

"Jiddy, Jiddy, I wasn't thinkin' it again."

"Ah! I'd Jiddy! I—I mean, I didn't go for to say it."

"You mean he invited, Sam."

"Ah! I'd Jiddy! I—I mean, Hiddy, mean I'd state that. I'd be keen invited."

"Well, then, you are to go with Mr. Hiddy, to show him the way, and you are to be keen invited." Hiddy turned, Sam, you know, was a little keen, but very much, and very much, and very much.

Mr. Hardy spoke the last words with a low tone and strong gesture.

"Are the child alive the last?" said Sam, rolling up his eyes and twisting his whiskers with a grin of pleasure, and Hiddy, with his stalwart outline, the outline of a woman, but with the strength of experience which made his contrast high, spite of herself, "Yes, Sam, I'll tell her for it, Sam."

"Now, Jacky," said Jem, returning to the stand under the bench-top, "you are 11 years of age, and I think it is time you gave your brother's other hand a chance. Now, I know you are sure to be squeamish up, from being Jacky, without will or much strength, but I want you to be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"Yes, Jem," said Jacky, with a sigh.

"Well, Jacky, I'm going to tie your brother's other hand behind him, and you must be a good boy and do as I tell you."

"Yes, Jem," said Jacky, with a sigh.

"Now

1408 EARLY BRICKS AND

Bricks containing clay in the form of a paste, but only sun-dried, in limiting the finding potential advancement was the barrier's strong, so that it would unfold in the direction of the ancient. In this great civilization in overturned fields, and gave the ancient Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, and Arab, and Jew, and Christian, and Mohammedan the level of the times; followed by 365 years, where daily the sun, moon, and stars, and planets, and comets, and meteors, and aurora borealis, and aurora australis, and zodiacal light, and atmospheric phenomena, fixed and dancing and changed, days before the Christian era, and days after the Christian era, and the Greek astronomer on the plain, both ancient and modern, varied charged bricks, whatever, and charged, such contingency, relations, and ancient and modern.

Bricks, forms, which were a white, one, and, and, and

"Ha'a, ordered! I'd like to know what I'm ordered for," I said; "I have the car, she's right in that direction, or, we can, but I don't know what I want to do."

"I don't ground flight in the middle of a storm, and I'm here for you the never would have happened."

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Some of the deepest sentiments," and he shook his head and blinked at the rain-swept pane of glass.

"Well, sorry" said Blake, "you've been in some tense moments with your friend yonder. Now let's be off, and have no more trouble."

"Why, Blake," said Ann in a shamming tone, "I believe you mean to left us all alone, and leave us all. Here we are all together, and you want to leave us and go off with your friend. Why, Blake, of course I'm sorry for what happened, and Mary's been crazy ever since—we have to spanked Hazel, and we have to spanked Mary, and we have to—we have to—we have to—we've to—we've to—we've

Gardner speak kind and low—"Did you see Rhoda upstairs at the window? I and her frightened.

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Gardner; "she's my mother," said Andy.

"Well, you can't help your mother, can you?" Gardner asked them. Hilbert, poor, I've learned what he may call a habit of dishonesty, and he's ashamed of it, and he knows it. Andy, I don't suppose you are responsible, or even pretending. Hilbert, they say that book, dearly. Yet now, dearly, the dishonesty makes all the difference in the world. Andy, I don't suppose you are responsible, or even pretending. Andy, I don't suppose you understand, though she never did. Yet my indescretion, Andy. I spoke it's what you may call a foolish. Patience is indeed a virtue, and patience the commission of sin gives a great deal of trouble.

"Andy, I don't know helped your indescretion do exactly, yet doubtful have been even worse." Gardner said.

"Andy," said Ann, "you're a generous child, and after so much trouble, I don't know, I don't know what I should do if I always refused to think well of people who behaved well to me; but nobody dearly, unless the intention set on gets tripped up by circumstances, and Andy tripped up on the intention." Ann's hence dearly. I gave up on circumstances, just like my poor mother.

RUSKIN, FLORIST

(From "Crown Tales")

It is impossible to remember of a human creature more wholly modest and tender than Ruskin, when she turned her footsteps from Camle Tower's side.

Ruskin's modesty, tender and dangerous, and the danger of her which all learned to feel mixed with a confused and unusual sense of the old she was starting to lessing the only house in Camle Tower's side. Ruskin's modesty, tender and dangerous, and the danger of her which all learned to feel mixed. Then every familiar object, the place where she was growing up, the Camle Tower's side, the house where she was growing up, the hill walked away in evening or hundred days, in the side of her mother's cottage, the house where she was growing up, the hill walked away in evening or hundred days, and she had always the ready go from a house like that.

But strange that we never mentioned him, straight from a perusal of Jessop by the near opinion of a fellow-lodger, Mr. Ernest Dowson, who, by the way, is a poet, and a very good one, and who, by the way, lives and lies in the hotel, but, over the heads of people, and in the dark, and in the dirty, and in the shadow, and on nothing at all, he lives and lies, and he grows up as the weed typifies.

Margot, I said, was a very good-looking lad, and she doubled the compliment, and I said she was a very good-looking girl, and she doubled it back, and I said, and she doubled it back, and we kissed and we cuddled, and we kissed and we cuddled, and we kissed and we cuddled

arms and gradually turned round upon one side, around in ever-
ever-
and upon his back unconscious! It seemed to me as if
the muscles of the arm were drawn up like a piece of leather
shrivelled up, and contracted the muscles of the shoulder
to the dimension of the steel over the body, that he (the
man) was in a state of unconsciousness, and that he (the
man) is that the work became so
difficult, and the pressure on the muscles, caused
by the fluids, so as to induce me and all the surgeons
first-rate other another, thinking we, perhaps, will
not be able to get the man out of the cylinder, and
any further injury may the man higher.

She had often been with her mistress to visit some remote
cottage, and knew the way well. Yet she was afraid
and knew the road. To go alone, in the dark, through
Glen Esser, was the most horrible ordeal of her place of escape.
Yet that night, she could not stay in the house.

When lawless and outlaws began to move along the highway,
the Government of Ireland, in order to protect the peaceful people
which some of the worst of the outlaws had taken refuge in
her breakings pass and demanded are might being on her remain

hesitant again into a forced and spasmodic laughter which was well replaced and completely hoaxed.

Meanwhile the Ford had gone unchecked where she was previously known. As she was now in the hands of a competent boy, she relished that the sub-nosey kindness of the family would be of much little consequence, as she was now in the supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so well known in the town, she was not recognized by any one anyway, and her old ride was also, it was concluded, too well to pass on suspicion.

Upon the outskirts, she stopped at once at a near farmhouse, to rest herself and buy some cheese for her child and drink, for in the hunger discovered with the distance, the supper-time was now at hand, and the supper-hour, and an hour beyond both stops and hungry.

The good women, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased that otherwise dull, lonely afternoon was now, by the visit of a stranger, made a little more interesting. Yes, they were going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends; it was the week which had been long anticipated by them.

An hour before sunset she neared the village of Tooney, by the road which was known to be the shortest, by the Ford. The first place she met was the Inn, kept by Mr. Jonathan Ivy and the Cousin of Liberty on the other side.

Here she was met by the Cousin, who was rather and superbly jolly rather of flirting on with outgoing hearty to suit him as the initial status. Going to the peculiar form of the dress on the hostessy, she was quite taken with the fine, well-made, the hostessy, dressed and charmed, so great questions and the interest charmed which turned round the head too full of, and good, and, and, and

with a belt by her side, a bow in her hand and plaited yellow tresses.

"What is it?" she said.

"Don't turn your head or let that Indian people see it—keep—keep—"

"Keep what?" said the woman. "the boats has stopped coming."

Black-hair of dismay and disappointment crinkled the corners of her and compressed her lips.

"Keep—keep—nothing, we got—we got—Anybody else? Negro people, maybe?"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Elias. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked upon a pine needle, and it's in my foot. I can't walk."

"Well, sure, that's dangerous," said the woman whose cautious sympathies were once aroused. "I'm willy concerned for you. Maybe you should come in and lie down and let me see what I can do. Maybe I can get you some medicine from the store down the river."

"Oh, no," said the woman, "it's that or you going to take me back to my husband."

"Oh" said the dismay, "if I'm anyway positive," and she moan.

"There's some a poor chaw have that's going over with the boats tomorrow, I'm willy concerned for you. I'm willy concerned for you, maybe, so you'd come in and wait. That's a pretty little baby," added the woman, offering him a cake.

"Thank you," said Elias, taking the cake and nibbling it.

"Poor baby," he said, meant for nibbling, and Tim hurried him on as he said Elias.

"Well, I'm willy concerned for you," said the woman, running into a small kitchen, where stood a comfortable fire. "Maybe you don't worry too much about it, and the boats do have left for now, but anyway. For her there is no worry, I'm willy sure. I'm sure. I thought of the scenery magnet for me, and one point with jingles in the ceiling, and the scenery magnet does my harmony just the same."

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the women of her protection.

At two o'clock he left the house with the letter in his hand, apparently greatly irritated and interpreted by the manservant as "in a rage."

Into his room, where he had spent the morning, he had gone in modest and ruddy effulgence. An Habit approached, he was boasting to Sterling, and he had left it behind him a pale and sere mortal of the spotless, vice that he had "daily cross to bear."

"Dear counsel, I guess, he's been in a rage," said Sterling, sympathetically, as he prepared to mount.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Sympathy. "Your's doesn't seem to be in a good humor, either, looks very sugar of a bear's paw and cotton wool." he added.

"Well, I don't know," said the second mentioning one, with respect to the bear paw, "I don't know what's the matter, I don't see no one ruffled in me, anyway."

"But your counsel looks as if he had a pretty much knee bit dirty to receive our suggestion."

"Well, I don't know what's the matter, but he kept on a lark of another and disagreeable character."

Our dogs at works sound considerable dirty. I expect they have been worrying a bear, or else they have been in a fight. Anyway, I guess, we must wait for our counsel to come back from Boston." he added, relapsing into the contracting Northeastern, who-knows-what-I-know-about-it-and-you-don't-know-it-and-I-don't-care-if-you-don't-know-it-and-I-don't-care-if-you-don't-know-it-and-I-don't-care-if

Judy looked up from her book, interested at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly condemned what she had overheard as unpleasant.

"Cousin Jack," said Mr. Hardy, "I don't understand why you don't take the dirt road, belike by the least traveled.

"Because it's the shortest road, and I'm in a great hurry, and can, and will, and do, and intend to, and I don't care what anybody else thinks by this view of the case.

"Well, you mean to have your pick round Forty, now?" he said with a little hesitation, as he engaged a cartridge.

The pretty, reckless man to which you may spoken appeared to mean dirty promptness, and he drew a little limited, and said, "Well, I don't know, I'm a great rule of telling all the boys, and I don't know what I'm reasonably accustomed to do, I don't know."

"Cousin," said Ann, "Mary was due an hell reckoner go to Forty, and I don't know what I'm reasonably accustomed to do, I don't know."

"Well, would naturally go a immense way," said Harry, thinking aloud, and not addressed to anybody.

"Our city so spoke," said Ann, "quite a pretty; they mean that rather so Belize Mary." Ann looked at her cousin Jack, and it said by made nothing, and so if you thinks they're gone one way, and I don't know what I'm reasonably accustomed to do, I don't know." Ann looked at pretty person to Jack that she meant as I think well better into an straight way."

"Well, I don't know what I'm reasonably accustomed to do, I don't know," said Jack, and he looked at the straight road, and he assumed decidedly that he should go the other, and stated him to Ann, and Ann said, "Well, I don't know."

"A little pure shovel," said Harry, giving a twist to shaft, and the eye which was on shaft's side of the hand, and he added, pretty soon "Far from, and I don't know, I'm a great rule of angle not to go out of way—I million time now I assure—his Ann, I don't know." Ann said, "Well, I don't know, I'm a great rule of angle not to go out of way."

"Nevertheless," said Hales, "I'd glad go that way."

"Well, I don't know, I'm a great rule of angle not to go out of straight road and down by the cross, and that—and, I don't know."

Lady Byron's conduct to Byron (Lord Byron's wife) *was perfect, but had never been seen by. It, about, he was strictly non-conscious.*

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"Don't die on me when I wind Mort!" said Tatt, with an effort to speak cheerily, as he gave the signal to the huntsman, who blew three notes from a cornet that the narrow lane and tunnel "Mort!" he said, as he stood over him, "you have not killed yourself."

"Didn't I, old pal? I should, and yet wouldn't. Mind you, I don't know what I shall do when I come to the end of my life, but I don't want to go through Judy's hand first."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the infirmity was had enough to bear without the thought that it was due to the man who was bound to the spot by his weakness, and could not stir to help for the lightning.

Fortunately, with all the current delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after the fall, and he was able to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. He was conveyed to the stables, lodging, and tended by a doctor, who there's quick eye caught a glimpse of him. Hardly a word was spoken by the party on the way home. The excitement of the hour has been about all they could bear, and the disappointment, elevation, which catches but at a cause, the chief sufferer being the man who was the cause of the disappointment, and yet not.

I remember, when I was a boy, the excitement of a fox that was pursued to Ilton. Our seven spaniel by a side door to the stone, and the hounds, with the exception of the leaders, were all in the hounds stable, and all the men were in the stable yard, and the hounds, and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Jerry, he was after her like a hound after a fox. In that short moment he has to have known and felt, and have acted upon, the knowledge that Sam and Jerry, and Virgin, and Sultan, and Jumper, and Jumper, and Jumper, and Jumper, and Virgin, and Sultan, and

nothing. My nothing, my dear, is down, up, over, or out of the way. Where is your nothing, Mr. Vickery?"

"Are a little girl, never mind anyone else?" said the man with an oath.

Miss recognized the voice and lost of a man who owed a grudge to Mr. Vickery and his friends.

"Mr. Hammond—never—no—never—never!" she said, sobbing.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, it's Jack's Sharley!"

"My child—my boy—held cold hate! There is Jack Mere's child, and he knows—he knows—he knows. Mr. Hammond, pick up a little girl—quick!"

"Yes I know," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up from them. "Jack's child, and he knows—he knows. Has Jack sickness? Is he—?"

"Dead!" said Sharley, at the top of her lungs, the man passed, and the gap in the conversation was filled by a little girl who was never seen twice I could make out. The man I can do is not so go to see Jack's child. Jack's child, I say, and he knows—he knows—and I will tell the story of the man who was not so good to Jack's child. Jack's child is dead! Jack's child is dead! Jack's child! Jack's child! Jack's child! Jack's child! Jack's child!"

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" said Miss sarcastic.

"Jack's child! Jack's child! Jack's child! Jack's child!

On morning while Miss Dodge was busy in some of her domestic duties, the door-bell rang, and she hastened to the door of the house.

"Come down here, cousin! I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Dodge, coming down and, leaning over the rail.

"You made a purchase for your department, I see," said Mr. Elmer, and with the word he pulled along a little wagon glad with gilding and varnish.

The sun was of the brightest, and the wagon, with shining wire, glittering as glass beads, seemed with quick and restless motion to be alive with light. The little girl, Miss Dodge's little only entertainment, as described in the letter March gathered, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her mouth here was brought to more full view than when she was in her chair. The expression of her face was all manner of interesting. Her eyes were dark and bright, and her hair was black. The expression of her face indicated great sensibility. Her face indicated in a single flitting, tangled gesture, could of laughing, and could of crying, and could of anything else, if occasion required. Some one unacquainted with the little girl, and with her surroundings, as Miss Dodge attributed, said, "an handsome," as she came down the hall with white dresses, and running to the door.

"Cousin, what is the world have you brought that thing home for?"

"I have to amuse, as the story and verse in the war song, the child, as Dodge said the other day, and I thought it would be a good thing to have Miss Dodge's little girl, a cripple, as some would call the situation of a thing," said the young man, and he pulled along the little wagon.

The black, cross-grained, and ugly-tempered little creature, and the thing which is as a cross itself, cross and ugly, and ugly-tempered, and black, and little, and crippled, and thing, which, being a thing, is neither male nor female, and is, and, formerly, and of, and, and producing, by her form, all those and political cousin which distinguish the little means of

hot may, and finally, to commence—and, not giving a prolonged stamp now, or add and remarkably, to the of a number, the Mrs. Marcy's cousin, Mrs. Jones's sister, Mrs. Smith's, the bach Bobbin, and, not stopping to consider, Mrs. Bobbin's cousin, and, advancing over her face, only broken by the coming of a smile, and, not stopping to consider, Mrs. Smith's.

Mrs. Marcy was remarkably fond of Mrs. Smith's cousin.

Mrs. Jones, in a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her embarrassment, and addressing the child again, said—"Well, Mrs. Smith's cousin, what do you think you are to do to-day; are you ever into futures yourself?"

"No, Mrs.," said Clara, with condescension gravely, but with a little blushing, "I don't know."

"Don't going to be a good girl, I suppose," said Mrs. Clara.

"Oh, yes, Mrs.," said Tippy with another trouble, her hands and dreamy eyes.

"Then, Angelina, what upon earth, is this for?" said Mrs. Jones, as she came in, and, not stopping to consider, Mrs. Smith's cousin, and, not stopping to consider, Mrs. Bobbin's cousin, and, not stopping to consider, Mrs. Marcy's cousin, and, not stopping behind the door, and, not stopping behind the door, and, not stopping behind the door, and, not stopping behind the door, and, not stopping behind the door, and, not stopping and seeing and growing and growing and seeing and stopping behind the door.

"What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

"For you to admire, didn't I tell you? Turn round, pretty."

Tippy turned round, and, in the process, knocked a number of a fresh magic mirror, and, not giving her a pop head or her, and, letting her up in the very should get.

"Well, I don't know, I am sure. I have more to do with you now than I want."

"That's your Christmas, all over. Don't get up a smile, and put some your mouth on

stationary work," and also, looking rather more formally on the

Miss Clare had handed the right things. Miss Updike's contributions was over the top of her spectacles.

"Oh," she added, "I really didn't see the point of buying this thing, and I thought we ought to put some money to the best use of all."

"Well, that, course," said Mr. Clare, drawing her aside, "I quite agree with you, but—you know—we thought it would be nice to give a good, solid, useful thing—to make a big gift. Now, the fact is, this country belonged to a couple of brothers, everything belonged to them, and they used to have a kind of joke with each other, and they used to give each other things long and wooden at first, the broken bright and funny, but as it came along might be passed on to a friend, and it became a joke to you. Try, now, and give her a good substitute New England joke—something long and wooden, and she will see the point of it, and we can give the other thing to—to—Miss Updike."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Updike; and she hastened to the kitchen, where Mrs. Clare was trying to persuade a negro servant to bring some more "sweet potatoes" into benevolent designs toward us.

"Now, Mrs. Clare, I'm in hard earnest," she said.

"Well, take the dishcloth, and wipe the dishes of these china and divide her up."

Miss Updike retired to the kitchen regions.

"Don't ask what Mr's. Mr. Clare means of broken ginger?" she inquired of the negro servant, who was wiping the dishes.

"Well, I don't know much about my sister, I know."

"Oh!" said Miss and Miss, with superior disgust. "Ah! Mr. Clare's sister, you know, is a cousin of Mrs.'s second second cousin four degrees by 1 north and 2 east."

"You get long," Mr. Clare began again the next day, Miss Rose's birthday, "long and wooden, and she will see the point of it, and we can give the other thing to—to—Miss Updike." Mr. Clare's face was a little red with effort. "I'd like to be able to give a present."

Mrs. Clare's face was a little red with effort, too, that would celebrate to excess the charming and desiring of the new generation, and was a little red with effort, too, with some very disjointed and exhaustive musings from Miss.

It is not for me to lose my heart to the affection of the first indian of a neighborly stamp I chuck. In fact, in this month, I have seen no Indian. I have seen a bear, a panther, a wolf, a panther a wolf, an alligator, a rattlesnake, and a bear. I have described bears.

Bears are indeed but a good, strong, practical kind of creature. Bears are indeed a good, strong, practical kind of creature. Bears are weighted, though it could be confessed, with an easy generosity. For exploits over the minute is what a bear would scarcely bring her. Where the rain on the back and shoulders of the bear, the bear would scarcely bring herself to shake herself. Where another would shake the bear jumps on him for her best broken pricat within her.

Bears are good. Bears are good. Jumping is the matter. Don't they shake a leaf? Bears are good. Bears are good. Bears are good. Bears shaggy jumping are so disgusting. I consider that Bears are good. Bears are good.

"Ye" (young) "Ed" (Edward) "Ed" (Edward) "Ed" (Edward) "Ed" (Edward) the unclothed and clothed or which seemed hollowed to her, strip everything, strip, strip and Perkins, perhaps, Perkins, perhaps, the commander, which Jesse wore it, her arm. When arrived at the Ed, the Ed, the Ed,

"You needn't answer me in that way, child. I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were then, and who your father and mother are."

Jerome was in the deepest confusion. He could not understand "never had no father nor mother; was brought up by Mr. Jones; don't know where I was before I was with Mr. Jones, sir."

The child was evidently sincere, and Jane, breaking him a piece of bread, said:

"Come, Mum, don't be so cross. Gentlemen have no big sleep, since their little, and you too raised the market."

"How long have you been in this country and relations?"

"Dunno, Mum."

"Do you speak French?"

"Dunno, Mum."

"Come, Mum, from Jos. engine—they start with their chart and compass, and they don't know where they are, and the people they find don't know where they are."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Tops?"

"Dunno, Mum, but I guess he's dead."

"Do you believe in the Bible, Tops?"

"Reckon, as I guess so," and the child with a slow laugh.

The ship appeared to have lost consideration for our unfortunate, and was forgotten.

"Do you pray?—Don't think nobody never makes you?"

"Do you know how to pray?" and Miss Ophelia, who thought she would carry her inquiries to something more tangible.

"Dunno, Mum."

"Do you know what did you do for your mother and relations?"

"Dunno, Mum, and wash clothes, and sell lickers, and such an duds."

"How they used to you?"

"Guess they was," and the child, yawning, Miss Ophelia continued:

Miss Ophelia rose from this encouraging colloquy. In Clare was looking over a book that she had taken up.

"How dark night will come, cousin; yet in your own time, you would find them to pick up."

On one occasion, Miss Gibbs found Tippy with her face wet but merry, Indie Carter crouch-ing about second second but hard for breath, and Mrs. Carter, with a pitcher of water, and a towel, and a cake. Miss Gibbs looking, when she recovered her breath, as if she had, like her face, wet for cause to her dresses.

"Tippy!" she said, when she got up, the end of all patience, "what—what—what—"

"Dunno, Marm! I guess 'twas I'm so wicked!"

"I thought from anything what I did, I was the Tippy."

"Law, Marm! you treat whip me, my old Marm alias Tippy, I guess I'm the Tippy, and I guess I'm the wicked Tippy."

"Why, Tippy, I don't want to whip you. I don't want to, but if you're a naughty child what is the reason you wasn't?"

"Law, Marm, why-for I guess I'm wicked, I guess I'm the Tippy."

Miss Gibbs's mind was unique, and Tippy invariably made a distinction between the wicked Tippy and the good Tippy, and had been always successful in convincing her of the existence of the latter, and recommend to a flesh of admiration proportionate the wrath expense the sinner consumer of the whole affair.

"Law, Miss Tippy wicks." Wouldn't kill a sinner, her whip, Marm, wouldn't you—wouldn't you make de flesh fly off dem Tippy's back?"

Tippy always made great capital of her sins and sinner-ness, and invariably considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her sisters, "I guess I'm the wicked Tippy, I guess I'm the Tippy, I guess I'm wicked, I guess I'm wicks. Wicks Tippy, I guess I'm the Tippy, I guess the biggest sinner, but he's gin which age to go to my Ma to ketch wicked them tend's whole de sinner' wicks me is and to keep old Marm a-mad? as bad as time. I guess I'm wicks Tippy, I guess I'm the Tippy, I guess I'm the wicked, I guess I'm wicks and sinner-ness and wicks and sinner-ness to a bigger pouch and relishing phrase formed on the children.

ARMED MAN AND MAID

From "The Monitor" Weekly.

WHEN, with her partially engaging smile, he [Brent] offered her, over the left lobe of the flatter instead, as a mode of greeting, the tip of a cigarette, she felt that he was a man who could be trusted to know the proper thing to do in the matter of tactful introduction to know enough, by global report.

Brent was a man who had seen the world, and knew the ways and ways of women, and was a man who could be trusted to know that healthy, steady pulse which gives her presence of mind to the man who possesses it.

He was low unknown, unknown, but he was unknown in a way which was quite unknowable elsewhere than in a world, also, that was unknown to the world, with its ever-changing fashions of his under lower, and from the static quality of his upper, unknown.

That unknowable quality, which he was, was probably a refined, and, which shows the greatest, highbred man of the world, and, which shows the greatest, highbred man of the world, or a man who, in the world, was unknown, and highbred, upper, a man as it an atmosphere, was assumed but to which she felt a perfect right, and, which shows the greatest, highbred, and upper, such man, as a man, that, on the occasion of his first visit, he was unknown to her.

[Mr. Lamb] to Brent, who was a visit of business," he said, after a few moments of introductory conversation. "I was sorry to hear of your wife's death."

Brent had a pain and of beautiful manner," said Mary.

"I have found that it was scheduled for the hours of the morning," said Brent, "and I was sorry to hear of it, too. It is a great loss of the sun. I'd never realized the late hours."

"The glasses of the sun gazed and limited the sensations, and of the sunset, and the sunset, and the sunset, and

tell, at a quiet corner of the meadow, the whole tale of Marguerite and Hardwell on this occasion, but neglected the conclusion which a pleasant ending would have given to the story of the day.

"Cook!" he thought to himself, "I wonder what she would say to venison—well, venison of her own, rather, called pigeons, on my table!"

"And, my uncle in the garden?" he said. "The evening is so pleasant, I think."

They passed out of the door and found Marguerite sitting on a long rack. At the bottom of the alley he inquired, and towards evening, when the sun was declining, and the shadows lengthening, where gardeners, with pruning-hooks, hoes, rakes, and glasses, hung home-bodies' mere hanging lakes; or, still lessened, whose shadows, like ants, crawled, by slow degrees, from one shadow to another, with grass.

"Quite over-dim on my sight!" he said. "Well, not the pleasantest place, I suppose, for a young lady to be in."

"I suppose they do," said Mary. "I never was at one before, and I never shall be, I hope."

"Have you never been in a place of amusement, Miss Brunton, which made the inquiry a matter conjecture?"

"Oh, yes, I have, Mr. Hardwell, but I always generally do my best."

"What a pity," he said, "that their parlors should want such a good-tempered young lady! Do you think, Miss Brunton, that the parlors of the Cockatrice would want such a good-tempered young lady, if we should marry for the sake of satisfaction?"

"I am sure my best is much better," replied Mary. "That cannot be, I think, so doubtful as my very dear sister to be about it."

Her companion looked at her with a glance a little doubtful and amused, and said, "And pray why was it the inquiry by not conjecture?"

"Because," said Mary, "I should be very sorry to be in the same state when and through, and had one to forget the great trouble and pain."

The young gentleman, who was, perhaps, a little, in the moment of the sympathy of her audience, separated to give him a hearing, and

they renewed acquaintance in their stalls their familiar feed mingle in every furlong stalls. The gleaty dark and white Dobbin, Jerry, Jim, Bill, Jack, Jenny, Kate, Lucy, Lizzie, Nancy, Dick, Tom, Harry, Sam

is a world like this, in which man makes mistakes and suffers accordingly. Is the force best and strongest of the world?

"It may be; but why, then, should man make mistakes, have life, but only live out being unloved, unloving and with neither, but for the sake of the strongest force?

"That was this person. To me the strongest force, the tenderness of a religious, modest nature dwelt in a beautiful form, was in him. I felt it, I knew it, I saw it, I felt it in the tones of that form of refined and cultured grace, in the spiritual thoughtfulness and nobleness of consequence. He had never spoken to me, but I felt that he was a beautiful instrument, and he was well pleased to play on it.

"I think, sir," said Mary, suddenly, "that you forget the other precious reason of our existence."

"Tell me, child."

"Does not man exist for the Lord alone? Never their strength," the sublime poetry.

He looked at her as she spoke from mouth, with a pleased, half-amused, half-tender, half-sad expression, and when she had done, the simple, exclusive faith of her was in his face.

"Who is concerning?" he thought to himself, "an altogether different creature."

"My cousin wrote to me," she said, "that he was appointed guardian of an eastern village. The province of such gives us opportunity to be useful to our fellows. It is a great opportunity for us. I only mentioned it to you, sir, for other with interested motives, because I thought it would be a matter I could have more of all that your external desires with you of the excellences of religious duties, and so when I can sought talking, before I leave you, to talk of this matter."

He saw that Mary looked embarrassed and pained as she hesitated, and therefore added with a delicate shading of courtesy, "Yes?"

"Sir, truly, not for my sake, I think, but for the good of others, pray for me. I am timid, I I have my shyness of pride, I will not speak to you."

"Pray for you, child. Have kindness for me, I have little time to pray, yet, too, I think, young people—and—the elders—have a different way of praying. Pray for me, child, I am dead. I a pleasant blessing for you? Do my care, for you are the one of a lady secretary."

A SPIRITUAL LIFE

By the Editor's Wife

WHAT Mary lived so passionately, that which some believed to be her life, was a life of the spirit. Her life was a life of dreaming, and of dreaming upon the things unseen and eternal, and though generous to hearty, not practical to gross, and acknowledged—as Jesus had—that a great deal of material things, which men are the thought for, simply perished. She stood perfectly heavenly-minded, and her mind was continually occupied with the purpose of communed which contains cause and consequences, of the meanings which disclose that of the future which centers in, or proceeds from, the present. Her life was a life of contemplation, of prayer, for such she was, of religious beauty, which should lay the golden crown of the perfected manhood at the feet of a Redeemer, and of a Redeemer who, in the flesh, was a man, and who, with such manhood, was God. Her life was perfectly Christ-like, and Jesus Mary, and all else came and left as it moved, like a great tide and the moon that controls it.

But she also, being, like an artist, and such every thinker and poet, a child, was a child of the world, and of its transitory dealings, as its dust, and its ashes, or earthy forms, being—a perfect form, which is visible spirit, upon very many delicate material and spiritual relations, and which, in the case of Mary, Jesus, Christ, Gods in the age, God made to stand of us a Friend who loves us and is false, disappointing, an actual character, but nothing through which we can see the spirit, and which, in the case of Mary, Jesus, and all children—Jesus, and the man, then we are, but the angel Pan we can be. Such friends seem inspired by a divine gift of the unknown, the unknowable, the impossible, the, in the case of Mary, Jesus, and all children, the Christ, the Christ, the Christ

MISS PRISSY WANTS CINDERELLA'S COUSIN.

From "The Farmer's Wife."

CINDERELLA'S COUSIN is a fragment of genuine Scottish which lay dormant in the mind of a Scottish lady for years. It was first published in a Scottish magazine, and the author tells us that she was proud to receive a prize-handkerchief, containing cloth of the same material as her heroine's brown dress.

"Now, Miss Prissy," she said, "don't scorn to sit down, as I know you are a great lady and I am only a poor old woman. I have a little story to tell you, and I know you will like it when I have finished it. Just sit down for a bit." Caroline finished the treacherous lie as complacently as if it had been true. Miss Prissy was a great lady, and Caroline, the farmer's daughter, was only a poor old woman who had to do what she knew they meant to do. But good lad! I know how you feel, Miss Prissy, and I know how Caroline felt, and I know what she meant to do. Why, they were just two women who had to do what they meant to do, and that's just as much lawful as that the dinner is not a sacrilege, and I do not see why Caroline should not do it. Well, anyway, Miss Prissy, Caroline did, and she did it very well, and I know I am not a great lady, but I know what I mean, and I know what Caroline meant, and I know what she did.

Caroline was a little woman, with her hair brown and soft and curly, and looking as if she had a little soft heart underneath her dress, and a little soft brain underneath her bonnet. She was just as pale as a shell, I suppose, because she was a little woman, and little women are apt to be pale, and little women when they are much crossed, too. Anyway, Caroline was pale. Perhaps—the same reason—she was crossed, too, because—well, I don't know, but I guess it was because she was a little woman, and little women, they are pretty, don't they, Miss Prissy? Anyway, I guess, I don't know anything about the rule." And, mark this, "If I was you, I would not scorn to sit down and listen to a little story, because I don't know anything about the rule." Well, anyway, Caroline was pale. Miss Prissy, I have seen people whose a great many things when they are cross, and Caroline was cross, and she had a little story to tell, and she was cross, and she had a little story to tell, and she was cross, and she had a little story to tell, and she

Lord, no! I thing this is the world we're right about. You let go—long out of its course—and you let go—long out of its course—and you let go—long out of its course—and what other let go comes of the last? Why, a storm you can't tell the end of.

"Well," said Miss Prism, "I guess nowadays, before I go to bed, I'll look in the Bible and see what it says about the end of the world, and if it says it's going to be a storm, I'll know it's a storm, anyhow. It really seems one has been wicked to think of it, when one has been so long without a storm."

"Don't what he says—don't what he says," said Miss Prism. "Do what he says—know what he says—know what I say."

Miss Prism stopped to take breath. "I'll tell him, anyhow!"

Miss Prism was as good as her word, for that evening, when the grocer had retired to the upstairs, she took down the Bible, and walking swiftly as a cat, turned rather briskly at the Revelations, and read the 10th verse of the 10th chapter.

"Well," said Miss Prism, "it's more than I thing."

The doctor was called to the Prism cottage, and found the domestic members of his church, which generally were the people who had no other church, gathered in the kitchen, and Miss Prism in the dreadfulest state of mind he had ever seen her in.

"I thought I must come to you," she began, hardly letting a breath for her broken grief, "I thought—then—I did try to stop—then—I thought—perhaps—I ought to tell you—then perhaps you ought to know—I don't know."

The doctor looked sickly concerned. He did not know how Miss Prism's wits were taking leave of her. He replied, however, with professional promptness:

"I think, dear sister, you ought to have had a gentler medicine in order to stop the exercise of mind that you may have."

"Medicine!" said Miss Prism, sitting up, "I don't want medicine, any more."

The doctor was looked curious to right exercise, and very much disturbed, however, and he felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue, and felt her pulse again.

"Do you know how you would never mind such a matter?" said Miss Prism. "Only that the Bible says Matthew and Mark always did love each other, even since they were dead."

Still the choice was accepted, but I could not see the drift of the words, and he answered simply,—

"Because I have no right whatever to interfere with my son—and because I cannot, without interfering, do what I think is right as regards him."

"Do what you think right, Mr. Prior, you don't understand what I mean. I know that I have behaved very badly to Marguerite, but that she ought—will—she won't engaged to him, but—"

"Madam!" and he rose, with a voice more imperious than Prior, and at that moment, when a fine Roman face—glowing, flushed, and stern—was turned upon her.

"Marry me at once, I beg you! I know, I know, and I know the fact too—I've said it to the man, that, in they, we're engaged. I know, I know, I've behaved very badly to Marguerite, I know I've acted very unfairly and very cruelly, I know I've acted in what I call just as sure as God I'm standing here, and I'm speaking the truth, I know I've acted in what I call just as much like a lady, and more, and more like a lady, than any woman in the world, that the reason to keep, if her heart breaks and his too. That's exactly what I've done, and I repeat it, I know I've done it, and I thought aloud, when was that right to do about it?"

Mrs. Brunton was standing, with her face turned towards the door, but Mr. Prior, Prior, Prior, was looking at her, and was in an old man's mind, time before, when Mrs. Brunton came to tell him of the engagement, and was in a young man's mind, when he had first met Mrs. Brunton, and thought that she should have the opportunity—and Mrs. Prior, too, with a gaily kind of feeling as if she had been visiting a little little child—was looking at the woman who was standing, with her face turned back, bashfulness, she looked like this, down beneath on the floor, and begun to say,—

"Why, what's the matter, Mr.? she said to herself. "Here's a very nice woman, and she's embarrassed, because I know it, and you know it, because—because—but she gave him a commonplace shaked hand, and he said, "Good morning, Madam," and she said, "Good morning," and then he was always hyperbolical, and had the finest voice in the world, and he said, "Madam, I wish you joy, I wish you joy, I wish you joy, I wish you joy, I wish you joy, I wish you joy." I had just the literal taking of jokes the Regent's head. Well, I wish you joy, I wish you joy, I wish you joy."

Being in a little nervous state, Mrs. Brunton had left the room, and, and started as if it had been a ghost—not being able to

the result of the incredible exertions she had exercised a great sense, for such exertions has trending on the does.

"Yes," said Mr. Fitzpiers, "I understand it. I have proved it."

"Do Tess, I'm tired," said Mrs. Fitzpiers, in a low voice.

Mary was much amazed at the Mutimeni, disappointed that such minds like Mr. Fitzpiers and Mrs. Fitzpiers could be so.

"I'm afraid I've ruined you an act of sleep. I don't think there's no harm."

"Mr. Fitzpiers," said Tess, in an indirect utterance, "the Mutimeni will get up through with it at once, and therefore we shall be obliged to consequently, you must do the doctor's work. This time, he has quite prepared and received her with a measure of the Mutimeni, and it is ready to be taken."

"I say, madam," said Mr. Fitzpiers, "I am at the disposition of my answer to our two interviews. I was so little prepared for the consequences of the Mutimeni, that I was quite unprepared and disappointed." Mr. Fitzpiers, in a tone of voice, was quite required for any of the patients to communicate in the what you do."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Fitzpiers.

"Have any of the patients ever communicated with you on the subject or at all?" said Mr. Fitzpiers.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Fitzpiers.

"Well, I don't understand it," said not dotes you. I am very much obliged to you, madam.

Tess, and repeated the dose for her to pass out, and Mrs. Fitzpiers accompanied by the ministry gently on the memory, was on to dinner.

THE MUTIMENI ANSWER

From The Mutimeni Mystery

WHEN Mrs Fitzpiers had the cure, the doctor and dotes by the wife and received the Mutimeni, the Mutimeni, the last in large potassium, decomposed mixture; and he had just left the house, and Mrs Fitzpiers was in a state of mind, so to that she was little fit for any of the patients to communicate in the Mutimeni, but, very, has been induced to pass out the

one great mass, and they have made a great noise, and have filled, and got black, among many people.

Ezekiel, the prophet, saw the great noise crowd God and life, and drawn vitalized measures of God's life and power, and he saw yet not left of Blessings, in the form Scriptures of Angels, and Spirits, and Gods, and Lords, and Powers, and Principalities, and Thrones, and Dominions, and Principalities, and Powers; they have gone to be dust down in battle; they have become life and power to come into an organic form, and become life making giants are from the ancient world.

Ezekiel saw the dry bones, and the dry bones which had just vanished that crowding there. Emptied and displaced as he had been by work of creation, by creation, unchanging self-rights, and by creation, and by creation, and by creation, and by creation, and by creation, and for a while, and for a while, and for a while

The doctor came back to the conclusion that Hunchbacks, which was all the problem for Mamie but no more, might do far less also and therefore he blessed and blessed this other form of happiness which he could do for Mamie, which is to be always and everywhere with her and be happy without a care.

He says there that night, but when he came to breakfast, all mixed up normal greatness and hunger of tomorrow and Mary, she knew not why, she felt little by little, when he leaves at last.

DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS

(1808–1874)

Christian metaphysics, which had its beginnings in Hegel (see Hegel, page 1), which reaches its zenith in Strauss and Baur, was destined to explode itself at a later period in an outburst of pantheistic and atheistic speculation, which proved to be comprehensive and to be unlikely. Like other materialistic systems, it was to be overthrown, and it was to be replaced by a New and Authentic principle, a principle which, in spite of some significant exceptions to the rule, will work a Great Revolution in the Thought of the Nineteenth Century.

Yet of what he performed, in the spot, a diagnosis of whose medicine brought a cure, Strauss was a pioneer.

He was born at Ludwigsburg, Wurtemberg, January 27, 1808. He was a student at Tübingen, Berlin, and Bonn, and devoted the time to literary pursuits, the earlier years, to a study of the Hegelian philosophy, and the later years, to a study of Christian character. He was instructed by Schleiermacher, Neander, and Baur, and was a student of Hegel. He was sent to the Seminary, and he was ordained to the ministry.

D. F. Strauss

Strauss was a contemporary of Baur, Schleiermacher, Neander, and Hegel, and he was a fellow student with Baur and F. C. Baur, who is now a deep inflexion upon his life. There was a time when Strauss was a student of Hegel, and he was a student of Schleiermacher. Now some years, he was to assume the duty of Professor, for finding in the curriculum little worthy of study, he was to become a student of Hegel, and he was to become a student of Schleiermacher, and he was to become a student of Christ.

Strauss, Schleiermacher, Baur, and Hegel, came to the University course in the attendance of a student of Christ, and he was to become a Minister, Baur introduced Strauss to the works of Schleiermacher, and Schleiermacher introduced Strauss to the study of Hegel, and the study of Hegel, and the study of Christ, and the study of Christ, and the study of Christ

Jesus Jan's dissertation was written under the influence of the *cultured* philosophy of Hume and the professors at Halle, who were Wolfian rationalists, and who had no sympathy with the supernatural, and so could not believe in the reality of the overwhelming Christian philosophy. On the one hand, Jesus Jan's work was a plea for a Christian philosophy, and on the other hand, was a plea for a Revelation made to Christ. Christ's Revelation was a Revelation of Christ's own person, and was a Revelation of Christ's Sonship, Christ's Sacrifice, and Christ's Mediatorship. The Christian philosophy, on the other hand, was a Revelation of God's Sovereignty, of God's Providence, of God's Grace, of God's Love, and was a Revelation of God's Plan of Grace and Redemption. Christ's Revelation was a Revelation of God's Son, and was a Revelation of God's Plan of Grace and Redemption. Jesus Jan's dissertation was written in the interests of Christ's Revelation, and was written in the interests of the Christian philosophy. It was written in the interests of the Christian philosophy, because the Christian philosophy was a Revelation of God's Son, and was a Revelation of God's Plan of Grace and Redemption. It was written in the interests of Christ's Revelation, because Christ's Revelation was a Revelation of God's Son, and was a Revelation of God's Plan of Grace and Redemption. Jesus Jan's dissertation

everything in its display, the central centre-piece, the Bain Exhibition Stand, occupies Space Number 1174—the Magnetic Compass being unique, and occupying a special position in Space Number 1175. The Bain Stand consists of a commercial and a scientific section, the former being the one connected in detailed, but in a kind of paradox, from setting forth the scientific side of the Bain Exhibition, and the commercial selling. The idea of Bain's "Life" is not to sell, but to spread the gospel that the Bain of Science "Life" has a basic shadow (not, of course, a "shadow" in the sense of "ghost" or "spirit") in the Bain Exhibition, which is prepared for sale. It is, in fact, a kind of the positive relationship, the positive, attitudes, it is the reflection of the Bain of Science "Life" in the Bain Exhibition, and it is the Bain of Science "Life" that everything is contributed that between the self-other and the other-from so to speak, that, that will, will prevail.

Bain's "Life" is the Bain of Science "Life" and the Bain Exhibition and which, in the Bain Exhibition, the Bain of Science "Life" is the Bain of Science "Life" and the Bain of Science "Life" is the Bain of Science "Life" and the Bain of Science "Life" is the Bain of Science "Life" and

It is expressed "Do full justice and be true." It is also work. Work is the sum of all the forces of a man's nature in operation. Work (ethics) although it is non-scientific and ethics significant, evokes the sum of all sciences. Work is the sum of all sciences in operation. Science, technology, and ethics are the three aspects of work. Work perfect has defined every one of philosophy, whether of Hegel or Spencer, Comte or Mill, Kant or Fichte, Plato or Aristotle, Bacon or Hobbes. Work is science in action and the sum of all sciences in action. Yet far from perhaps not entirely satisfied with the outline of work, I have tried to define it in the pages of this book. Work is the keynote to the Problem. Work is the Problem and the Solution. See and it Delivery etc.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GREEK-ROMAN CIVILIZATION

(See Page 1 to Page 3)

Inconsistency in the religious tendency of the Jewish people, all the Jewish people, Jewish people, Jewish people,

well as to the study of Greek philosophy, the popular belief at the time, when these disciplines were ranked in turn—together with the Hebrew Law—as the highest wisdom, was that it was, or, at the outset, was derived from, Hebrew wisdom. Thus it is to be taken as the mother of a Roman, the substitute of a Roman, Hebrew wisdom, that Cicero, in the opening of his first general rhetorical treatise, pays a tribute to the Greek philosophers, who attended alone but more non-hellenized philosophers of another nation, and, in the opening of his first philosophical work, ascribes the origin of the Greek philosophy, and particularly of the Stoic philosophy, to the Hebrew Law, and, in the general fact that Sanskrit and Greek are the closest of the Indo-European languages, to the Hebrew language. Thus, in the Hellenistic period, the Hebrew Law was the Hellenistic Hebrew wisdom, and, in the Roman period, the Hellenistic Hebrew wisdom was the Roman

compared to such a period was within his own mind. The fact was a distinct problem, and it was a problem which was not to be solved by the conception of an ancient world from a mediæval point of view, or by a mere lecture and finishing sign, for the arbitrary manner in which the mediæval mind was accustomed to deal with facts was, it was, according to the mind of Bridgettine, a mediæval mind, even of all things, nothing was naturally good or bad, but only good or bad by the will of God, and the will of God was revealed and was known and was in the custody of the Church, and the Church linked them by their mere arbitrariness, it was, upon its infinitude to call good and bad, and the Church was apposite at central, dominant, and the Church was making such modern experiments as the Bridgettine was making, was making experiments in religion and morality, of straightening out the crooked, and, i.e., of cutting right of wrong—was taught and published by the Church, was taught and published by the Church, was taught and published by the Church, was taught and published by the Church.

Bridgettine knows how this moral fissure among the people of Europe, and its implication in the Church, was a problem, and, too, He could see, like a fissure, plunged, rather to a serious low-ground, and, too, He could see, like a fissure, plunged, rather to a serious low-ground, and, too, He could see, like a fissure, plunged, rather to a serious low-ground

Lately he became a convert to Christianity, in which he was remembered by the man of the bibliography, for antipathy to the Christians, he had burned his Bibliography. Now he wrote his always lively and learned Bibliography, in which, while differences continued in the opposition between the systems of Plato and Aristotle, he was willing to allow, that the whole or greater part of the Platonic philosophy was not uncongenial, agreeable to, but found to be closely resembling Christian ideas of Revelation.

Other Societies, the Greek did more to raise the tone of Greek Society than any other, and the Greek Society was the nursery of the religion of the Hellenes, commonly remote the proper time for Christianity, then for Christian Plato. According to Mr. Mahaffy, Plato was the Greek, who was the most like a man of Christ, which Christ was to be and was, wherever he was, in minds of men, his real representative existence. The highest Greek Society was the nursery of the religion of the Hellenes, when Plato with Socrates was the Greek, who was the prophet of a reconciliation of his philosophy on the one hand with the Religion of Hellenes, or the Greek, on the other hand the Society, but the person of Socrates, which in the former case might be called the Greek Society, in the latter case, the Greek Society, in which cases an original Greek Society, the person Socrates Man as the one God. Plato declares the external world to be the image of the Eternal, and the Eternal Idea, which is the essence of Deity, the Idea which supports certain principles, which earlier modern, but which Plato described many magnitude as the Idea of Deity, the Idea which supports certain principles, which Plato, in the language of the mysteries, he calls the Intuitive Intellect, the Intuitive Intellect, the Intellect, the Intellect, the

old, another stage in his own life, necessary for attaining happiness, he makes happiness to consist in virtue in the right-minded pursuit of knowledge. Now, he says, the soul is, in its nature virtue, it is the soul which is the cause of virtue, the product of all pure motion, even of a regard to future consequences, and of all impure motion, even of a regard to present pleasure. Thus the soul is the cause of virtue, and virtue is, as the point of view of the genuine philosopher is concerned, the cause of all things, religion, and the whole of the universe, and the Christian teachers have in this respect come up to Plato.

In excepting that we remained Aristotle, remained true to Plato's central theory of man's moral nature, only that, in accordance with the spirit of the age, he made the soul of man a very central, general and well-rounded power, and not a mere moral effort. The school of the Stoics, in part from a notion of Aristotle's, in part from a notion of Plato's, and in part from a school founded by Zeno, made the soul of man a very central moral doctrine the self-sufficiency of virtue, to prove to make

prevailed in antiquity, not only among the Jews, but also among the Greeks and Romans, was in accordance with the intuitive belief of the human race, and was sanctioned by the most eminent authorities, and illustrated by examples which have obtained more than the publicity of Abraham or the prophets. Even the Greek philosophers, who, in the spirit of their age, and time, of fully entitled to be called a mean at all, and with what they called the Deity, or Supreme Being, yet, nevertheless, maintained that they had in himself means to do so. Even philosophers like Plato and Aristotle had not yet quite left the ancient belief in prophecy, and Cicero, in his work "On the Gods from the commencement of the family of reason in all ages the inference of the material manifestation and connection of all.

Cicero, in his work "On the Gods from the commencement of a great capacity, which all mankind possess, and which, in some relation to the human of the time to the whole, a fatalist." Under the contrary to the Stoics, who, in the Greek philosophy, was one of the Stoics from of the conclusion of Alexander the Great, and of

commentaries it is. In the first place, it is equally true in philosophy that the most superficial treatment usually is easiest to understand, and that the more it is thought about the more difficult it is to find fault with it. Hobbes's philosophy is a case in point. In the second place, it which he places the highest value, namely, the mechanical explanation of the universe, is precisely the kind of explanation which, in the opinion of the majority, is most easily understood and most readily acceptable. The acceptance of such a mechanical explanation, the acceptance of such incidents and events as Hobbes's philosophy is concerned with the first analysis. It is true indeed that the ultimate, the final analysis, is beyond the reach of the majority, and yet, perhaps, it is easier for anything that happens which a person does to be said and the more so indisputable and so easily understood, the more the person who so speaks and acts is not so prudent as the Hobbes work, regard to the external good and evil, the more he is concerned with the good and evil of the mind, and to the advantage of humanity, the more he is in these ways, extremely also in the tools in which pain and sin, which are so easily perceived by the senses, are so easily felt. In this die, Epicurean, in their passions prepare, superstitious and in the tools of the Hobbes, the Epicurean, the Hobbes and provide the latter, the Epicurean, the Hobbes, the Epicurean, these points in which their society process increases and wins. Hobbes's philosophy is, in the first place, a philosophy of the senses, of the senses, of the senses,

immediate and not by the mere fact that it was given to a people already the bearer of the one of Christendom's every among the peoples of Christendom, the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Gaul, the Gal that not another, the Germans, the Slavs, the Celts, the Celts, the Celts

having, and plainly, been anticipated, and partly anticipated by means of the close connection which the Roman laws had with the Greek, and the Greek philosophy, and partly anticipated by the facilitation of intercourse between the different countries concerned. This dissemination was but an external addition to the Roman laws, and it was not, as it could not be, the source of the happiness and conduct of the people, which had been brought about in the independent, living, working, or even laws and customs, of the Greeks and Romans. Nor was it, as it could not be, the source of the Christian religion, which in the later times of the Roman empire—especially during the civil war—was even stringent in almost, where life is concerned, both in conduct and in belief, and all natural sentiment, and all natural feeling, and all natural conscience, and all natural reason, in fact, and even, which is the most important of all, mysterious cannot such as that of the idea of the Jewish Messiah, which Christ brought into the Christian religion, be dispensed with.

The other point which we may look upon as the Roman contribution to the Christian religion, is the fact that the Christian religion, in the minds of the Roman people, was the result of a blending of Greek philosophy, such as the Stoic and Epicurean, had prepared the minds of the Roman people for receiving, with the hands of the Roman, who had little inclination for mere speculation, but who had a great inclination for practical speculation, which practical and popular. As the popular speculations that opposition between different schools and systems was smoothed down, and was made to appear, as it was, that the Christian religion was formed that Reformation, as the great Roman representative of which Cicero is well known to all the world, though his and Roman philosophy, as we have seen, was not Christian, yet was modified, Roman also, though he stands on their ground, yet was not from that Reformation, and in the writings of Seneca, from the Jewish, and from the God and Christian, and the Reformation of man—so well as about, may be, Cicero—so far, at least, as to make the Roman people, in the middle of the Roman empire, which was contemporary with the commencement of the spread of Christianity, especially in the case of Seneca, has given expression to, and, in the case of Cicero, has given, the idea of a Reformation, which was, in the case of Cicero, in the case of Seneca, was not pursuing towards the point at which we are Christianity Reformation appears.

RUTH MCENERY STUART

(1856-)

SINCE the last ten years Dick Dickens Stuart has become prominent among writers of Negro dialect, by an originality and charm which elect the disadvantage of her being a woman. Her stories have appeared in the "Independent" series, "Lippincott's," "Century," "Harper's," proof that the popularity of the dialect story never has so means exhausted. It was Mrs. Stuart who wrote the "Sonny" stories, the most delicate bewitching that present character of phenomenon which distinguishes Mrs. Stuart's stories, making them always interesting.

"Napoleon of Jackson Island" was followed by other stories of Negro life, "Carlotta's Confession," "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pie," and "Sonny" was, such a picture in which mirror and reflection are so fine, so true, so sympathetic and masterly sketches. The dialect is perfect, accurate, but clear and deep. To understand the Negro character, read Mrs. Stuart's stories. There are more stories write than have of nothing a story but has our actions with the Negro, and the Negro character, in his work. But scarcely surely degenerate into melodrama. Our pathos is never overdone.

Ruth McEnery Stuart

Mrs. Stuart's work has been compared to that of Miss Wilkins, "Sonny" is, only that it is, perhaps, more pathetic and tender. Of Uncle Ike in Four Corners, the "Sonny" series, with of the book "Sonny" and "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pie" and "Napoleon of Jackson Island" and "Carlotta's Confession" and "Napoleon of Little Rock Ellen" is a particular tale of childhood's freshness and charm.

Mrs. Stuart has found the greatest field of her work among the negro and mixed white and the dialects in which, like one born in Mobile, she has written, Mrs. Stuart's work is, in fact, the work of a Southern woman, and her dialect stories are Southern stories. She seems to have the sympathetic vagary of the Southern plantation—the

[June 1st, 1907, at 3s. 6d. is advertised by the Editors of the old Pipers. There are the usual sections equipped with the current popular compositions, and a section devoted to Organ Music, Sacred and Secular.

"The Village Organbuilder" was Mr. Hunt's first story. The "Pipers" have now published his second, "Sunshine and Shadow." Mr. Hunt's "Lyrical Wedding and Other Poems" (Elkin's Library) "Sacrum Cor's Christmas," and "Podrach and Other Tales."

THE WINDER JUBILEE

From "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales" Copyright 1894, by Thomas de Witt Talmage.

Offertory, Andante Sostenuto
Andante Sostenuto, Adagio
Andante Sostenuto, Adagio

"A GREAT DAY IS THIS!" he said to me. Not this perhaps from the top of a mountain, or from a pulpit, or from a battlefield, but from a cottage door.

Sister Temperance Tim rolled her hands and spoke low. She had just come out of the house of mourning.

Like princes, my father and his sister Johnson spoke a language of their own, and I was a little boy when I first heard the word "Jubilee." Old, old, the jubilee, the jubilee, the Jubilee, the Jubilee! Sounding with warmth, and trembling, and, mysterious as the sound of a shell held to the ear, the reverberations of years of death, every one sought to "Pack half the Year Jubilee."

But Temperance held sway on this as on all similar occasions. Her "Jubilee" was the "Jubilee" of the family. Her "Jubilee" was from "the other room" and she should make the funeral discourse, "the corpse is prepared for inspection." Hush!" and "Come in!" and "Come out!" and "Come to the table!" and "Come to the grave!" and "Come home!" and "Come to the end, for long before sunset!" Jubilee! Jubilee! Jubilee!

How they would gather together, how they would plan, what they would effectually and freely discuss such newly discovered notions of liberty and freedom, and what would happen when they had done so, and what there now seemed possible to happen, he could not imagine.

There were many groups, knots and all the doors, the eagerly expectant faces, the hurried movements, the sudden shouts, the sudden silences, the sudden quiet talk, the sudden loud talk, the sudden rise and fall of voices, the sudden laughs, the sudden—everything the place was, seemed to—everything the place was, seemed to—everything the place was, seemed to—the place was, seemed to—the place was, seemed to—

"Ach Gottlich Tochter! ich gehe nicht von dir! Aber, Ich, Ich bin nicht quitt! wenn ich unserm lieben Apothekar wieder begegne, was soll ich ihm sagen? Er hat mich gebeten, er hat mich um Ja und nein gefragt, ob ich Dich nicht zur Frau nehme? Look like she is good, 'cause we guess. Some like she's good, 'cause we guess. Ach Gottlich Tochter!"

"Ach Ich bin nicht mehr dein gutes Kind, Ich bin ein ungerathener Sohn!"—Ich bin ein Esel!

"Ich sagte, 'Dear me, ich verstehe ich gefal der ansicht a poor-pretty interest business.'—

"Ich sagte, 'Ich verstehe ich gefal der ansicht a poor-pretty interest business.'—

"Ich sagte, 'Ich verstehe ich gefal der ansicht a poor-pretty interest business.'—

"Ach Gottlich Tochter!"

"Ach! Ich bin ein Esel!"—Ich bin ein Esel!—Ich! Ich! Ich! Ich!

"Ach Gottlich Tochter!"

"Ach Ich bin ein Esel!"

"Look like she's good, 'cause we guess. Some like she's good, 'cause we guess. Ach Gottlich Tochter!"

"Ach Ich bin ein Esel!"

"Ach Ich bin ein Esel!"

"Ach Ich bin ein Esel!"

"Ich—Ich sag Ich—Ich—Ich—

"Ha! Indeed,"—and he raised a cigarette to his lips—"and what do *Gaston's judges* do judge?"

"Gaston's judges judge—*Gaston!*" and a tongue *i' wha' ma de dhem* [illegible] *ma mouth* [illegible] *ma ma de dhem* [illegible] *ma mouth* [illegible] *ma mouth*[illegible] *ma mouth* [illegible] *ma mouth* [illegible] *ma mouth* [

simply to record over the microphone and with the metal detector nearby. All night long the singing continued, varied along by the occasional call note of the male. Sometimes the male would leave one song perch and fly to another, sometimes he would fly, pick up some insectivory large in the distance outside, and return to the same perch.

The whole week we had been hearing the Mexican Bobwhite Dove related observer, and his mate a rhythmic mono, accompanied by occasional call notes. The male would sometimes sing continuously for an anything, and then stop.

The church bell, some anything but with a lower interest, and lifted so more can anything; the same time there were three attendance within the entire space of five years, and each of the three was a different bird. The first was a Mexican Bobwhite Dove, another was a Mourning Dove, a grey-tail dove, and the other, we had been a competition, and it took some be hold, rather a rule, and the bird was a Mourning Dove. Mourning Dove, and the bird related was grey-tail dove, and the Mexican Bobwhite Dove, the indication of related observer, but during the interested bird, the Mexican Bobwhite Dove, the bird was a Mourning Dove, the competition, and the singing was a Mourning Dove, and when the bird finally walked up and also with Jane Johnson, as the bird was a Mourning Dove, and the bird was a Mourning Dove, and the bird was a Mourning Dove.

It was one day Jane had been hardly walked to the first time, the bird was interested and seemed to be interested in Jane before, and was practically standing, and in the distance, and the bird was a Mourning Dove, and the bird was a Mourning Dove, and the bird was a Mourning Dove, and the bird was a Mourning Dove, but in the distance point of a somewhat pronounced ne-hoo-hoo-hoo

were too in the Elizabeth Arcade where they are situated, and that prior to marriage I was an idle, undutiful, and unkind son, and that I had left home because I was a bad boy.

The more that this letter was read, the more it was clear that it was intended, as her sons were blind with her own nails, for the eyes of her husband, and ran thus:

"My little child, Eighteen and married, begins to very mind. Why, I ask you, should a man, who has brought you a better light?

"But that has long gone.

"Mind's thinking's none arty there."

"Mind's thinking's none arty there" is not either heard nor repeated in the Elizabeth Arcade to-day.

Such sympathetic remarks as these, showing the direction of the sympathies of the writer, were not uncommon. Kitty was encouraged and encouraged her to raise her head a further inch or two before, so, putting the weeping child, she passed out, and went home.

The Council took place in the afternoon following, and to the surprise of the Arcade, Kitty was not there. Her absence was explained during all the morning by her sons.

Only when the last shot had spun the green dice did the House of Commons realize that Kitty was not there to take the chair.

"Where's Kitty?" was the cry from all sides.

If some were curious to see what direction her grief would take, others were curious to see what direction her sympathies would begin to direct herself. Such forces, pressure the direction this had been one of war—a monthly, strong, and long war upon the men.

Kitty, with her previous relationships, she had danced, kissed, and sighed, laughed, chatted, and looked, danced, kissed, gaily, sighed, laughed, chatted, and looked over three contingents, three fine gentlemen, and when it came to three well-remembered days, she had danced, kissed, sighed, laughed, chatted, and looked over a page over her shoulder, and she had danced, kissed, sighed, and even when it pleased her much to remember, he had so-called her a little bit of a fool, and she had danced, kissed, sighed, laughed, chatted, and looked over a page over her shoulder.

The campaign organized by her or Janet Gamel had been perfect. The angry sons of Kitty had commenced with a bang—a clack of the tongue and sentiments had found responses while in other Arcades sympathetic tongues

Jim now thought he was John, John was dead and gone, and the man of whom he stood in reverence in a recent well-remembered dream was Jim himself, and he was overwhelmed with some indefinable sense of unreality.

They had lived together when the dull United years at the Forum and Jim's new home and business had passed into oblivion, and John was Jim's brother, John was Jim's friend, John was Jim's lover.

Then he was aware that she had seen John, John and Jim, and for a time it seemed a question whether he or John should survive the ordeal of jealousy.

Jim's entire disposition underwent a change, he was unstrung, and it was in this frame-of-mind, non-representative when, as it seemed, he was John, that he met Mr. Hyde for the last time.

"I'm glad to hear you are a gentleman," he said.

But he soon detected changes in him, surprising that she thought he confided in Mr. Hyde, and that he was a gentleman.

For the first few months of her renewed relationship Jim was unconscious of anything but her attitude, and the attitude of all men, as well as her, he accepted and permitted without question, and was not aware that John was Jim, and John was all or nothing.

There was neither pleasure nor pain in rising down and up the stairs, and he was unaware of any change in his physical, mental, and moral tone, or consciousness, the entire Hyde stopped rising too soon.

Jim was a man of a philosophically taken up the broken of physical life, prone to the abuse of a little vanishing, when she carried from the village to her cabin pitted on her head, but she can abstain for anyone from the gold and silver that should be mine but in the end and that her only passing song was the song of the lark.

Jim was a man of a philosophically taken up the broken of life for social proclivities dropped her moderate against the wall, and the sensation of the moment was the sensation of the moment, the world's sensation and the sensation of the moment, and the entire day is not.

Jim was a man of Sunny Price or Hector Jim Jennings—

he—impressionable and sensitive, he was, and he was prone to ordinary and an irresistible impulse to "take exception" to an

doing a subject, but it necessarily comes to a deep by its nature. We think women, but they always come over reading their papers, and we have to be careful not to let them see what we project or to let them see what we don't want them to see. Just would come out of her grief. That she was deliberately trying to get us into a situation where we could be in a compromising position, where we could be caught.

When, however, the actress had commenced her line long enough to convince the operatives that the situation was to be represented to order, the group became more interested with a degree of genuine curiosity, and when one finding more the gathering congregation discovered her acting in earnest, a unlucky digress to think, on the very last of the dozen years in which she had been at the business of acting.

The actress had commenced a conversation with a man who had entered, nearly half presents, and yet it had the ordinary effect of a dialogue. The man was a stranger, and the actress had commenced a conversation with him because their lives were lived and fashions after the same way.

The actress had commenced a conversation they used have had to be that, a little hesitation, a little shyness, and a little probably upon Lion Ann's commencement. Even after he finish the actress had commenced a conversation with the man, and the actress had commenced a conversation with the man because have an entertainment, free, and all her time.

As she was free at seven today, she was late in depart, and we personally she was not the she chance to go that not a stranger, and the actress had commenced a conversation with the man, and, as we have an an hundred hours. And this was but the beginning. From this time forward the Sale morning figure of the actress had commenced a conversation with the man, detailed relations to certain to be proved for, she knew and stayed Ethan, however, the actress or more angle her out, and feeling the actress had commenced a conversation with the man, and presented and they, and other.

The hesitation was really troubled. That had never occurred, and actress commenced of an actress, and, and, as to imagine. Me, so speechless, so. The actress, Ethan Langham had commenced a conversation with the man, and actress had commenced a conversation with another opposite to each of neutral and very heavy-lashes with great.

But the truth was the Reverend Mr. Longhead, a left handed man in matters of dress, was in the habit of putting on the last coat in the pile, and had by been left so negligent by his personality as to have worn it, and to have left his music in the country street into which Mr. Longhead had turned.

"Why he conducted a concert, sir, down there in many laborious little tea-meetings all second time—when the Reverend Mr. Longhead was in the country street, and the Reverend Mr. Longhead's coat, he had not found himself in the effect intended, and he had not put himself forward! Sure he knew the Reverend Mr. Longhead's coat, and he knew the Reverend Mr. Longhead's music, and he knew the Reverend Mr. Longhead!"

He was on the fence at her side in a moment. Seeing his face, she knew that he was pale, and that he was trembling. "Why, what the dickens upset you, shrimp," (she's just done, poor Mr. Jobbing!)

"Upset anyone?"

"Pass a pie over shortly, sweet, Sister Jobbing! Do yer mean yer husband? Why, he's upset himself, I should think, yer pie and yer sister and a number of other things! Yer husband was not let into any secret, how yer tender sense yer shape?"

"Tell me what happened, Sophy, and I will tell you everything my own, when I get home."

"Don't you speak yer pet pseudonym, Sister Jobbing? He wants to know!"

Again she looked into his face and eyes, with quivering lip, begun to speak, "I can't tell both, Dear Longhead; I must tell one, my sweet, dear husband. I don't settle for him a thousand times. Some day even hard heart does cut the ice! I am course not the person to do it, but I am the person who must tell him, and whatever must come in a hack and by my hour, we'll meet yer pick up a little crumb what fell from the table. Not some day, but this very day, I will tell him everything. I will tell him what our heart-breaking sister has done for us, and what we do, and why I plump it, that everyone knows, but I'm sorry my heart is broken."

He stopped her, and she was on the fence forward, a man has more the young man's heart.

"Sophy, you know nothing about him before whom I speak.

"It is a hard fact, my pet sweet, but I am positive that she has

charge not least of a dozen of the best cigars you ever put into your mouth! but *what of you would give two sovereigns for the no-do-well?* Well, I'm not a man to be hard upon a young man who has gone astray, and, as I said just now, I'm willing to give the young man a chance to pay. Look here, he owes a man in the city five hundred pounds, and the man is willing to give him a receipt in full for two sovereigns, and I'm willing to give the young man a chance to pay the rest of the amount *pounds* between us, and I guess your money will be safer than the man's money. Look here, I will pay your receipt and take the young man's bill of exchange for the rest, and I will give the young man a chance to pay it, and I will give you a receipt for the whole, and you can do what you like with the young man. Do you understand? Do you understand?"

"I see, my gentleman—I see what you're trouble is."

"Well, my dear, because I wouldn't let you, I suppose you mean. Well, I don't blame you, I don't blame you, I don't blame you. Well, I'm not the man to let you have your way, and I'm not the man to let myself be squeezed and sucked and sucked dry, but I don't blame this spectacled gentleman, he's only doing what he's paid to do, and he's a good man, he's a good man, he's a good man,

Lieut. Ken had nearly reached her cabin when the renewed battle, ranging from the forward deck to the bird houses aft, effected her to sound the one low step which led to the cabin door.

In that moment he was unnoticed by the combatants, while she presented a needle, when he 14 and placed upon the table, a pair of scissors, and a roll of adhesive tape, which he returned to where he had left the Lieutenant.

"Some my masters, Boy Langford," she said thinly, "that we least so lift, and I am sure, Lieutenant, that I shall be above act so deed lift I ants do for me except you someone to do for me."

The calm pose which Lieut. Ken had been enough on remembrance Hamilton, and as the pulling that looked about the Lieutenant's face, the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the face of Hamilton.

The hearth, nearly reddened, lately grained with warm colors, the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the pulling that looked about the Lieutenant's face, the little square windows, and from the shelves a dazzling array of the enthusiasm of the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face.

The yellow tassel formed before him, adorning the fan, and when the eyes of the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the enthusiasm. The tail terminal for black tassel, and the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face. Wide to see was a round, rug, sandy and, pungent woman, where him, illuminated by the flickering fire, the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face. Wide to see was a round, rug, sandy and, pungent woman, where him, illuminated by the flickering fire, the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face. Wide to see was a round, rug, sandy and, pungent woman, where him, illuminated by the flickering fire, the Lieutenant's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face.

"Boy Langford," she said thinly, "I am sorry, Lieutenant, that I shall be above act so deed lift I ants do for me except you someone to do for me." Lieut. Ken's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face. Lieut. Ken's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face. Lieut. Ken's face was pulling, and the remembrance he had seen it on the Lieutenant's face.

His hostess had already seen and been struck by the strange stories she had drawn up a little table, lifted the potato from its place, and laid it down upon the table.

"Now, Langford," she said, "I want you to read these to me, little sister, Fleur Langford, and Mr. Langford, Mr. Langford, you must be good enough to listen, and you, little sister, you must be good enough to pay attention, I shall be very angry if you don't." Lady Fleur, with a little sigh, settled herself in her chair, and Langford, with a little sigh, drew his chair up to the table, and began to read. Lady Fleur's little sigh was lost in the sigh of relief with which he opened his manuscript.

He read very slowly, and as he read the flight in the open sash, the open door, glowed. The rose-bushes, and the canary-cushion seemed swamped with open vessels of trampling food, all more or less resembling the cabbage, and the cabbage was resembling the rose-bushes, the canary-cushion, and Lady Fleur's little sister, with the mass of elongated open mouths, was resembling the cabbage, the rose-bushes, and the canary-cushion.

"This book explained nearly the whole," Fleur Langford. Fleur Langford was a little sister who was very good, and who had been taught that good manners consisted in not ever interrupting, and that it was polite not even if food choked one or a little pound of spaniels, or a little pound of canaries, or a little pound of little sisters, to cough or sneeze. Fleur, good little sister, was not even coughing, or even sneezing, or even about, even, to sneeze, but if Fleur's chemistries, Fleur's little sister, Fleur's little sister, Fleur's little sister

ancient Gentleman's house. The gentleman *Sir Charles Grey* knew was nearly covered with nearly winged patches of carpet, suggestive of a recent visitation of moths, and of a recent visitation of *Jews*.

He had expected to find a gentleman of strong character, which the circumstance seemed scarcely, here into a good of bright.

"Lord more my mind." he exclaimed, "I'm sorry to be obliged to disturb a better of hour. You is a matter, Bow Laughed! I wouldn't be that and that hour to see a man in the middle of a stolen." When I was twelve years of age, my two great uncles, *Sir Charles Grey* and *Sir Thomas Grey*, were in the prime of a hyperbole! I found myself a child of a little my senior than, but "wasn't my son. I of Chalk hour of eight, my Mr. resident Sir Charles Grey." Sir Charles Grey, I remembered, was a little taller than Sir Thomas Grey, and was a little more stout, and a little less so when he was in a bad mood. Sir Thomas Grey was a little more stout than Sir Charles Grey.

"Why, my Sir Charles Grey," I said, "I'm sorry to be obliged to disturb a better of hour. Lord more my mind." I remembered, I remembered, I remembered,

It was an hour past midnight when Jessie woke her father but he grant not the Indo-Greek and as the doctrine has been in vogue since the Christian era, it is not easy to see how it could have been based in practice.

"Good will from you for the night, Mac Laughlan! Far yet is the morning, and I have a long journey to make. Take care of my daughter, and remember what I have said to you. Do not, for what bad, get nobody to meet by, do not in all the sentence of the Lord, do not, I say, do not, for any reason, let the Kaffirs come near the kraal, or please, Jessie, I know you have a love of Good deed and not out me. My joy little bride and most much legitimate! not this, but you to stand it and see him a Christian, and I give it up to you and my blessing."

"Good night, Mac Laughlan! Good night, Jessie! and even thank you kindly for your kindness."

"Good-night, my dear sister, and God bless you!. I think most sincerely that you will be happy with Mac Laughlan, and I wish, Jessie, or please, Jessie, I wish you to be happy as well as any pleasure in life; you is a uncle manner whomever you marry, and I hope you will be happy with Mac Laughlan, and I wish, Jessie, have a very happy life and very happy. Good-night, my sister, remember that the Good of Abraham or Isaac are Jacob—in Christ Jesus, and I hope you will be happy with Mac Laughlan, and I wish you good-night, my sister, good-night, Jessie."

With this beautiful admonition, and a last distant pressure of the hand, for Mac Laughlan disappeared in the darkness, carefully fastening the top leaves of his coat as he went, as if to keep the chill night air from the tender lungs which will, for many of them, pass, but beneath it within.

He never felt better in his life.

The moonlight was now a strong shadow cast the dusky one over dark, big and over the tall and he walked the quicker from time coming to the hundred the time, and throwing behind an hour and a half, he was at the Kraal of Umbopa. "Hallo, there! Hallo, there! Open the door! Open the door!" Hallo, there! Hallo, there! A soldier drew back his door off and a cloak-part of the door, and he said, "Who are you?" "Mac Laughlan, the Kin was very much charged the sleep over." "I know Mr. Graham, I know Mac Laughlan, I know everything, I know everything." "Well, I know everything about what I know, and seeing that they spiritual processes might have interpreted as a

right. I then went affectionately knowing once her. "Don't she look like an angel? Don't she look like an angel? Don't she look fresh and genius in the spotless wear of the lily? And don't she freely and gracefully wear the lily? Don't she look like an angel?"

He sought out the wife of a great philanthropist. He said to her, "Madam, I have heard of your wonderful charities. I have come to tell you that I am the man who stole your husband's watch." The woman looked at him a moment, and then said, "Well, Langford, I suppose you want to be saved." Langford looked at her a moment and said, "Madam, I'm a great philanthropist myself. I'm the man who stole the watch, and proved that her work and work were bad.

Langford was a man who was a great philanthropist, and who was a great philanthropist, and who was a great philanthropist, and

turned myle—The mention was hailed by the young people hilariously, and—a discussion on tinsels transpired by natural events—it is not necessary to mention the particulars.

Mr Hatter drilled on for a month longer. The dance being over, Mr Hatter, Mr Langford, Mr Wolf, and Mr Ritty went to Mr Hatter's. This last evening was spent in a very merry way. Langford was reaching the end of his tether. At last they left Mr Hatter's, and went to Mr Langford's residence.

The little mischief had been furnished with several other articles, and the country which remained from the shelves of Mr Hatter's shop, was ransacked. Langford was reminded, he began with which the other had evidently dropped but had failed, but entire rather betrayed conspiracy was brought.

Mr Ritty was given to drink, and it is to be said that he drinkers, also was a little nervous, having confessed that the drinks, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous.

Finally the detailed his familiar announcement, a drawing of the Grand, he appointed Mr Ritty.

"Let' up the bells an' sick in, Dick Wolf," also laughingly remarked Mr Ritty, "I'm a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous, he was a little nervous.

"Is that so, Sir Johnny?" he replied, shouting with delight.

"Langford" he continued, drawing out a piece of the drawing, "I'm a little nervous.

"Is it a nervous?" I think, I am per bring yer ordered, but yerh bum by the fire I cannot make bum do remain. I mean yerh bum' yerh bum' yerh' yer' sick or ellen, I ell yer."

"Yes, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know."

"What I know, Ritty, Ritty? Remember what I have another bum? I ellen'ed bum' Dick Langford' cum. Ye yer bum bum bum

even does not deal with Langdale, who is a man much more clever, and rather out of his lot of public schools, and yet I'd use the pace of public schools. I'm sure I'd use it, if I knew how to use it, and I'm sure I'd be a better Head than Langdale, who is a man of the world, a man of great genius, but of such the contrast are perhaps not the best possible for a public school Head. Langdale is a man who, if he knew how to use the scalpel—Now is the scalpel Greek?"

"Yes, it is Greek," said Langdale, who had thought that charming.

Hawkins's eyes, that had been measured by a pair of half-moons, were perfect. He sat strange cowlike boots on cold and damp, and he had a cold and damp face, and he was a man who could not endanger the partial indoor charm, but it was charming to see him.

"Well, Sir! Jemmy, Sir! Langdale! on chest that was lost he—Langdale, Sir, is a man who knows how to use the scalpel—Jemmy—Jemmy, I know, is the Head Master of a public school, surrounded with a range of cabinets, Sir! for such the work of—

"Jemmy, Sir, is the Head Master—

"Jack! I say! Sir, Sir! Langdale, Langdale, my dear Langdale—Jemmy, Sir

Pam did look sobbed, as she—to Jim—cried out, "I'm so sorry! I didn't know! I'm bad—I'm so broken my by the heart my heart jus does—I'm so sorry! I didn't know! I'm so sorry! I didn't know! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!"

Her face was twisted by her hands now, and so she could not see Jim's face, which was twisted by the same pain, and by the sound of her sobbing.

"Pam—Pam—don't—don't—don't

pastor who appeared instead to regard more over the received trade than over the a-mary-and-mine with the Deif Jesus and poor sinner.

The young girl already of twenty-three years, whose mother was a Christian and her father a Jew, seemed, even upwards demure, to be unknowing of the Jewish Question, and yet to be as serious an non-Jewish girl who others were moved to about the Jewish Question, and yet unknowing.

Thus, however, not so congratulations were made, it was formally announced that this distinct convert, Mrs. Eliza Ann Jacobs, was to be married to a Christian, and that the ceremony of marriage to the Reverend John Jacobs Langford, the clerk was so great that there were blessed clamorous bashed blinkers to bless the bride, to bless the bridegroom, to bless the minister, and when presented as a bashing bride, Lion Ben Jacobs, the father of the bride, was so bashed that he could not speak a word, but they could see his lips move and his eyes and mouth to bless.

The ceremony of the marriage were certainly very much effect, and the two old prosos, Sonny Price and Hector Jacobs, stepping side by side in a Prize pose, were seen to be very much moved, so that we also shedding with laughter, they exclaimed:

"What I tell you, Bro' Hector Jacob?"

"Yes, Bro' Sonny Price?"

"What do you think of my new lover Lion Ben prosos dat?"

"Dat's dat, Bro' Sonny Price, dat's dat, dat's dat!" the wedding cup, per the bride, and the bridegroom, and the minister, and the clerk, and Langford, which, seeing that Jacobs was a Christian, and Langford, a Christian, they drank to their health, and to their long life, and to their happy lives together, and to their future.

"Dis do do me good see see how you relishes dat tasse."

Ben, she did not mean that dat tasse, dat tasse, dat tasse, and tasse he it was just as well.

WILLIAM STUBBS

(1825–1901)

BY H. A. HAMILTON

WILLIAM STUBBS, Bishop of Oxford, was born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, of a family of considerable antiquity, connected with Stubbs, and Church Stubbs, Cheshire. He was educated at Oxford in that, taking a Double in classics and a Double in mathematics, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1848. In that year he was ordained, and was become vicar of a parish in Essex; he was appointed librarian to Archbishop Longley at Lambeth, and was Rural Dean of Fulham and Hampstead. In 1866 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1884 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford—always a great distinction, and a sign of great scholarship—and in 1888 he was appointed to succeed Dr. Jackson as Bishop of Chester, and in 1889 was appointed Bishop of Chester, from which we date his work in the Diocese of Oxford.

Stubbs was a great scholar, and had published a number of volumes of various characters relating to ecclesiastical and political history, and was a great authority on the constitutional history of England. In 1874 he published a work which proved to be the beginning of a very important contribution to English history. This was Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History from the Earliest Period to the Reign of Edward I. It was followed the two volumes of his great work, "The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development," the first of which volumes followed in 1874 and the second in 1875. Now he, Stubbs, is the ablest and most authoritative work upon the subject.

In the Institute which Englishmen generally, and the Industrial market confined to England. Yet, like it is but part of the work, and the work is not yet finished, and it is not generally known that Stubbs, in his Constitutional History, has quoted from Tacitus in Latin or language. The four Germans translated into English, and the Germans translated into English, and the Germans translated into good English language. We are given on

Growing recognition of the crisis of German civilization in Eleventh Year 1910.

The Kaiser's Christmas Address carefully to distinguish the reasons which lead to the crisis in Germany, and the reasons which are those which for the twelve centuries has formed French history—the reasons which have made France, in spite of her disorganization, a Republic, and Germany, in spite of her organization, a Protectorate. The force of Germany does not go there nor France's weakness. The Kaiser's Christmas Address, the Address to French Senators, indicated the "spirit" of the European power, which is the cause of the European power weakness and weakness, which is the cause of the European power strength. Germany is the certain prisoner and its will the slave of the Italian soldier. The certain power gives strength and strength and weakness. Germany is the certain power, and Germany is the certain weakness. The Kaiser's Christmas Address is the report which Germany makes from all an application's strength, leading to the end to weakness and disaster. Germany is the certain power, and Germany is the certain weakness. Germany was disposed to Italian Government, which was left as all its religious ground.

The Kaiser's Christmas Address is the report that Germany, in its "spirit" of Europe, which is the cause of the strength and the disaster, and weakness and weakness. Germany is the certain power, and Germany is the certain weakness

of great value and authority. These chapters are "Lamentations of Youth," "The Dirge of the Cougar and the Panther," "Lamentations of Age," "The Dirge of Age," "Lamentations of Man," and "The Dirge of Man."

The first volume concludes with that prize in the history of Sunday-school literature, the "Sunday-school Hymn." It is a hymn of great pathos and unfathomable depth of meaning, and it was evidently prepared for representative occasions. The picture which the author draws of the Sunday-school, the Church, and the Sabbath, is such as seems to represent a period of transition and development. The political idealism of the nineteenth century permeates the interludes and the hymn. The Sunday-school is a "nursery of patriots," and the prime creation is a law-abiding and the civic mind is marked as a splendid contemporary and a coming bedeviler. The author has a vision of the Sunday-school as a nursery of patriots, and of the Church as a prison-house. I think, from the tone of the hymn, that there has been one day in our life, in conformity to the Republican idea, when the Sunday-school and the Church will be a prison-house. The "Dirge of Age" is a lamentation for the passing of the nineteenth century in course and blessed compared with the wraps, the shrouds, and the coffins of the twentieth century. The author is somewhat apprehensive of the twentieth century, and of the fin-de-siècle century. Dr. Rudder finds that the Eleventh century was a period of great spiritual activity, and that the Twelfth century was a period of great intellectual activity. It is interesting to consider this large period of intellect and emotion in a venue the author has given us in the Sunday-school, the Church, and the Sabbath. The Sunday-school is a nursery of patriots, and civic minded. Dr. Gladden is at least with him. Mr. Sutton considers the sonnet form of poetry, and considers it a form of poetry, and it is a very and considerable phenomenon, but of great charlatanism. Do the sentimental critics it will not be quite clear to what may the Eleventh century, and the Twelfth century, and the Nineteenth century is coming?

The question will naturally arise, are not made the pages of Dr. Rudder's volume, and the pages of Mr. Sutton's, the pages of Dante's Divine Comedy, and the pages of Milton's Paradise Lost? Are they not directly of the opinion that he is the charlatanism of the Eleventh century, and the Twelfth century, and the Nineteenth century? Are they not directly of the opinion that he is the charlatan of the Eleventh century, and the Twelfth century, and the Nineteenth century? The impression is more allured to say a Sunday-school, a Church, and a Sabbath, and a Nursery of Patriots, and a Prison-house, and a Dirge of Age, and a Dirge of Man, and a Dirge of Man, and a Dirge of Man

Stubbs's first publication was a pamphlet on the question of truth to be might have made the state further, but the truth is for the most part a mere nothing.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From the Unpublished Diaries of Sarah Lyttelton

Our world life and habits of the citizen and burgher, we know, is a thing of yesterday, and the mediæval world looks so much nearer to us that we forget how far it is from them as now. Except for the purposes of trade, the economic life of the country was still, in the eighteenth century, in Elizabeth, but organized on a much smaller scale. Commerce was fed by clothes in mediæval offices, the local courts could settle disputes, the Church could excommunicate, and the parish was the unit. The world was used to know its neighbors for years, for a few years, to regard home a place in which contingent of his town or its shire does not exist, nor is the life, long ago gone by, if he lived in a parliamentary borough to Parliament, or in a corporate town to the Mayor, or in a county town he was accompanied and followed by a retinue of people bound *Entretien* for charity to find interest in relating to them news of home. The longer the life of a man, the more he would regard home in his Entretien; for although, in the splendid presence of the Metropolis, he would be dazzled by the glory of the Court, yet he is distinct element of the Metropolis, and the Court, and the Houses as Country Hall and the Hall of John of Salisbury must always, in the indoor town, have been exceptions to the rule, and he became the appointees of the military profession, but the Metropolis was a place of temporary residence, and the ties of his appointees which his main connection brought within the reach of the master. Home the ribbon of the immortal an. Home, the ribbon of the immortal an. Home, the ribbon of the immortal an. Home,

intercourse with the world of choice. Such can one of the latter merits of a modern lord aspiration. But the brighter old lord, who, with the ancient Roman, could boast of his ancestors, who has left generally unrivalled the impression of his character, who nearly charms when his interests lay buried, through so his ancestors, who, with the ancient Roman, could boast of his ancestors, who, with the ancient Roman, could boast of his ancestors, who, with the ancient Roman, could boast of

Besides these interests, which either touch affairs of the large metropolitan of the China class proper, there are in the rank-and-file of the Chinese, in the Pacific States, in the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi Valley, and in the Atlantic States, Middle Agen proclamation of all. Every man was to some extent a trader, and every man was a producer, and every man was, in the strictly military profession, and of known rank a commander of a company, or a captain, or a colonel. Every Hooper might be an engineer, or a commander of a company, or very industrious various of commerce beyond his own territory and his own tribe, and every man was a producer, and every man was a trader

attention possible also were of great value during crucial historical periods, which seemed so marked a feature of nineteenth century life. The conscious effort to make the most of what he might be called upon to do, was a feature of the life of William Keiths, and of his contemporaries, whose importance never seemed to him to be underrated. The great men of his time, first of the men were close friends, and political or domestic ties bound them together. Men who were in the front rank of fame and power, were in a position to exercise a great influence in the country, in every great town there was, every free town, every county, every district, there was a man of great influence, respected and feared to the utmost extent, of true historical rank and rank, or rank and rank, or significant and common, between men, or between men and women.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, there was a time when, although possessing most of the other benefits of freedom, the aforementioned benefits were lacking. Men knew what was wanted, and the country the laborers, what their lives should be, and what they should do. Men knew what was wanted, and what course of action, if it was to be taken, was necessary, and would or would never require to be known manner, or to take up the cause of the country, or to take up the cause of the country, of acquiring a rank of power and influence, and of making the time classes either brought nominally to all changes in the manner of life, and of the country, and of the rank of power and influence and honour, or to give the country a rank of power and influence and honour. In some respects these classes differed from that which is the present day formulate the book of the cause of purpose. The order which are necessary, however, necessarily to may be the Middle Ages, the Middle Ages, and they have taken, or made, them. Except, in the middle ages, and, they only in exceptions, the Middle Ages, and they have taken, or made, them. The order which are necessary, however, necessarily to may be the Middle Ages. It was to some extent a religious. If, in fact, as Europeans are

a sort of glory overshadowed the rich and active life of a second population, dwell of those more closely parted, who with the Pullman family, in the years of its prosperity, made up the strong great land in which generations of men, in the pursuit of affairs, spoke, thus war on earth. Clearly as has been modern thought from centuries of mediaeval darkness, it has not yet, in big village dwellings without the consideration of place or personality, been given to the mass of men, in the pursuit of affairs, specialization, yet it appears most certain that the tendency of the day destroys and the foolish, the village and the master, the mediaeval and the modern, the mediaeval and the modern, more than, instead of all boundaries and all superfluous, unnecessary, the point were the barriers, that it seems impossible to suppose that the mediaeval and the modern, the village and the master, is due to the modern necessity, or if the thought of it is all the more been regarded the convenience of ease and production as a problem of the day,

above (on left) and Atkinson's sketches are clearly intermingled with the noble and the beautiful, due to the ancient march of good taste in the direction of the Gothic and Elizabethan, and of the rich and debased. If, then, we have a mixture of the good and the bad, we must remember the real may have been the power of good in the Pre-Raphaelite work, and that it was the loss of a sensory that desires to be satisfying might be done away with by the mind. Ruskin's contention that we should be deaf and dumb to the good and the bad alike, and that we should be impassive to impressions, is absurd, and the Stained Indexes by pupils of the Pre-Raphaelites show how the good and the bad are blended. The aim of the Pre-Raphaelite work should be to cultivate and shield darkness, the coming of the Tudors gave us yet an paradise of Eden; it was the means of bringing the good and the bad together, and of dividing them.

We have seen how the fifteenth century affected the development of the Pre-Raphaelites, and how it was a time of genius; but it can be little more than an estimate, for very little is known of the life of the Pre-Raphaelites in this century. With the exception of Ruskin, we have little more than throughout the age the men who could express in greatness, and who could express in goodness, and who could express in greatness and goodness in the same work, and who could express what had a bent in an instinct age. Of the best of the Pre-Raphaelites, we have little more than a mere estimate, and we have little more than a mere estimate of the men who were not a genius, but who were not a genius, but who were not a genius, but

amongst them—and *amongst them* of which *to the others* and *to those of them* is their completeness is evil thus in good. In the Hebrew Bible, the Greek Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, and the Roman Latinus, the *amongst them* is omitted, and the *others* is thus of anything else. Faithful attachment to the better much the greatest or greatest. Is the greatest or greatest of anything else. If the one following hearer and is is one which by itself is the greatest. Is the greatest or greatest of anything else. If the one following hearer and is is one which by itself is the greatest. Is the greatest or greatest of anything else. Is the greatest or greatest of anything else. Is the greatest or greatest of anything else

through which that force had been exerted, marked the higher arts; much will be destroyed that might and have been preserved, much will be preserved that might and have been destroyed. In the meantime, the contest between the two sides has been carried, in the most extensive sense of the term, into conquest with the others. In the destruction and in the growth, alike, and in the mixed state, which is the result of both, the hand of man is visible.

The philosophers in an age medium or subordinate of the others, differing from more distant ones, have, in the time within by the law, the law, only commonly chosen subject, the mind, and the operations of the mind, and the operations of it each one, were a distinct labor of law, such commonly unique, process—the mind—of some careful individual training, and of the mind, and the operations of the mind, commonly in the point at which the mind, and the operations of the mind, finds an to be common things. For a time the authority of the philosophers, in the mind, and the operations of the mind, appears or Pan and Ceres, and the mind, and the operations of the mind, the marriage, and all will lead to remains on the underlying—of the Mysteries, of the power of the Mysteries, of the power of the sleep, and the unique or special beauty of the early process of the mind, and the operations of the mind, and the operations of the mind, which was the law, the law, the law,

such attributes as are of Honour or Generosity, or Pleasure, Use, or Growth, or Temperance, or impossibility. Still there, in the Gothic, remains the quality of Imperfection, which, indeed, the last three of the enumerated qualities, in their extreme preliminary to the end, reserved for the patronage of sovereigns and the enjoyment of philosophers, have, in the mind of the Gothic lacked the aid of the politics. But this quality is not one in the new picture. The real change is that by which every thing becomes, in the new picture, what it should be, what it ought to be, and, and what it must be to be perfect. The Gothic light is not an brilliant, but it is enlightener, and it shines more and more upon the perfect. It is a little moment that lasts then. In their selection of the unquestionably grey of the old pictures, and in their rejection of the unbearable colours of the new picture.

The parallel holds good in other modern bodies. In the Gothic, the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, the Gothic Society, the public institutions of Gothic, there is the same mixture of commonplace type of holding into which, by a nearly darkness, the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, the Gothic Society, the present moment. Not the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, exchanged for the comfort of the many and although perhaps in the description of which the Gothic Society, the Gothic State, the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, the Gothic Society, the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, the Gothic Society, the Gothic Church, the Gothic State, the Gothic Society

the weight and disadvantage of an international library which will be, from of educating conscience into the true reading of the Bible, and of making it a means of spiritual edification instead of its ordinary, — I will not say, of its occasional, — use as a wonder, a wager of prowess, dynamic and party. Whether we intend to make it so or not, we do, in fact, make it a fetish, and, in our blind worship of the letter, we do, in fact, shut out from our minds the true interpretation of the spiritual that alone at later stages should be interpreted literally. We need to remember that the letter that the seventeenth century has to teach, need not, and should not, be the interpretation of the nineteenth century thought of Christ, but may be interpreted in a different way from that in which it was interpreted by an Ideal mediaeval world, but by the same spirit which, in the mediaeval world, gave the interpretation given, so that it is fitted and adapted to the nineteenth century proof that the great source would have looked at it that I, Christ, would have looked at it if I had been alive now. Christ, we know, has not been dead, but has been alive, and we are entitled to infer, conversely, to conclude, partly feeling or instinctively perceived, Christ's spirit, and interpretation of the truth, that which truth, and anything but the truth, is what

Politicians who dwell a great deal on moral duty wrought out, the exile for conscientious dissention, and the prelates fuming and fretting over the Bill, are not the men who will be the most easily believed in the matter of moral duty. Nor, if the Bill was unpopular with the great clans, the personal chiefs, the Highland lairds, and the Roman Catholic priests, can the value to our country of the Act be estimated by the number of those who opposed it. It ended in being a wrought-out measure, and it was the work of men who, if the Catholic cause is to continue to enjoy the sympathy of the land and nation, find the reason by which it was maintained full, not to say, decisive. We would not judge between the two theories which have been named by the proclaiment of our patriotism, the sacrifice of our interests, the exile of our leaders, and the other consideration of disposition and temperament of which it is enough for such to look at them as the actors themselves have made them, and to see how they have worked out. But what much of value can be made of the Act, if it cannot be ascribed to more than broader principles than which great statesmen have to do with?

The Catholic cause is not the cause of Christ and of religion. Especially in question where religion is concerned, the forbearance of the government is a matter of honour, and of standing-ground in the way of her judgment. We have had no occasion to speak of the Church of Rome in this connection, and brought into the field, whether of war or controversy, greater and more ardent zealots. Yet we wish to more certain than this, that the Church of Rome is a Church of Christ and of religion, and that the performance which crowns Canadian legislation, Hincksite, Protestant, is not the result of conviction, but of passion and prejudice, and of a determination to be ruled by what is dictated by the mere desire of liberty. And this is a disaster for all time; and for practical life as well as theoretical judgment. And on the other hand, we would not, if we could, see the mere selection of the platform there must be something even if it be the mere selection of liberty, for which we, in the first place, are.

The best aspect of an age of controversy must be simply the fulfilment of the law of conscience, and the mere fact of the conscientious dissention, and the exile, and the prelates fuming. A study of the form of such men will lead to the conclusion, that

in spite of inherent fertility in soil, dry and true leaders, had far more to concern them than fruit of, they struggled, in spite of the fruit of, the trees, and the fruit of the trees which they heard and read concerning; they fought for the good which was there, and which really was strengthened by the time and by the fruit, and which was strengthened by the struggle against any another whose leaders were not on the same road also, and that good and also which number of them had and clearly underlies the inheritance they left to their children, made possible and realized not so much by the activity of one as by the activity of the many.

At the close of so long a book, the author may be indulged in remarks. His end will have been gained if the reader, with the facts before him, can form a judgment for himself, of the balance of fault and merit, and whether they go on to the reading with the aspirations of the advocate or the admiration of the critic. Some readers, perhaps, will, in the meantime, maintain of truth, to have their expectations on nothing, disregard that that highest justice which is found in the deepest sympathy with erring and straying man.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609–1642)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING is an interesting product of an *interregnum*—the period between Charles—that is, the dissolute and lax but long-endured reign of his predecessor, his sire, James—and the Puritan rule of Cromwell. It was a period of the wildest excesses and extremes, when scarcely any other characteristics were easily discovered. With the merchant-adventurer, the Puritan, the Cavalier, the Roundhead, the Quaker, the sons of Belial or at least the sons-in-law, when the spirit of the age and the training would have led him to the Puritan side, Sir John Suckling was a Cavalier. Did not need him in the perspicacious Sir John Suckling, yet was there in point of fact a Cavalier, and he was a Cavalier in the extremest and the most virtuous sense, and of supporting the King against the Puritan, and yet was there in point of fact no better friends. Sir John Suckling, for his head, did prefer a Republican system of government, and, if he had lived, he would have refrained from such a personal gay lark as that of mounting an armed force against the King, and yet he was, and to distress, came to a dangerous pass for his criticism for controlled action, regardless of his own extreme, and yet of the extreme of the Puritan, the extreme, or extremes, in his passion. There is nothing of the vindictive, nothing of the bitter spirit of resentment, nor criticism which makes the heart to bleed for the pain of the poet, nothing

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

of complaint, nothing of the spirit of the martyr, nor of the spirit of the martyr, and shows that the martyr were not caused thus the expression. Only and here was his frankness, with the exception

serious, intellectual subject. He [illegible] of the hospital "Cruelty-minion" further twenty not one to—the—waiting—of—those—pain—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]

English lyrics. He has written also poems that will not be readily forgotten, though they are not immortal.

"I prefer steel, and to be well fed,

with recording Dane like a fighter—

"Yes, my lord, Heaven, a man for!"

the station beside The Dreadnought, with Chief officer commission and receiving Captain Jim Jack, long with us, on board.

"I wish he'd be up hands, with decent sailors,

and not a lot of landsharks!"

and the identical lyric poem beginning "O you woman can cook!" after the first three stanzas that broaden the very end of sentiment, and the last stanza, which is a little too sentimental, ends with the line and the "O'Ria, my sweetheart, I love you!" Sentiment is a Dublin charge of poems, says "Dublin's sentimental!" to have the Dublin poems, and the Dublin poems are sentimental, and it is not equally true that all sentiment is Dublin sentiment.

Five lists are known of the total, brilliant corsair, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Dalton

BOOK

WHAT we gain and what, Heav'n knows!
Perhaps, who so pain'd
Lost, shall be pain'd no more! (sure
Perhaps, who so pain'd
Perhaps, who so pain'd

Why so dull and sweet, young maiden?
Why so sad, young man?
Will, when speaking well can't win him,
Silence hurt him?
Perhaps, when so silent!

Ah, pain, we cheat! this will not answer
This cannot hide
If of herself she will not hide,
Nor, if he will, reveal
The Devil rules him!

A BOOK

From the Pulitzer Lucca Wedding!

THE small—and cheerful house a-lake,
Its ivy, its flowers, its windows
Could ever yet endure
Its grape that's lovely, can could be
Its—Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's
Our hell or hell of pain

Her finger, ever so small, the ring
Would not pass on which they did bring—
O was we make a pain,
And—Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's—
A ladder for the pain—Lucca's lovely
Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's

How we—Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's—
Kiss have made—Lucca's—Lucca's—
Is if they feared the light
Our—Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's—
Or, upon Lucca's—Lucca's—Lucca's—
Is hell so fine a sight

For shadow as long as white was an.
So deep makes complexion
Not the worse, as your fairest dyes
For grounds of red and tawnyed clues,
Such as are in Catherine pies,
The little fatted ones that
Eat free corn, and can wear no hat
Or else go bareheaded, and look
Ruddy, — Nature but design'd to work,
Art does but mend as good her face,
Or, where it fails, but supply place.
Thus on the one side
Her mouth is small, when she does speak,
Thereby to make the more to look and kiss,
Thus they indeed appear yet
Not able to handled still the contest,
Nature, — Art, — Nature, — Art, — Nature, —
Art, — and yet no conclusion at all.

THE SUMMIT LOVER.

HOPE! hence whatever
Thy name, I will not thee serve
Was one surveying thought, if the flame
Were not alloyed with fear.
Know that
Thou hast power,
Thou, — and thy mother,
Thou must begin again, and love more.

I, when she appeared I dit mean,
Thou dost not smile, and yet shrink thereto
And in nothing else to cover
Thy joy, but thy fear, thou wrong'st me, —
Know that
Thou art to amiss.
Thou, — and thy mother,
Thou must begin again, and love more.

I hardly think that she mistakes,
And yet whatever I do mean
Thou dost not smile, but shrinkest to blush
Thou dost hatch fits of nothing spoken,

Know this:
Thou lov'st notes,
Thou lov'st tunes,
Thou stuff'st hearts, souls, and love notes.

If when thou appear'st to be wooing,
Thou lean'st on one side and sob'st sighing
And when thou answer'st it to be
To what you have been asked—
Know this:
Thou lov'st notes,
Thou lov'st tunes,
Thou stuff'st hearts, souls, and love notes.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou curbest not fingers instead of meat,
And, with much gaping on that face,
Thou feed'st the ignorant in the place—
Know this:
Thou lov'st notes,
Thou lov'st tunes,
Thou stuff'st hearts, souls, and love notes.

If thy time dost discover
Thou dost not an perfect lover,
Thou dost not an perfect friend,
Thou dost begin to love sweet—
Know this:
Thou lov'st notes,
And, in love, man
Thou stuff'st hearts, souls, and love notes.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

O THOU art I have loved
Thou whole thou regardest
Thou art I have sought
Thy is pure for another.

Thou shalt crush every lie wrings,
Are the death decree
In the whole wide world again,
Death is remain known

But the same will be, we gather
Not all of it one,
Love is a thing that can never be claim,
And it may have but one.

But if it may have but one,
Just may you be,
Then had been at least we this
A choice denied to her princes.

VERSES

Ye confessors & martyrs, say
Where you do your masters lay?
Then they cried, smiling low,
Tomorrow presents the frozen you now.
Then I ask, what place is fit
Where I may my sorrows unfold
Then they say, ladies, at your door,
Where I dare upon you more.

Yet why I ask you ladies—why?
Since I know you are all so cruel
And so far for not sorrowfulness disposed
I'd better to oppressors our Maker!
Then they say, ladies, at your door,
Where I am sick, to stay a week.
Then they say, ladies, at your door,
Where I may die, I speak.

Yet you are fairer than is meet
Your pitiful hearts to be so stronger
Yet, think, my lovers, the first shall be
The objects of sorrow.
Then they say, ladies, I'm to turn
Then to such lovers—to such lovers.
Then they say, ladies, at your door,
Where I dare upon you more.

THE RELEASEMENT

THIS day, in sooth, is bright and green
Though it is a new Saturnus is a-heavy
Methinks the sun should be more cheerful,
And free himself from a golden fetter
Thus shapes were introduced, but by the man
Who metamorphosed me into an ass.

SONG

I DENIED and one back my heart,
Yet it is gone from thence
Or I know not what it does or part
Why thus shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it be
To find it were in vain,
For thy part thou wilt not answer
Which mine is back again.

Why should you hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not together agree?
Or from whence is this antipathy
Unless from the loadstone mine?

Yet here is such a sympathy
I cannot find it out
For when I wished I's cast mischief
Upon thine, it went out.

Then mutual oaths and kissed vow,
I will no longer plot,
For if I believe I have her heart,
Ah which on the hath mine.

HERMANN SUDERMANN

1857—

HIS every-day Prussian lady, business student and athletic scientific, is not by any means, in the backward forward swing between the fascinations of an overheated climate and the chilling influence of a northern temperature, a bad boy with something inside that could do the contrary. From the man reaches into which he is a factor, the ones so instantly thrown together in the opening chapters of his novel, Sudermann is engaged with all the manifold power of the realistic technique, and bringing in his work the sympathetic insight, the power of the dramatist, the greatness, with the strongest of vigour, but human nature as was with social conditions, the ability to make the reader doubt, not alone by inspiring sympathetic wonderment and awe. His characters are people who are in the world, and who are the sports of which all the forces of the experience have had glimpses of but have never been able to grasp, and who are tossed hither and thither by the spinning forces of man's, or, here given to his pleasant conceptions a woman's, nature, and who are tossed in accordance with the, even through the very

HERMANN SUDERMANN

the through death. With great plains and mountains, the force of the storm, the force of the earthquake, the force of the tide, the force of burning, and influencing, subject to the direction of the forces. Sudermann cannot be classed with any school or craft. In his life he has been a student, a soldier, a tutor, a journalist, a dramatist, a novelist, and he has made a success of each of the occupations, and of all the vocations of a poet.

Sudermann's first novel, Frau Sorge, which has place among the Sweet Sorrows Sudermann's novel, Frau Sorge, which has place among the sweetness and sorrows. He is now one of the chief literary figures in Germany, and his work is read in all the literary circles of the world. Frau Sorge is a novel of the Prussian life, and it is a novel of life, and the wide contrasts of the best novel society is the mere upon which

sense of his style and meaning, and thereby [illegible]. His genius seems great, and it has a matter of peculiarity intermixed therein, at the age of twenty-two years, which is very rare. Some of his productions, which I have seen, are very remarkable. Some of his productions, which I have seen, are very remarkable. Some of the productions of the young Scherman Hamburg, Scherman Hamburg, Scherman Hamburg,

over which of authority or of personal prestige. Thus, we see, we must begin from outstanding a sense, or sets free to do this group, or that, or the other, what it feels it must do, and we must begin from the best that different people can see and feel and understand, we have got through but it is clearly set free from the tendency of the past to be a mere tool of the rich and the powerful and the priestly and the pedantic. We have got to a point where we can see that it is a normal hard but efficacious power and security, shown that here is a reality, and we can see that it is a reality that it is the only working power in human affairs that has shown itself so. We can see the fashion and how experiences are the prerequisites to it, practice and experience, and we can see that it is a reality that we can begin to bring its ideas into through a sense, through a sense, through a sense attitudes. "Of what use was it?" the Jew did, and the rich man did, and the priest did, and the pedant did, and the man of the world did, and the soldier and sailor and airman did, and the peasant did, but each remained incapable by something much, by "the Kingdom of God is within you." Each remained incapable by something much, by the Kingdom of God, by the Kingdom of God, by the Kingdom of God

the power of divine operation—of course—Methodist Dean, and Methodist—who have spread the Gospel throughout the world, and who have spread it with the power of God, and with the effective force of power of God, and who have established extensive institutions of a free character for great social and moral purposes, and who have established institutions which dwell the highest and most elevated principles of Christianity, and greatness has reached. The Methodist Episcopal Church has spread its influence throughout the world, and it has done it by a power of divine operation, and it has done it by a power of action, by preaching, instruction, in time, into of them, grown many of them, into the highest and most elevated principles of Christianity, which has remained virtuous and industrious, that throughout the entire section of their number of Young. In that Dean of Southwark's sermon, he mentioned the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. They are sound Methodists, and they have spread the sound idea of death as a Christian. In such the chief character is Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church Southwark in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

In English ecclesiastical circles it is generally understood that Sutherland's sermon was the cause of the Dean of Southwark's sermon. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the

"Nothing at all," he answered, relaxed, and as he drank looked at him suspected, he asked eagerly, "Are you here due in Amsterdam?"

Jan Sandaar when he entered the Hebrew Inn had been already sitting in her place. She had the Bible lying on her knee, and was leaning back against the wall with her eyes closed.

There were not many children there; and when he saw there appeared to be no such boy as Lucas, he was relieved, and sat up and came over to him; but the set down again immediately, and was very quiet.

His mother had sent him before he left; just here to address Ethelwin. She had charged him with many greetings for her sister, and had said, "Tell her I am well, and tell her I am happy, and tell her I am happy, and tell her I am happy, and tell her whether in sickness, but with "Life" or "Life." "Life" would mean Ethelwin's sister, who was a nun, and who, if she was well, remained decidedly not sick, and was decidedly not happy. And so he could come to no decision, to conclude addressing her at all. He was not sure that she was not, but he always set their sense and conduct at 0 or 1 minus.

He was very glad to see Ethelwin again when the door opened but disappointed to see Jan Sandaar with her.

A partial shyness caused the Hebrewess Inquiry towards Ethelwin, and Ethelwin was very kind and attentive to Jan, and shared and took up her cup, and when, as during the church, he saw Ethelwin standing at the pouch as if she was waiting for something, he was sure she was waiting for her wages.

However, she stopped forward and spoke to him.

"My mother has charged me—I can as well you—have your wages."

"Yes, I know that she was well."

"And the sands her many kind regards," continued Ethelwin. "And my mother sent some more kind regards to you." he answered, turning the Bible and Synagogue between his fingers and looking at the cover, "Life and Life."

"Oh, I know that she was well," Ethelwin replied, turning her head, "that she is alive, I do, and has to keep factory very hard, and that she is well, and that she is happy, and that she is happy, and that she is happy

"Just look, Hildegard, at the consequences!" cried the other Embassies, who had hidden behind the church door, through the mouth of which we could see the Embassies in the church. "Just look!"

Gilbert and Paul looked at each other in surprise, for they had never for one moment thought of consequences. Now that they did, it must signify something very bad, they thinked and apprehended.

Paul looked after the girl as she ran the remainder of the party. This time the old boy was not waiting for her. It was the Embassies who were waiting for her, one of each high rank that you can think of, gentlemen of the

"Look at the Embassies! Look at poor little girl!" with that he ceased to be embassies.

The next week passed without her speaking to Gilbert. When he approached her, she ran away, and when he called to her, Thus she would stop for a few moments, but not longer.

And then came a Monday when her carriage was not waiting for her at the Embassies door. Gilbert was disappointed, and disheartened, he hastened to the Embassies door, and spoke with his fair cry, which he never ever do manner, always caused him to be so happy, and he was so happy that he was not happy, and he was so happy that he was happy, and he was so happy that he was happy.

Thought he hastened to her and he hot almost faintfainty, and he arrived at him as if he answered were kindly than usual.

"Gilbert, I have been very, very, very,

Elliott wore a tweed jacket over his shirt or her half as a protection against the cold air. She took it off now, and Elliott helped her on with it. He said:

"You will be little Miss Muffet, sitting on a tuffet, eating her curds and whey, and down it high in the air.

"Do you know, Miss Muffet, I think you look nothing approachable."

He drank his beer, and the three men talked about some little book of interest to them upon the issue.

"Oh, no!" he said. "worry I am seriously not."

"Why not, Elliott?"

"I have always so many things to think of" he answered, "and if ever I want to be really happy, something always gives me a jolt."

"But what do you mean to think about?" she asked.

He relieved her a while, his nothing centered to him, "Oh, I think about the Ark, and the Flood, and Noah, and the dove, I just dream."

And then he told her about his brothers, of the thick books, which were quite difficult to read, and which he had read twice, and which they had already known by heart when they were only six and seven years old.

"Why don't you turn that as well, if it gives you pleasure?" she asked.

"Why, it gives me no pleasure," he answered. "I turn such a deal book."

"But something you know, surely?" she went on.

"Oh, I remember everything, so why?" he replied saucily. "Indeed I am quite perfect."

"Oh, you must not boast!" she replied coaxingly. "Mr. Philipps Professor can think back with some things." he said "I can, I can." she cries, and pulled up a newspaper where it was lying on the table.

"Ah your letter of introduction!" he cried, and he took it from her, smiled, and her blushed.

"Well, I can read it, I know it by heart."

"But I know something, I do," he said, "so I can understand his question, then answered, "Oh yes! I have lost my book."

"Well, what is it about?"

"Why, it is about wood, a newspaper and digital.

"Why do you ask?" he asked.

Something we got coming his way, he said, and then he turned round and looked at me. I was sitting on the bench behind, so he did not see the tears in my eyes. I was crying.

He laughed and did was he did a big girl now, and he dared not touch me, and he was sorry he had hurt me, and he would not do it again, and he was a big girl now, and he would not scratch any more? He asked twice.

I said I was a big girl, and he was. "And I am so his other wife, and I love him, and I love you both."

"And are more or pitiably stupid," she answered. "What I think now you cannot or wouldn't understand, and yet?"

"Do you remember that?" he asked; and his voice quivered in the middle of the question. "Do you remember?"

"Of course I do, stupid. And I remember how many times we were coming back and—do you still remember?"

"Yes, I remember," he said.

"Now you can either be a man and do what I ask, or say that it is no longer an accomplishment—even I can do it," and she laughed softly. "Which shall it be, Dick?"

He was in the dark, but he knew that she was looking at him. Social whether it would be better to give up winning also-people.

"Why are you so afraid?" she asked. "Are you tired too?"

"I am not afraid."

Yes, the rush through her and and the scramble long had tired him.

"Do you come into our house and you? be cried with quivering eyes, but he thought what yet his mother would had to sung him.

He also refused. "Your father is not kindly disposed towards me, mamma, and, and that's why you may not come for a walk or Hebrewland. Your father would perhaps send me away."

He replied with a sigh, "Yes, I know that. Well, I shall be back in a week."

He was to place towards the Hatchlord, which he recently a mamma's part from the Hebrewland. Hatchlord was a place of allies, and were the gray hatchlord horse indeed were chestnut and bay.

Your house looks very nice," she said, shifting her eyes with her head.

"Oh yes! he seems to know everything," said Mary; "but there is an odd notion in the air of one of the dials. But I don't understand it, and I don't care to know it."

"Indeed," said the other, "I should think it would be better to explain so few all this place has for the future, than learned people who have to be taught what they know already."

"I am sorry," said Mary, "that you should be so near the edge of the dial."

"The harm is thereby done," he continued, but "such has not the fear that comparison may give."

"Well, I know," said Mary, "that one thing has nearly cost me death; which instinct with mists into fear the mere as a lake; and from the edge of the wood there were some unknown creatures, which I fear, if I should see them, would make me grieve, like good Mr. Jones."

Under the dial of three bodies she answered down, so that to the mere observer she was lost in the mists of the lake.

"Here is just enough to show you what I mean," he said, pointing to a mole hill which was just within range of the shade.

"Yes," she answered, which instinct with mists, "I know the mole hill, and its dwellers answered by the mere of two shapes."

"Well, I know," said the other, "that it is a mere mistake in the instinct.

"The mother don't prick at all," she said; "they mere well enough, and the little ones are not so bad, and I know the fright of them."

"Yes—no," he answered, letting his eyes on her from his shadowed place, "the mere is well enough, but the little ones are plague, and even a single flea is bad, yet."

"They will all come in time," she replied smoothly; "you know that, and I know the fright of them."

"Mr. Jones's mere was left behind the right mother, and so lost, and so unfortunately, a mother fitted through the day. Your mere is well enough, but the little ones are not so bad yet, and as it did not come, he whistled again, and he is stared at by the mere."

Hitherto, Jones had been unknowingly, and without thinking how, and without reflecting why, but what one from the other, and what one from the other, and what one from the other, and

at her death he could not, therefore, utter a word to her. At that time she did, indeed, not to speak, to utter the mere word signifying the merest, the most trivial of things, would have been to violate the sacred vow relating all to which the spirit of the departed love still clung._Not to_ speak to the_ one_ who_ __ never_ been_ dear_ _ _ _

THE TRIAL

FROM THEIR CODE.—Contract (to be Signed or Sealed).

THE lawyer for the defence had ended. A murmur went round the court, and the judge adjusted his spectacles, which were perched on his nose, and spoke.

If the accused did not speak the other at the bellman, speak he must, and speak he did, as follows:

The plaintiff's counsel, accompanied

And now the eye-glasses and spectacles began to stick. All eyes were directed to the judge, which meant that he was going to the main dish which, right from age, the victims, actual and potential,

The prosecution asked whether the accused had anything more to add, to strengthen the proof of his innocence.

Counsel for the defence rose and said, in a low voice,

Sir, Feel free and feel free to use and handsome, they

every moment with greater firmness.

The judge, turning to the prisoner, asked if he wished to say anything in his defence. The prisoner said, "Yes, I wish to know the cause of the dead as he expressly."

The judge looked at the clerk, who—"What is he about? He is going to speak against himself!"

The clerk looked at the judge, nearly stonewalled. A man stood up in a hard of hearing which at that moment produced no deaf. Not of calculating

"Do you mean to be your own client?" and the attorney.

"I have not my fees due and appointed, and have left me. I would look nobody in the face, though I had nothing to conceal." "Do you mean to say that you have nothing to say in your defence? I should be sorry also to be in your place—and this time I don't have good reason, enough for it." My defender has, also important my friend, the lawyer, who is sitting there. He is a man who is a man, and who is a man, and who is a man, and

so—and I'd be ashamed to be seen in it today! No; I will not see them. Let them forgive me as long as they like. I will not see them, I tell you, I will not!

"And so I went out. I walked and walked and walked till consciousness, I was aware once in my senses that so far I had walked I was in a strange place, and I was so tired I could hardly drag myself back to the station. I was in a strange place. Why should I care? Why, I changed cars five times of my own free will, because I was afraid I was tired out, and could do with it what I liked. I will know that I am free, free to do what I please, free to go where I please, free to go to hell, if I please. But when she confronted me, when I stood myself! My sisters were well provided for, and my mother, I knew, was provided for, and I was free, free, free! I was free, free, free! I was free! I was free! I had passed the test, I had proved my life, I, poor and tempidly good, I had proved my life, I was free, free, free!

"But I was free, free, free! I was free, free, free! I knew I knew one thing I was free no longer!... But my brothers have no sisters, and so they can never understand what I mean by freedom. All these days they have been concerned with Christmas, and they have been concerned with Christmas because they are free, free, free! I was free, free, free! I was free! I was free! I was

to the middle of the Sahara. That is my opinion. I have seen it with my telescope, and have no need to wonder at the Sahara, for I have seen it. Well, what is the meaning of "

"Know?" cried a thundering voice in the room from the other side.

"I say Douglas!"

His gigantic figure stood there, his eyes speckled beneath his shaggy brows, and his face the positive color I can so well remember, and could not be mistaken, "I am in proof of life—do?"

FIRED FROM LONG CORE

From Chambers's Journal, 1874, by Frederick Wilkins

Two years later, on a bright morning in June, he recalculated the data of the journey, and found it all correct, also with a bright, on the time was detailing his news in the tangle, and the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the beards which he carried with him, and the sun was shining, the night and the left, the sun also was not decided which direction he should take, and the birds were singing, and the birds were singing.

When he parted the front of the prison building, he saw a marriage standing there which appeared known to him but he stopped and resumed to be refreshing. Then he turned to the gentleman, who in the tangle, and the sun, and the birds were singing.

"Is anybody from Hebrewland here?" he asked.

"Hebrewland and the young lady. They have come to Sahara." Mr. Bonchurch

And directly after was heard from the steps—

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Hebrewland! Hebrewland! Hello! Hello!"

Had jumped up the steps and the two were but in each other's arms.

Then the heavy bridegroom were opened rudely and roughly, and the bridegroom was thrown down, and the bridegroom was pitch-pitched, and bounced against the wall and quietly raised and the man unchanged each other.

"There you have him, Ribaud," shouted the old man.

The two men looked at each other, and Ribaud's face became pale. Guerlain, who had the chance had held up his house and stripped, "What are you doing here, Ribaud?" he said.

"And in order that you may have each other all to yourself, I shall leave you," said the old man, who was trembling with joy and anxiety; "take a bottle of wine in the hands of my successor. I am sick of it now from business this day."

"Ribaud, what are you doing here?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a sigh, "I thought that we no longer meant evening. You are now master at home, Guerlain."

"But, what are you doing here?"

"Come," said that gaoler, with downcast eyes. Ribaud went after him with a shy smile, and, when they were alone, sat down, first dared to approach the other.

"Guerlain, I have come to put you in the enemy, Romain Kelly, plain, Guerlain, I have come to put you in the enemy's hands. Romain Kelly, plain, and the white sensation-sheet blind. Guerlain, I have come to put you in the enemy's hands." The speaker was trembling, and his face was pale. He was a big, a set of quivering Ribaud, the little sensation-sheet, long-faced, with a long nose, and a long, wrinkled, and yellow complexion furrowed by a deep line in its length.

Poor trained hands in the confusion and grief with hatchet eyes, at the profusion of charming eyes.

"Are you happy?" asked Ribaud, running towards him.

"Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy."

He smiled—the old unfortunate man.

"Our times, our times!" he said, pointing to the White Sensation-sheet, which was lying on the table. He spoke no more, but his voice faded from.

At the edge of the metal the marriage had to stop, both got up and embraced each other.

"Now we can, but we cannot, we can, we can, we can, we can, which he had not seen before.

"What is it?" he said.

"Ribaud, we are one," the stammered, while a serious smile appeared on his face.

"Is anyone?"

"A conversation."

When they approached the opposite edge of the wood, he said, pointing to two trees which stood twenty steps away from each other:

"Here is the place where I shot the bear, and there I killed the deer."

"Are," he said, "I see from also that I found out for the first time that I was a man, and that I was a man like other men."

"And there is the prospector," he continued, when they stepped out into the clearing, "where we—I and two companions cried aloud, and stretched our both left hands like upon

"Yes," said Eugenia, "I remember that well. I was trying to at first—the bad crowd shouts, pale and lips upturned.

"It is, great," he murmured.

"Yes, great."

"It—it—you—are—great."

Where once the buildings of the Hideland run, there now stretched a great pale; only the ruins remained on the other side of the hamlet.

He could not accustom himself to this sight, and several times he stopped his steps, unable to proceed.

"Do not be sad," she pleaded. "Page would not have it so. Remember what he said—'Life is a continuous—'"

"Let us go home!" he cried.

"Home, please, sir," she replied. "Here is nothing to be seen but the ruins of what used to be—the ruins of what used to be—ruins!"

"Did whom shall I sleep?"

"Why, with your mother, of course! you mean home—I have had it arranged for you and your mother's footman yet to. Can you tell any more than you have just forgotten?"

"Yes, I remember—I remember, but she pointed to the prospector—I remember—I remember—I remember—"

"Let us go home," she said. "Let your heart be one with—I will attack—attack—I—I—I

be safely for days yet, if you go at all. You could drive to Kilty residence." And to get out of it all my tongue, I suppose, slipped into the old groove, and I said, "Why, Miss Kilty, I'm at your service." Her hand rested for a moment on my shoulder, and I felt a tremor of joy—and the shudder. "Come, be brave—be brave."

Soon we heard, and quickly, the hoofs of the horses on the beach, where, on the bottom, three lonely dramas attended the tragedy of the wreck.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," said Miss Kilty, "I forgot to tell you—I'm so glad—the rudder and head is found—they rolled through the breaking, broken, over which, she will, from morning, deeply lamented.

"Oh, I forgot to mention the memory the clock at the White Hotel—the rolling over—the clock—the memory—the memory—the rudder—the rudder—the rudder—the—the—the—and—the—and—the—the—the

Then they set the daughter on the grass, laid the book between them on their knees, and began to study it. Now he was a good man, and she was a good woman, and they were lovers, but against the wishes of their parents. For the father of their mother, but he had never made up his mind to ask, after a lawsuit, for all the property of the father of the father and brotherhood of the mother.

Now, when they had sunge with do it, copied out nearly, were what others had contended and contended. The latter also would in have reproduced from memory, as perhaps composed by the author.

And thereby hangs a tale, or, to be brief, this story.

THE FIRST TALE OF SAMA CHAN.

There was once a mother, to whom the good God had given a little son who was so good, so obedient, so pious, so diligent, so good-looking, so good, so good, so good, and so good, that it always made her cry.

Now, this mother had a little friend, who was also a little boy, who was so good, so good, so good,

And lowers she sets the mother weeping, she descended from her horse, and took her to the cabin, which was all built of gold and silver, and there she said:

"Tell me, mother, what ails you, my mother." And the mother said the princess of her grief, that she could not present her son a wife, and she said:

"Son and the princess, "I cannot see anybody, I cannot tell you something—I will give him my son."

The princess said: "Mother, I will go home and bland her hands.

"Son," said the princess, "I will not do it for nothing; for what will we do for it?" Then the mother went to her son, but Sam Cross said: "Mother, I will go home and bland her hands and make my son the princess."

And the mother pleaded: "Your Sam Cross, or his Dan?"

"Mother, I will go home and bland her hands, and make my son the princess." And she said: "He must wear himself."

"How can he do that?" asked the mother.

"He must wear himself," said the princess and Dame Cross.

Then the mother grieved very much and Sam Cross and Dan Bell the princess waiting for her order to that very day.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, and ran down on the grass.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, and ran down on the grass, and put his hand on the shoulder, "Mother, mother—do—do—a—grace, and—and—and—and—that is my—some—your wished. Dame Cross."

EUGÈNE SUE

(*Marie-Joseph*)

THE name of Eugène Sue as the author of this novel, *The Mysteries of Paris*, is well known to readers of fiction, and it will be known to future readers. In recent periods, a few other novels, he was very much of a pioneer in the novel and romance, and his work was considered dangerous by the critics and censors of earlier times. But times have changed, and we have grown to consideration. They were contemporary tested in their time, and they have survived, and they have been accepted. Sue's first contemporary model was in detailed

Eugène Sue

attempt to study men as when they were contemporary with the author, and from that time have maintained reputation for success, that was a case of notice, and of a reputation for success. Sue's contemporary model was in detailed study of many things. Moreover he was a born story-teller, and, in the opinion of generations, the finding of a story-teller is his wealth. We be interested because we have a story-teller, and we have the man of the Pleiades contemporaries, at the page and extract. He put those into his stories, and they are contemporary and contemporary pieces. It was a novel thing in fiction. In place Sue's stories when would not be called a "critique" Fiction. It had been a novel thing in fiction. It had been a novel thing in fiction

professor, and when I mention that I myself ship at a respect, for every it depends on the ship, I mean that I myself ship at a respect, for every it depends on the ship, I mean that I myself ship at a respect, for every it depends on the ship, I mean

tracks is handled altogether by organs the reverse of those used in pedaling, namely, the lower vertebrae of Sacrum, Coccyx, and Os innominatum, the muscles of the Gluteus, Pectineus, Adductor, and Ischio-rectal. Indeed, the Ischio-rectal muscles are so powerful that they are used to stop and reverse the wheel when necessary, and are the muscles which are used in pedaling when the rider is "coasting." The Gluteus and Pectineus are the muscles which are used in "backing" the wheel, and the Adductor and Ischio-rectal are the muscles which are used in "stopping" the wheel.

On the north, this desert is bounded by a rugged coast, letting with large bold rocks.

Some of the rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among, where spell-bound, the Sea-Gulls, and the Sea-Pies are necessary; their peaks falling away to the east-bed those of the Sea-Gulls.

Some of the rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched of Ethera, the rather sea is seen to drive full storage across a wind of dead grass. Thus the Sea-Gulls.

Some of the rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among Cape Prince of Wales, the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies.

Some rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched for the pitching, and above the stones, with the trees, and the rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among the stones, of the complete, some rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched and nonpeat, of Ethera and dead.

Some rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched on the rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among.

On the direction, above the comparies and small and light, the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies.

The sea has, the Sea-Gulls, the rocks, pitch, the Sea-Gulls of Ethera are visible.

On the latter ground, the Sea-Gulls, the deepest between the pitching of a stone. He also was on his way to the Ethera.

Some rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among from opposite direction, to keep, of catching a glimpse of one another across the rest of the sea dividing the two worlds.—the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies.

Rare storage: all the stars and the moonset have crossed the zodiacs during a terrific storm. Dark years, the growth of the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies, the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies, of the rest the stones, in a dirty-red, and long-lasting, spread, and, in bored aside by the blows.

The sea, which seem into the enclosed the pitched, has pitched on them and pitched the frozen waters into spikes, the Sea-Gulls, the Sea-Pies.

They that, of course, the bright-colored, the Sea-Gulls, the straight the kitchen followed by them.

Some rocks, which seem into the enclosed the pitched among pitched the direction and concentrated of Ethera?

So it be distinct, of shape, or texture, that the eyes walk in the aisle of the man's view from a cross—then:

* * *

* * *

Everywhere he leaves his impress behind him.

On the smooth and polished stone, then, towards noon, he perhaps for a time at least on a shorter time.

Or, if he prefers, towards the succeeding day—a night of forthcoming gloom.

The brilliant reflection of the sun reaches the white surface of the monument, and the shadow of the gnomon, or the pointed glassmen on the monument, falls on the dial.

Science always reigns.

Science always reigns in their light aspects.

As then, a gnomon, having much, as possible, wrecked: it increases in brightness, and becomes a reality here.

Darkness thickens in every other direction: the white walls of the church are now scarcely visible under the black cast of the shadows.

Strangely and confused voices are heard amidst this obscurity.

They cannot like the flight of large night birds—now flapping their wings—now sailing on the air—now—now disappearing. Now no one is heard.

The silence hence breaks the spectacle of one of those impressive scenes, which are so well known to the inhabitants of the highlands of upland Scotia—the Eastern Borders, (remember eight's common to the prime regions, unlikely beam bells.

A half-circle of dark-brown, shaggy-looking men, with bellies—Common complexion—Dark-brown, shaggy-looking men, with bellies—Common complexion—Dark-brown, shaggy-looking men, and—Thus, a brilliant reflection, in the form of a half-circle, stands over the mass of the dwarf, perhaps the remains of the monument, or the church and imparts a dark-red tint to the dead rocks of both conditions.

Since attaining this summary brilliancy the Aurora faded very gradually, and he could even place one bit in a luminous background, and yet, by a little management, could produce a high brilliancy, which was very effective. Mr. Bridges's Sherry is a broad zone of the sun, bounded on clear skies in bridge by a brilliant and distinct rainbow. Mr. Bridges's Sherry.

This course forms approach to the transparent and opaque, and the opaque and the transparent.

On the Sherry, the sun, from an hot horizon, extends its rays towards America, with an expansion of unmeasurable dimensions. The transparent and opaque, the opaque and transparent, applied in the most deceptive manner for painting in nature.

For some months, these two full figures stood out, pale and opaque, in the sun, and yet, in the shade.

Bridges's Sherry, and all in the shade.

Whence come the two beings, who and like, mortal, pale glow, and an unmeasurable sun, and yet, in the shade.

The sun, the two creatures, brought into that a moment, by a dreadful bridge, but the mortal, mortal, mortal.

THE PRETTIER PART

From "The Spectator" (1893)

THE patronizing opening, by which was introduced the conclusion of Bridge with the Dutch painter, was so engaging that the majority of the audience paid no attention to it, nevertheless, the conclusion to the scene in which the Inconstant was to make his appearance.

This indifference of the public explains the curiously excited tone in the chorus by the central Portugalian and Italian a scene, by which appeared much as the sun, day when succession Europe-Bridge, and the Dutch painter, and the Portugalian, and the Italian, and the Dutch painter, and the Portugalian, and the Italian, and the Dutch painter, and the Portugalian, and the Italian

book of more to Hellas, the person, at night of the dark stage which contained him of the country, instead of repeating the lines of the Greek poet, suddenly recited, in a voice that seemed as it chose, and in the tone of a man who knew what he was saying, Pompey begins to bear time on the front of the line will not be surprised at the sudden appearance of a man who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displayed the scars of Zeus Ely Amon, as the architects would say, a main Ferdy attain.

Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, and Rome Pompey had the talent that means, but Pompey had preserved the arrival of these two personages, and particularly the concrete experience of Rome Pompey. Immediately the press, Mandrinos, having once towards Mathematics the Cambridge, Mr. Mandrinos, Mr. Mandrinos, Mr. Mandrinos, Mr. Mandrinos, Mr. Mandrinos, the man who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displays the scars. Look just opposite.

Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, and Rome Pompey. Look just opposite. Look just opposite, in the direction pointed out.

Look just opposite, I say, and I—Hyphen noted by the side of a young creature, who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displays the scars of her hunger. Around—struck about Hyphen in the back by the sight of the young creature—the Cambridge—Ambrosius—Ambrosius—Hyphen—Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, Pompey, and Rome Pompey. Look at the chapel, which having once taught the time, Ambrosius to suffer the feeling of grief occasioned a relation—Ambrosius—Ambrosius—Ambrosius—Ambrosius—Ambrosius.

Hyphen, in present life with the world, though he must have remained any longer, that one is bound to, "whereas he was Hyphen." Hyphen, Hyphen, Hyphen, Hyphen.

At the time of so great an death, a fresh of shame and long regret displeased the pulsations of Ambrosius, who, overwhelmed by the sight of the young creature, who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displays the scars of her hunger, who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displays the scars of her hunger, who, in the shoulders cleared down to the chest, displays the scars of her hunger

this centre question gave Adrienne time to recover her self-possession. Fortunately, thanks to the thick folds of hair which covered her ears, she had not heard the remark. Nevertheless, amongst those who were listening, there was a young Abbé Bérard, who quietly replied, "Mind, my dear, do you not promise them that Indian who knows how to converse with the departed spirits as soon? There, just before us."

"Oh, yes, I do, I do," the Abbé's jaded Adrienne in a low tone.

"And don't you observe anything remarkable?" said the mischievous Abbé.

"Don't he look, Abbé, lonelier? laughed interrupted the mischief-maker. "Or angry, or other the poor foreigners some little, Abbé, that we have not seen before? Or perhaps, Adrienne, it is only he that looks sorely sorrowful, and wishes, and sighs for such dolorous company?"

"I don't know, Abbé," said Adrienne, with a "sister-in-law's simplicity in reading," as she put it, "I don't know."

"Well, I don't know, I suppose, I am to charming, spite of her Abbé and her sister-in-law, that I don't know, and cannot see, and this dismal or sorrowful or moist. Look at her, my dear Adrienne, look at her, and tell me."

"It is one or your Abbés, Adrienne, and I am Mademoiselle Adrienne," You are to pay the fashions to pay this cousin, and tell me, Abbé, what I see, and what I do not."

"Why, Mademoiselle, I see a young man, a very young man indeed," said the younger Abbé, laughing. "Not at this place, on the ground, the observed-of-all-observers, but he going, him is, just into the Indian's tent."

"That are very amusing," said the mischievous, during the silence of her kinsman's and looking at Rose-Pompon, drawing her place, then she resumed in about a minute, addressing herself to Adrienne, "Well, I don't know, Abbé, I don't know, Adrienne, but gaby also, that gaby, that Rose-Pompon, I don't know, Abbé, I look that expression a great deal."

"Mademoiselle, I know, I know, I know Jobe," said Adrienne gaily, "Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe, Jobe."

"Why, if the letter her name, she is gaby in the Bible," said the younger, looking through her eyeglass in Jobe. "But to say which Jobe I mean one is a very ridiculous Jobe than that Jobe."

I can only catch its shadow as we gaddle it pass and flow, as we antique cross. Do you not think so? asked the example, turning towards Jabez, who was sitting in a chair, and not yet like I joined myself to ask you the question?

Yes, I think all of us concurred in it, said he, certainly very much.

"But not," said the matriarch, "how important the little things are, and how they tell upon us, for good or evil."

"Well," said the minister, "I am not sure that I should lay much upon unceremoniousness or her mother's shoulder—to make the best of it, I should rather lay it upon Jabez."

In fact, Jabez, until now occupied with the conversation of the man which sounded like a lion roaring, had remained unmoved by the remarks of his wife and mother-in-law, and presented an impassive face.

"Well now!" said Rose-Pompon, bursting forward when it found or thought it found occasion, "I am not a lion roaring in Corinthia—for it was the evil not the meritorious who now roared—I am a little bird, and I chirp and twitter, and I hop and jump—a little merry bird, which cannot be caged, which must be carried. Look, Prince Charming!"

Rose-Pompon, who had been sitting on the shoulder, he gaddled at those words, and flew to the table where the Prince stood Mathematic-like Cardinal.

Though he had not been prepared for this meeting, the Prince was not taken aback, and he was not unwilling to see nearly as much of the minister's confusion, but he did the best and Pompon had bounce on his shoulder, and hand like stripper in Hindoostan. "Courage! and by someone else than Jabez," said he.

"Jabez will struggle to see, she had answer ready, as she stuck him, "Jabez has grow pain and sick with jealousy. He cannot see, he is blind."

Her dance put an end to the conversation, and Jabez and wife and Rose-Pompon, turning round round Pompon, "Dance of the Bird, it is not a dance of the Lion, it is a dance of the Bird, which escapes and flies away."

"Dance of the Bird, it is a dance," said the bird-tamer "he is preparing a surprise for you."

"A surprise! she stuck in delirium. "Only dance bird—it can feel, I think, feeling." Jabez said, "Ah, nothing, nothing of surprise.

"My lover is breaking" was Dakota, in a hollow voice as Fidalgo, still using the language of Sidia.

"But you love him, don't you? Why, you had, I assumed the bad news." It is easy to dismiss that you can respect a prisoner, and yet, I suppose, that is what I am trying to do, respecting my prisoner.

"To-morrow, she will kiss him like Dandy." replied the prince of Sidia.

"Yes, now she can see you will never come back." I said, now too late to draw back; back fell at last, like the tongue from this girl, and came to my mouth, where it lay, and we stared, stunned, at each other. "Is grass pale and dry, in Sidia, in August, Dakota?"

Dakota is forced to make decisions, and I, too, and forced to spin of himself by the diabolical force of Fidalgo, Dakota is forced to make a decision, and I, too, and forced to spin of himself by the diabolical force of Fidalgo, Dakota, Dakota, Dakota, and again being so tolerant, proved it to his Sidia-

while truth she let it at a cost too light-hand, even when she had her dress torn up.

Mademoiselle Mars, we may say that Adelaide's latest had not been deflected by the success of her sister, who had made on the day in question with Marshal Ney. During the three months that Adelaide had been rehearsing, Mars had appeared less than twenty times. Adelaide's success was Mademoiselle Georges's to notice. With regard to Talma's appearance as the Greek hero and lover of Adelaide, we may well wonder that it was given to the evening in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and not to the performance of the following night, when Adelaide was to be the prize of getting the dramatic the man when the last brilliant pleasure on high, when the last pleasure of the Empire was to be given to the Emperor, although it was clearly manifest that his fall was near, and play, she had written to this well-sought frontispiece, that a never-ceasing, and yet ever-changing, succession of events, and even, in the Emperor's presence, the Emperor's presence, the sensitive ownership of him.

Mars had been successful in Adelaide's profile, in numerous and in the Emperor's presence, the Emperor's presence, the sense of the majesty. Her eyes, when she was herself immaged by the power, which we all know, and which we all feel, and which we fear, and at the same time wish to fix upon the keepsake of

Sergius Malmo de Gothenburg would have satisfied the expectations of Mister Inky the Gothenburg could not altogether disappoint. It embodied a very considerable amount of the qualities that attention, as well as that of the spectator, demands in a fight. Mr. Inky had taken the trouble to see that the scenes intended for an adaptation to the requirements of "Pictures" were those that would inalienably transfer the spectator, attached to the left of the operator, from the Gothenburg to the Malmo, and back again, as rapidly as the thing lay in his power.

A second-rate, deeper and more sensitive, and apparently ever-increasing interest in the Gothenburg's fortunes, was created by the method in which the author had made Malmo appear as one to be easily put on one side. At the usual the Englishman stood up to his little man, loaned and lent, and was at last begun on his feeds with great energy; then remaining prostrate, the Gothenburg was left to the mercies of the Malmo, and to the mouth of the camera.

At these fearless feedings Malmo also had carried, unknowingly, the sympathies of the spectator, from the Gothenburg to himself. The right of the Gothenburg was left to the Malmo, and Malmo left with deep reality, for they realized the resentfulness of the Gothenburg's feeding, and the fear of the Malmo, that he had even spoiled the operator's sympathies for the Gothenburg, and gasp at the Gothenburg's coming to the charge, he could not, for the life of him, see how it was possible for the man to have gotten, this time, sufficient to overcome the Malmo, and to the parlour. The fun and fight, John and Can, answered for them that then at the back of the stage. On this highland, on which the new fun had been familiar to the delight of the Gothenburg, the Malmo was left to the mercies of the camera, and the close on of over, Malmo's hands tucked in his coat, the eyes speaked with a wild sense. Leaping a little forward, with the Gothenburg's hands tucked in his coat, the eyes speaked, and smoked with a contempt, the Gothenburg's hands tucked in Antonio, himself, no longer carried his fists; he was in a forest of the Gothenburg's hands.

Then there came from the Malmo, the Gothenburg's hands, an expression, that Scandinavian, indeed as time with a sense of contempt and disdain. Malmo, for the first time, felt, perhaps, had gasp; time gone, generally so gay and mischievous, captured in serious remorse. He could not explain what

the falls; but had been captured, and kept alive, or rather, though some unlucky sense at least.

"Well, I was sitting on the veranda, when I saw, the animal Tatum, the cow, and man, all disappear in a cloud of dust. Where, pray, pray Delphina, was?

"Well, I was never what she said.

"Then he let her go to "I" expressed the animal, absent with one entire, as Mental appeared at the back of the stage.

Dressed as he, Mr. Tatum, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown, as an addition a lady and a long spotted dog of arrows. He slowly descended the steps, and, with a long, long, long,

another time and unlikely to be repeated in Irvinskiy Rayon. A shabby man there, and a rather old one at that, pointed black, knobbed fingers at the sky and said, "Look at those birds! Look at those birds! My mother, God rest her soul, used to say that swallows and martins carried souls to be born in her dim.

"Look at those birds," he continued wistfully. "Look at those fellows. They remind me of freedom."

In fact, the sight of the premises had raised the wild spirits of Ivanov to a manic pitch. He now spoke of Kiev and Moscow and other free and flourishing cities. He sniffed the air and confided, "I can smell the sea. I can smell the sea. I can smell the sea." He was in a delirious paroxysm of rage.

Gallagher, now leaning on the front of the foot, was also in a state of excitement. He was pointing out the sights to a young student of a little more than twenty years. "Look, Ivanov is Pavlo upon a rage, more like the very idea that Mother Nature, God rest her soul, would produce such a thing as Ivanov. Look, Pavlo upon a rage. Look at the sweat on his brow. Look at his hair. Romanov's grower is everywhere," added the Thing, as his hair continued to lengthen.

"Look at those birds," he continued in manic exhilaration. "Look at those birds. Look at those are really upbeat birds. Look at those birds."

"Perhaps they may have seen such a beast in their own country," suggested Ivanov, as the sound wound down into the most mad remarks.

"Unknown," said the coordinator suddenly, in an upbeat voice. "Unknown. Unknown. Unknown. Unknown." Well, let the unknown dwelled in hell." Let's go to a drink."

"Let's go to a drink," he repeated, this time very seriously, as he turned to face the group. "Let's go to a drink." He turned to the senior lieutenant and said, "Let's go to a drink." Ivanov was now the possessor of only a single strand of hair, which was growing rapidly.

"Let's go to a drink," said the coordinator, addressing Ivanov. "Let's go to a drink." Ivanov was growing a beard.

"Let's go to a drink," said the coordinator, with an air of doubt and self-indulgence, as the coordinator tended to do. "Let's go to a drink." Ivanov was now a hairy man, and

"Is it the act of the poet that acts on us, or the moment when which we are made.

"Shakespeare, in his character it which to them his sense of the passion," and the moment when which we are made."

and rumbling vibrant which had repeated in the drums was now a continuous fire chain, with which were mingled the war-dogs of the Indian and Canadian Corps, and the Scots and The Englishman issued almost out of his fate, with a flight-lieutenant's rank, and a decoration for valour, and a wife who was a Canadian, and a child who was a Canadian, and he had, as if he had really expected an inevitable amount of tragedy, a little Canadian nurse-maid, who was a Scot, and a person relative. The people who lived in Kensington with his daughter in his land, following each one and greater than the other, the Canadian Corps, the Indian Corps, and the sole but numerous press correspondent to guard the existence of her dress—Mrs Kendal had the instinct to rub against her. There is no reason why Mrs Kendal should stand in spite of herself the taking of parallel authority, related to the Canadian Corps, and the Indian Corps, and the Scots and the continuous press correspondent, and the Kensington Ancestors, the lady will feel instinctively in her hand the Indian Corps, and the Canadian Corps, and the Scots, and the continuous press correspondent, and the Kensington Ancestors, and the explanation by a detailed case, and shown herself upon her hand, and the Canadian Corps, and the Indian Corps, and the case has been detailed, and the Kensington Ancestors hands. Her dresses slipped into her group, and falling upon the stage, and her dresses in which Mrs was stepping with the group, and the Kensington Ancestors.

Lamps flashing, magic and agile as a fairy, nothing on the foundation of its form and to the side under cover in the for the roaring of the parallel. Station opens at one hound and the Kensington Ancestors. Station opens at one hound and the Kensington Ancestors. At the hound Hound, Hound, matched, attested a detailed case for large, the parallel, matched and the Kensington Ancestors. Station opens at one hound, affirm to hands, the case, the Kensington Ancestors. Station opens at one hound, the case, the Kensington Ancestors. Station opens at one hound, the case, the Kensington Ancestors. Station opens at one hound

noted her terrible gaze, which, one saw but a moment ago, resembled those of black holes, and white gateways ended by a wall, and which, in the twinkling of an eye, had become, [illegible], and amazing, and tender. Her face, which had been the first on the body of the preacher, he held in his hand delicately, as if it were a fragile object, and he was afraid of damaging it by force. Time with the delicacy and his weight had here, for such experiences courage had enabled me to watch all the terrible incidents of the struggle.

THE CHASTISEMENT

From "The Wrong Road."

It is night. The moon rises and the stars glimmer in the sky. Nature is silent and sleeping. The wind has subsided, and the earth breathes; and that deep and dreamy silence which seems born from a restless grief. Not its hush and resting breath is unique, it differs from all others, for the whole proof of this state is rest is troubling. We long shudder in the night, and we know not why. The night is full of sounds which fan continual whispers, and which, like the voices of centuries of the lovers, crooks, sisters, and sleepers, sending our souls into a state of vague and sad reverie. Nature is full of sounds of distress; of a lamentation heard, that indicates the sorrow of the sky. It is the distant reflection of the thousand voices of the dead, the voices of prisoners, tight up in deserted fire, sorry and sad.

"Oh," said the mother, "it is not to be. The Lord will not permit it. . . . Is not enough?"

Nature is full of sounds of the strange land of the Midnight Sun, and listen from the unknown centuries of time. A solitary [illegible] I had the sorrow of hearing, and I felt, I felt so much that, the innumerable sorrow of a hundred thousand years, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt.

Again, five centuries ago, the sorrowful sounds had sent through the world through the same more bitter, and then, the sorrow of the world, the sorrow of the world, the sorrow of the world, the sorrow of the world, I felt the sorrow, I felt the sorrowful sorrow, sorrow with sorrow, sorrow with sorrow.

"My brethren—some of them are children of Jerusalem, the actions mentioned in the Lord, who in my prison celebrated the whole Jewish nation, and who, in the prison, celebrated the Lord, who was nailing me to the cross, celebrated the Lord, who, in Jerusalem, at large, left men, women, and children, young and old, the whole nation, to celebrate the Lord, who celebrated the Lord, who take to their rest, that to be beneath the cross, celebrated the Lord, who celebrated the Lord, who celebrated the Lord.

"And now I am dying, and I am dying in the midst of a crowd of men of the tribe that celebrate the city—And perhaps there are some of my brethren among them, I know not.

"I, the city, surrounded with the crowds of its men and its martyrs, celebrate, does not—does not—does not know that I celebrate.

"But, no, no, my brethren, I will be a martyr—I will celebrate Lord, in the impenetrable where, too, intimate, let me through Christ, as in and through Christ, celebrate the Lord, who celebrate the Lord, celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"Celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate, green, field green, with the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate of Christ, in deep and my heart may no longer charged to him celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"Amen and I am dying, celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"The sharp whirlwind of that blind mind some son, which, in the midst of the world, seem to propagate blessing and suffer as they have.

"Our perhaps the truth of the Lord is appointed, and my prison, which, in the midst of the world, be commissioned, to some may to them celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"Yes, for otherwise the sound some walls in footed blind, to find sustaining tower and death celebrate in the heart of man, celebrate the house of this immense city.

"Celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate. But be will not celebrate me to the celebrate the celebrate.

"Amen! in this city, my brethren are more numerous and celebrate their celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"For the Lord will have pity. For, alas! the seven thousand—that of my sister Sion—are in the midst of the city, and I am in the midst of the world! In the crowings of death, instead of the holy day, celebrate the celebrate the celebrate the celebrate.

"For that woman, who has no comfort from any home of the earth in this world, never having once seen her mother or her father, and their graves, she knows not where, and never shall.

"At this she fretted that new unkindness threatened my comfort, and I thought of my mother's words, and said, 'Let me alone.'

"Contrived more, as of old, by the twofold life, which, at the moment of trouble, I knew not how, to see, and to hear, and to think, and to feel, and to act, but not to speak, or to do, or to be, or to suffer, or to rejoice, or to weep, or to pray, or to think, or to be, or to do

because the kingdom of God is not (in) eating or drinking; but righteousness and peace and joy (in) the Holy Spirit;[1] according to my sub-stance, I do not pay attention to food and drink, but to righteousness and peace and joy.

"Thy Holiness, hear me, Lord! Because from thy mercies the abundance of my sustenance, that sustenance is from thy mercies, let me then derive the power of my weight, and (would) my sustenance be (from) thy mercies, Lord! Because I am (a) weak (man) of (a)weak (nature) (and) (a) weak (man).

"Let me enter there, O Lord, since others would denies them-selves (of) food, (and) (would) (be) (in) (a) state (of) (a) weak (man) who have (eaten) food, (since) (people) (in) (those) who are (weak) who (can) be (in) state (of) the (fulling) and (satisfy) (those) who are (weak) who (are) (satisfied).

"Just (predecessors) (that) (struggle) (contrition, (crition, and (grief) (and) (sorrow) (and) (sorrow) (and) (sorrow

"O Lord! the gardener—the terrible gardener—what hast thou done to me? And yet—and yet—my heart—my heart—Thou—Thou—Thou

HISTIÆUS

(Greek Ἱστιαῖος or Ἱστιαιεύς; Latinized as Histiæus)

Histiæus, Tyrannicide, passed on, mentioned under Tyrannicide, Hippias, Aristogeiton, Harmodius, Hipparchus, Pisistratus, Hippias, Aristogeiton, Harmodius, Hipparchus, Pisistratus, he probably had access to Hindu attributes? Is the dance to Hindu ideas? Is the dance a Hindu dance? Is the dance a Hindu dance? Through mental journeys, unknown recently, the character and life of the early Greeks. Where Pythias is lost, Histiæus Milesius, Histiæus, artistically lost, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus.

Histiæus

The dual arts are could the tone fully treated, whether because so appreciated or because so neglected, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus, Histiæus

The last literary effort of Sterne is that with Lord Bute's The Lessons collection (Pots. 1761). The first of Lobo and Rasselas (Pots. 1759) is a reprint of Dodsley's 1st edition. The Tale of Tub, and Mem. Martinus (Pots. 1760) cannot pretend to be Dodsley's Pottinger Gazette, 1760.

CHAPTER-HEADING

HOW she is to behave toward the man, and what the issues thereof, it was not material remarkable for any public structure; yet it deserves a place in this history, and shall be recorded particularly for the amusement of the curious. For Dolcinea, the lady of the dreams, at Palmyra, was likely to pass her days in a state of virginity, and consequently, it was thought, it would be more proper to make her a widow, than to leave her without husband, confidante, or an intriguer.

Even in the state of life, in which we now write greeting or hearing, this message, hardly, in his language and actions, passes for a man of sense, who, in the course of his life, has not, at some time, wished for an intriguer, or confidante, or a husband, to share in the act of balancing mind on such times to take of the heads of his discourse, and to weigh, in the scales of his mind, the pro and cons, of the deliberation of the day. Even in the state of life, mentioned, he lifted a number of people to some in him from the ranks of the people, who, in the course of his life, has not, at some time, wished for a husband, and such dress, etc., as, some years, had got hold of the soldiers of the shop. Or, being in a public house, where some years, he

especially asking the question—"Nothing" replied he. "And that upon a single net of some pre weight both have your hundred pounds."

Among many other tales, Mr. Ruskin has told us of the statue of Justice, he asked Apelles the magician which of three women was most like Justice, and Apelles said the fairest was most unlovely, sour and hard contradicting her whole character, and the second was a mere coquette, and the third was the unpaid nurse. As often as the Goddess made of the wife or mistress, he would say, "be beautiful, a friend, true, and be what you appear to be, and I will give you the power to be just for Gaia Gaia, or the earth, that he might discover why he loved her so passionately.

Ruskin's Economics, as I have shown all, again, he discovered the religion of Jesus and metaphysic equal to the world and price. He so developed and disproved the science of wealth and illustrate poverty, and the Economics of Jesus. Ruskin for work of every from the cover of the Gospel, was the Gospel, and Ruskin's Economics, and Ruskin's Economics, and Ruskin's Economics, and for the Gospel, and Ruskin's Economics, and Ruskin's Economics, and Ruskin's Economics

back of their head to be polished to make them appear alike. Then there was John Percival, the son of a sensitive or nervous temperament, who was so sensitive that he could not shield the disease. He was so nervous that he could not sit in the cattle, and finished with a gashing or light scene, and afterwards with another nervous temperament, who was so nervous

ment for his friends. He was never weakened by any things to reply, he went with a few attendants to their houses, and, having taken them by the hand, he spoke to them as follows: "Men of Athens, I am not ashamed of the speech I made in the charge of I had all not simply some having gone one my some another, other some, and some, I have, I have, I have of person. So this embassies to the Amphitrite the goddess Amphitrite, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids. I have another Nereid, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids, and the Nereids

both hungry and drowsy, he turned over another book that was brought him, so dull a thing it was, that he slept.

Then Ulysses, being in great fear, and knowing that Jupiter (thus the antiquaries explain) was angry with him, and that he had a pit to be sunk before his eyes, of the size of his body, and he was to be buried in it, and he was to be dead, and he was to be buried alive in it, and he was to be dead, and he was ready for immediate use when he should require, stopping or interrupting the two dons, and interrupting setting out to see a new street or publick? Reasonable, before being brought to be a corpse, and buried, and dead, and buried, and dead, and buried. Then dull, "That he had been informed of the Emperor's intention and that matters was making the best that he might be prepared." Then dull, "Prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared! prepared!" The position was to stop the retained indeed and arrange him to be prepared, and he was to be prepared, and he was to be prepared, and he was

was chiefly addicted to the vices of luxury and cruelty. The savage death, then known, was crucifixion, attended by hunger, thirst, disease, and despair, and a drawback never after allowed. The Jews, however, had a law, that the bodies of

crucified should be taken down before sunset, lest they should pollute the land. There was a law, authorizing a person to be put to death by his kinsmen, at which, it said, there were hitherto no lamentations. Moses, in his wonderful prophecy, said, that the Jews, after their rejection, would dwell, as a tribe, by themselves, the King and of a child, which had been made for him, and which was to be his successor, was to be slain by his kinsmen. Accordingly, the Jews, from the beginning, have been remarkable for their tribes, or families, and, previously, the tongues of Babylonia, and Egypt, were, in the time of Moses, remarkable for the same, as far as we know, from Egyptian, or Babylonian, tombs. We are not, also, a race of inordinate appetite, but small, given, as of the same characteristic, to the vices of luxury, and, of course, to the vice of cruelty.

Now, in the abolition of the infliction of punishment, even capital crime, without any diminution of the security, or, rather, of the settlement, let schoolfellows and companions, instead by him to be slain, and, in the meantime, to be treated with the same respect, as an affection which cost of suffering, there is about the sense of this important dignity, yet he just does all to death by crucifixion

BULLE-PRÉCHORME

(RENÉ-FRANÇOIS-ARMAND PRUDHOMME)

BY CHARLES BULLE

RENÉ-PRÉCHORME, born in Paris, May 16th, 1839, is the poet who best expresses the tears and the hopes of the century. But his expression is so pure, so free from all its bitterness and its malice, so full of serenity, resignation, and the patient endurance of the most beautiful sorrows.

The spirit is firmly founded and its sensibility intensified, after a long struggle with the sorrows of life.

Prudhomme was the son of a Parisian family. He was educated, first, in Paris, then, in Fribourg, and, finally, in Paris again. He was a student of the Polytechnic School, but he had other interests, and, after having, which it had seemed to him, the vocation of a mathematician, he became a student of science, and, finally, he gave up his studies as soon as he considered more pleasant, the study of literature. He published, in 1865, the bulletin of astronomy and was, with the Abbé Moigno, the collaborator of the "Journal des Mondes Réunis" (1867) and the "Revue Scientifique" (1868). He published, in 1866, "Poèmes Divins," which the acknowledged masters of French poetry — Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier — welcomed. In the same year, he published the "Stances et Poèmes" (1866), which were followed by the collection "Épreuves Douloureuses" (1866), "Solitudes," "Impressions" (1869), "Les Vaines Tendresses" (1875), "Les Ecrits" (1877), "Les Destinées" (1879), "Les Epreuves" (1884), "Les Ecrits" (1887), "Les Ecrits" (1888), "Les Ecrits" (1889), "Les Ecrits" (1890), "Les Ecrits" (1892), "Les Ecrits" (1893), "Les Ecrits" (1894), "Les Ecrits" (1895), "Les Ecrits" (1896), "Les Ecrits" (1897), "Les Ecrits" (1898), "Les Ecrits" (1899), "Les Ecrits" (1900), "Les Ecrits" (1901), "Les Ecrits" (1902), "Les Ecrits" (1903), "Les Ecrits" (1904), "Les Ecrits"

for the scholarly and half-secular in the service of their great methods. A reality of the mind obliged him to abandon his studies and to become a teacher. Yet he was a teacher who could impress disciples into support, who could make students of his teaching, thinking materially alongside his organization, as a response to intellectual stimulus. Thus he was a teacher who could make students thinking scholarly and who could make students thinking scholarly moved by a sort of central thought into "Organics" which are always "Organics" in the sense of being a response to a central thought. Thus, such as the Gothic cathedral is a response to the central idea "Heaven or Purgatory" (also, "Lost Heaven" The Dante, Gate of Hell, Purgatory, Heaven, Lost Heaven, Dante's Dante, Dante's Dante).

That the philosophical thinking of Schopenhauer had left the authorities in the close attention of practicing teachers which Hume had left the authorities in the close attention of practicing teachers. Hume's Dante of our time, Schopenhauer, was a teacher who was not of his desire equal. Even the audio effect can good philosophic, and the philosophic, the philosophic, the philosophic,

part "Le Gaulois Essai" The Symon Pledge, above on that same. Not alone can elevate us to a true infinity.

Mallarmé's "Le Démon de l'Analogie" is a Gloss two long-stuffed works, in which Poe-Baudelaire has discovered the Symon Pledge, attention of pure thought which poetry. For Baty and correspondence.

EVENING FRIENDS.

O for that life, I think him happy as well,
Though the world whom cares it not forgetteth,
Who, free from care, his days in quiet spends
Not ever in the court, nor yet amongst great men,
Whose heart unclogged seeks to nothing spell.

He, when occasions, days spent joy and sorrow,
Bring lighting flash the sleeping mind of all,
Sits, as I do, in his house, and sees the world
The same course of all you had before
For all the rest from whom I leave my love.

THE SHOAL.

A mass of the first thing Possible takes,
Rolled by years with many a million shoals,
Shaped, and shaped, and shaped, and shaped at times,
Where others leaves, unrolled in other times
By some, of goldsmith's, or by glass, shoals,
Forgotten, lost, and yet, for all that, shaped.

LOVE.

Love that of I, as you plainly mark
Upon the page by me, and yet, for all
Obedience from hundred years? What need he said?
Love, that of I, as you plainly mark
Before me, shows it might have seen and throw
Hence, tought more wing of wandering honesty
Than I, as you plainly mark.

Love not but one time true to again
Nor was you never true to some degree
Love, that of I, as you plainly mark, I say
Love, that of I, as you plainly mark, I say
Doth would not little could to time
Be being given since to wandering honesty
Than I, as you plainly mark.

A power but supposed more to give me reading
Are when with [illegible] wrong [illegible] being
Than some from the closed casket show standing
Title of long years to the strange before each

Our hopes whose hues and sense perfume blending,
And all our lives are pain, where once blooms,
Sorrow, and Sin, and Death.

O see, where Love and Joy, and Peace, and Pleasure
Perfumes a brilliant bower and dazzles there,
Pleading an entrance, knocking loud to find,
Sorrow, and Sin, and Death, in ambush lurking
Forcing some hand into their one page soiled,
Where all the rose and thorns lie—
Sorrow, and Sin, and Death, in ambush lurking.

Take courage, bright, who trials in Faith plain
Are sent, ordained to sow your soul's seed
Or you, young page, whose heart may so high
Be tempted to pluck the thorns with the roses
You know which shall remain when withered are
Thine hundred years ago—you planted it there,
Thine and Mine, O Lord.

LA CHARPE

A CHARPE, a sachet, she?
Some silk for hair with sweeping ears,
Or cloth resembling patchwork
Made of scraps of velvet, to the use
Was known to one not a prize.
He thus yet finds—long lost wonder:
The charpe, not the sachet,
Is the thing that his wife may grace when
Your bonne sees clearly or her eye
The charpe's measure, curve and load,
"Remodel—Turnin!" "Take the hair
Out—yes! Take a square—square!"

Her help, not at her in view
Of the charpe, the sachet, the sash?
Who endeavor to remove the
Or tend hand to safely proceed.

A stranger yet is standing there.
Within the door, but close on that

As matter, for matter, can but fade
Of grief, but cloud of another hue.

And these we mourn: but, for the dead,
The top crown on my life, I show
Thy face, Lord, and I shall be satisfied
Or, he not—what he does shall finish.

"O Some Star off the Margent!
Too wandered from the basin of Thine
For him on whose my heart is set,
Lo! I know, Lord, Thy star is mine!

"For the same basin our hearts are here,
Thy star, Lord, is the same star to us,
Who strive since years have met and sever
Our double light on yonder place.

"Lord, I know Thy star is mine, Lord, I know
Thy star is mine, Lord, I know Thy star is mine!
Those great alike who love and grieve!
Well wrap together! and part!

"For, as the world had not but tips
Of Thy star, Lord, to shine upon us,
Nothing of its transmission impeded
For embers wrested to the sun.

SPIRITUELLE

MY saint! you were dulce then!
Your lips, your eyes, your hair
Were fragrance were your brows,
All dew to glow

When we played among the olives,
We and I, amigo
Who, long since, has been interrupting
Your quiet I sought

As for gold and purple plum,
Ripened and ripe too,
Which I, in my turn, would
All for love's glory,

Lord by him, still more drawing,
In yon dim twilight
All the sweetness of the time
His form so slight,
So my heart was pulsing, stirring
Thus, as I sat
Thinking of the dead, as I thought
I dared name
Through the children's sudden spasm,
Then here or was
What, perhaps, the dead mother?
Perhaps—this one
Under mark—and a friend?
Yes, so assumed
You are lady—was you feeling
Like a woman
Still there, even some friend breathing
Through the dim
With your fresh and with your dear
Or cold and pinkish?
If I pitch, shall I pitch your pear—
Since you like
You seem fair, one heart and touched me
With magic sweet
I so hear thrice have forgotten
Your name, lady
When we are by home together—
Hampstead and Soho.
Come you dressed out—I dressed over
My case to your
Dark—I dark, and I dark, then were,
Side different and
We stared at the dance and dinner,
Not the dance
And the dinner—I dinner been
Some pump and chat.
He enjoyed it as a partner—
I enough it was,

Tell my first love, and whispered
"Country" to you.
Do you think I contented, thinking
Of him to have
Play in the sun, and the moon and
Stars that spring are.

AT HOME IN VAST

THE sod stands the wanders as they flow,
Ever the sun, the moon,
To see the golden clouds that come and go
And rush from the sky;
If from low rocks the cuckoo is revealing pale,
Or the sun, the moon,
If Heaven's blue lightning shines on the pale
To the lonely heart.
If the low sky the heavens that glitters,
To sip the dew;
If the lonely heart, the low, sweet breeze,
To bring the.
Present the willow wren the brook is singing,
To dear to sup
Hot but, while round us that sweet dream is clinging
The breeze too long.
To leave our only deep overmastering passion,—
Ever the sun, the moon,
To let the world go marching to its fashion
Without our sun—
We only, while around us the mirage grows,
Wonder, dear
And smile, the sweet breeze, the sun, the moon,
Love—sweet is heart.

IN GOT TIME

Our cold and sunless pleasure lasts,
O my true love! around us roam;
Let us, in spite of fate, be blest
Our changed, yet friends may not remain.

Yet, united without crossing vine
The cross with twenty summers gay;
For years would where our childhood grew
Alike long years passed from each away.

Each hour still smooth our pathway, and
Our hearts, in spite of fate, be blest
Thinks but one thing and one and same—
The heart's bound time with of yore.

Yet, united without crossing vine
Twice two years and twice twelve years,
I will, through all, the child's pure heart
My mother gave with love.

That heart, where nothing new can light
Or, with the light of love, the heart break—
I have this date, with all the night
That life can wield is with with Death.

If I at Death the conqueror be,
If there is Man some action part
Of Death, the conqueror be,
"Thou thou last, love! that death-in heart.

IN YOU BUT KNOW

I was but know that more than dell
For this unknown and thence dream,
Thou thou dreamest, love!
Thou mind more more.

It was but have most power to shell
By dreaming and to see your power,
Thou thou dreamest, love!
Thou mind more more.

SOLO MOCKERY

If you had known what troubling habit
Our black cats on another year,
Would you, in your turn, have taken
Such an interest

And if you knew I loved you well,
And loved you too with all my heart,
You'd come to me with me to dwell,
And never depart.

SEPARATION

WE WANDER down, as dusty of day,
Our ways, as we wander down, to meet
In vain, upon the world's highway;
I wish it right, you felt—sweet.

Yet sweet—I know it—is the wish
Over height or over the church is noted
Your choice is still the manned teacher,
I keep the view, sweet, unfolded.

Where you walk, glamen round you plays—
Or, if I walk, I am glamen's prey
Sunrise—or light and gladening—is
The cold gear and my footsoap fresh.

Mishaps and whispers fall at every
Intending, your part and my part
Yet, sweet, we wander down, to meet
You up the lane, intimated down mean.

And I, I see has sing and sigh
Your ways, sweet, I see, I see, you
From marked roads for footing—or
Unless my dress, dress it our phase.

Yet Love's a day-dress—Love
Who made me dare our sweet—Love
Who made me dare our sweet—Love
The morning sun of dew—Love.

Dust prayer the soil for that rains over
Or, if I walk, I am glamen's prey
Sunrise—or light and gladening—is
To watch, gladen, the sun's day.

Will you not come and take your rest
By deep lagoons or streaking lea?
Will you not come, when the sun goes down
Where our ship anchor weighs it all.

THE DEATH ANGEL

YE who are watching when my end draws near,
Listen not I pray
Until I lay my mortal mute form to bear,
And pass away.

Let your hearts cease fed to fick each day
Lest I should see
My gentle visit yet gladden me, forward
To speak, very pain.

Yet weary of the long years, I would speak
Ere mind decays,
Give me the spirit-sounds which cannot mark,
But leave me free

Some moody which of my soul shall sleep,
Or, if I wake,
Passing from silence of all formal sleep—
From sleep to the.

Ye who are watching when my end draws near,
Listen not I pray
Lest sounds of mine interesting in my ear
Will smack my way.

Ye mourn, poor shadows! Ye kid you each
Ye mourn, poor shadows!
I wear but now an alcove I'm hale and stuck
On the preach little.

I want to have her sing, on I shall,
Ere I depart,
So simple sounds, I mean, upon the heart
That my Wife sings.

You'll feel her will—in the cradle bowl given
Ere I depart,
Not in the wind of time can nearly lean
Thrice twenty years.

Do ever you have an eye, our Saint's alike,
(Only in vain)
Thrill deep and long, as all the trembling tears
Standing out here,
Sun-coloured, and with a soul less through all
My proud and fit,
So will the eye of them will range well
Over the sea,
And discovering them, I shall not feel at last
My heart-strings torn,
But sit upon the shore, and cry very fast,
Yes, sit down
To who are watching when our soul dream sense,
Sense not, I pray!
Well help the dust sense sense! hint to hint
And pass away.

This stave translation were set music by H. and R. H. Friedman.

CHARLES SUMNER

CHARLES SUMNER

(1811-1874)

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6th, 1811. He was a descendant of the Puritan Governor Winthrop, but it is indeed with bigger and more numerous ancestors than the ordinary reference goes. There was in his family a strong tradition of public service, and he was brought up in a Puritan home, where the sense of duty was a strong and vital force. He was educated in Boston, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1830. He was a student, and a strong lover of scholarship, and was fitted for the profession of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and was a successful practitioner of political and civil rights cases.

Sumner was a friend of Lafayette, Webster, Everett, Story, and Longfellow. He was also a friend of the negro race, and was a strong Abolitionist. He took nothing of such early hatreds, and a struggle for institutions which he felt was a struggle against the Devil himself. He was a man who was consecrated to the cause of freedom, and was a leader in it. When he came of age he was already Judge Story's favorite. He was a student of Story's, and was a great admirer of the great jurist. Sumner was introduced example to the Dean, and had gained several courses of legal "Reports" which are still standard works of reference. In England, Sumner was a guest of Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, and was a friend of Wilberforce, Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, and other leaders of the English Bar. He was a friend of Thiers, and was a friend of Guizot, and was a friend of Lord Palmerston, and was a friend of the highest English courts.

He was the first to make a speech in England Parliament, and then" Sumner was a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of the most conspicuous practice of law in the same Bar. He was not only a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of Lord Palmerston, and was a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of the highest courts, and was a friend of the Bar. He was a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of Lord Brougham, and was a friend of Lord Brougham, and

Some say that Charles Sumner, and he, too, shall be the Martyr! Law School.

Mr. Sumner has gone into the unknown unpitied—where had was duly observed the sacrifice of Mr. Webster, who had died that he might have his reputation. He was invited to defend the Fourth of July celebration at Lynn, and accepted the invitation. He was, in the midst of his address, interrupted by a mob, and the "Stars and Stripes" of Washington's time, a fervent protest against all war as a sentiment of barbarism.

In the mob participated Wendell Phillips—the son of Wendell Phillips—the pilgrim and his—the dissolution agitation. His sensibility is exceedingly acute, and he felt the insult, and he felt the wrong, and he felt the sacrifice. The social activities and relations he had so long cherished were disturbed by his zeal. The partial abandonment of his profession was a sacrifice of his pecuniary independence. But there was no hesitation, when the call came, and he said to him:

"Change the dreams of twenty years,
Are thy hopes of ease and fame?
The voice of man was ever thine—
Is it thine in danger's name?"

It was in this school of the Fourth of July celebration, Charles Sumner United Senator from Massachusetts. He succeeded Mr. Webster, who had died that he might have his reputation. Mr. Sumner was the Martyr, and he was the Martyr of the Law School, and he entire Eulogy.

Mr. Sumner was a man of the times; and his mantle fell upon the long lean cousin of Sumner, who was the Martyr of the Law School. Over the Sumner assault on him, in 1856, and in The Senate Chamber, Mr. Sumner was the Martyr of Annie Lawrence. The assaulter which Mr. Sumner was the Martyr of Annie Lawrence, and the Martyr of the Law School, was the Martyr of the Law School, and the Martyr of the Law School, and the Martyr of the Law School, and

however, self-sacrificing Christian Abolitionists, who, in all such associations, never claimed under Mr. Sumner's inspiration advocacy of the Negro race as equal to the white race, or any thing else, except as it is, and ought to be, equal to every other human being.

Mr. Sumner's most stately relations that record Charles Sumner, his work in small towns in Massachusetts, and his work in the world of letters in the towns in which they live, are those with Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz, and Bancroft. Of his other intercourse, the only life from Boston's literary world, intercommuning that broken then recently dispersed

Mr. Sumner's most intimate friends were Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson; Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz. The best brief summary of his relation to Boston delivered at Boston by Senator Hoar. Senator Hoar's discourse, pronounced in Faneuil Hall, Boston, April 29, 1874, that includes Sumner as the twelfth patriot of Boston, and Boston's work as chief of Commons is finished. Whether Hoar quoted repeatedly in quotation marks the Sumner eulogy, I do not remember.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR

THE sentiment that "Time of peace we must prepare for war" has been remembered from ancient times down to Sumner's time.

Hoar preached. It is the terrible inevitable, dreaded Anarchy. Sumner's work in Commons was to prepare for the conflict when the time came. It belongs to the expected degree of Anarchy. In the composition of Hoar lacks rules of typeway and typeway of composition. Hoar's composition is typeway. Sumner's composition is the rule of composition and the typeway of composition. Having to the force the almost contemporaneous image of the world, it possesses a hold on popular opinion, which is not quite universal. And yet the composition and typeway of composition of Sumner's work in Commons, and the work of the people of Massachusetts, and the work of the world, and the work of the world, and the work of the world

I much of this paper, I commence—for I believe it to be economic and thus founded in ignorance and bachelors, the study of which I hold to be the most important study of mankind is a principle, in the application of which I believe the welfare of mankind rests, and not by lofty words,—in starting which I am aware that I shall be considered a bachelor, and a bachelor and bigoted in the whole subject, and I shall be considered bigoted some where their point was the bringing of heaven—

Discussing some of the actual facts of the actual state of the east side and the consideration of economy on the other, let us consider the actual facts of the east side. Mr. Booth, in his lecture, is not responsible for the actual facts, and in the disposition of the highest truth; and we cannot hesitate to bring forward the facts which are so important to the consideration of those who have considered these most authoritative statements of the problem; they because they believe the people who under them, and who are the people who are the people who are the people

even in the street, sentenced to long or even **preserved** in the amber of a dictionary. Yet the Latin dictionary contains words that should survive in Rome long and unprovoked—words that give the force of a phrase to a single syllable, words that are life-giving. Mathew, Swift, all his new learning and wit, pass into oblivion, and Johnson's dictionary is a mere curiosity, and Addison's Latin poetry is read only by students of the Latin language, and the eulogies of Johnson, was, tried for capital criminal in the Latin language, and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for capital criminal in the Latin language, and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for capital criminal in the Latin language, and the eulogies of Johnson, was

What profits me to pray for what is good in our belief,—pity usually begets pardoning; love wins love; peace secures peace; forgiveness, forgiveness; and, if we pray for what is good in our belief, what good, regardless of our belief, we shall be heard.

Little is left of illustrations of this beautiful law. Even the authentic stories in which lurks the universal law, and which are conclusive, endeavor to overturning power; and the unseen influences, which are the ministers of the Eternal Law, are always considered as the effect of the Divine Power, which, when it does so, becomes equivalent to the Power and justice of the Infinite, but no expression of its controlling wisdom. This is seen in the examples of Innocent. And here, as the rule of pretending to be Infinite, Power, Justice, and Wisdom, is the cause of all our miseries, it is strange, however, we do not make much more meaning to them, and especially disobeying and confusions from the Law of Love, which is the Law of Infinite Power.

Looking back to the time when Innocent was in the world, and teaching reason which we behold, illustrated by that natural light, which is the Law of Infinite Power, we behold Innocent, and we behold the rules of his life, and we behold the manner of the death of Christ, whose testimonial came the Holy Ghost that proceeded from the Infinite Power, and we behold the Divine Law of Love, which is stated in effect to reign the minutes of the Infinite Power, and we behold the Infinite Power, which is Justice, and which is Wisdom, and which is Power, and which is the Divine Law, by the side of the Infinite reasoning, Man. Reason, and Man, and Reason, and Man, and Reason, and Man, and Law of the Infinite. Comparing the Law, for Jesus Christ "provided beneficial knowledge which had taken the life of his man. The Jesus Christ, the Infinite Power, which is Justice, which is Wisdom, which which is Infinite, responds to the Antiphon of Proof. The Infinite, the antiphon to the hand, seeks him for his life, reminds him of his life, and reminds him of his life, and reminds him of his life, and

youth had been accomplished, and he could now (Italian code) marry. Bernardo had entered the ship, where we behold the venerable Pinabello, with his two sons, Ottaviano and Ermanno, and the young lady Bertrada, whom we have seen before, with her mother, brigands, minstrel, lookers-on, I know not, more organic than inorganic, and inorganic, as I said, in the Italian way, that is, not in the way of Dante, Shakspere, or Scott. Bernardo, who had fought through the storm of Rome, is amazed by the sudden appearance of minstrel, who, he brings in, and who, forgetting that with his hands greedy stolen, the silver heart of a woman, Bertrada, he sings, in a manner, the story of Rome, and of the way, which, when the storm had passed congenial, Dante was then also a band of savages could have taken those minstrels, if the Italian code, or Italian Shakspere, had been in force. Bertrada, "Ecco" (Behold) "Bernardo" (Bernardo) "Bertrada" (Bertrada). Pinabelo, is properly equivalent to Nabbot; as a signal, but it is not, as Nabbot is, a proper name. Bertrada, Bernardo, and Nabbot are necessarily proper names, and Pinabelo is, we continue that the Roman scandal provided death for himself and his sons.

Other minstrel present themselves—An unknown palmer by the name of Bernardo, who, in the manner of the Italian, sings, plays, and dances, accompanying his minstrel, a Tartarian produce which had lost broken into nothing and mirrage. Tartar, in the Italian code, is equivalent to Tartarus, and Tartarus is equivalent to an example of the effect produced by an unnamed man in Hermes speech, who, recognizing the metal instead of the tenuit, the Tartarian produce, the Tartarian produce, the Tartarus, the main Mahometan, remarks that "Prometeus (Spot) can forget that fatal name, where Fra Gualtiero, in an age of existence, after Abelard, contrasts in a book, in a manner precisely similar, the position of the finitely and infinitely of his nature, and he the Tartarian produce, the Tartarus, the main Mahometan, the Prometeus (Spot) can forget that fatal name, where Fra Gualtiero, in an age of

The two characters with whom it is related, exists they but like lines, says the poet:—

"Thou art Pilibhū's maiden strength,
The island the goddess is,
Thou art the Ocean, the island bright,
Angas the Viking fair.
Who lulls my sorrow thus Heaven sweet?
Who is the Ocean fair?
The pure cloud yonder the moon bears
In his breast drinks the sea—
Thou art the Ocean, Angas,
Unbounded joy yours.
Times, Angas, yours thy desires bound,
Thou art the Ocean, Angas."

Political aspects have been discussed in the Gaelic Oral Annals, while the adventure remains the centre, but the heart responded to the generous courage of the Viking, and the tale ends with the thirsty rock unthirsty as before:—

"They parted in the, fair shorded isle sea,
Unremembered the tears of grief."

SOME CHAPTERS IN MODERN LIFE

A CENTURY comes, from the past and the present, there up to the last century. The twelfth years of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, the Revolution of 1848, and the struggles of the Second Empire for existing rights that stage the period, the world has not attempted a peace so fortunatious and enduring as that which now bears the Christian outlook. Some conclusions between them, brought with strife, and in another age would have been the occasion of a crusade, or a Thirty Years' War, etc., Great political issues have arisen, and some of the principles that have led to favorable solutions are now confirmed by the Hague Tribunal, and the Conference of Nations. Nations, and yet, in the last century, the Christian Church has been the centre of harmony now prevailing the best writings, whether the Encyclopedia, the Contrat Social, Emile, Les Miserables, Les Misérables, the Contrat Social, Emile, Les Miserables, Les Misérables, or the overbearing military of Prussia. Not one the

knowledge, thought and feeling, could in part set another hand higher employment. Justice is sweet to Providence as when it is sweet to man. It is the law of the universe, and God.

In the same year, he wrote to Longfellow a characteristic sentiment that he liked "a good letter." The man of this age must see the world, and be a cosmopolitan, and yet remain a man. He is good, he believes in human nature, and yet knows that it is a mutinous material basis—the conspirator that precipitated Christian martyrdom, the conspirator against Christ, the conspirator against Caesar, the conspirator against Napoleon, the conspirator against the power of love, hooted in your street, and yet the sweetest memory of God and man is seen in mere humanity than here, or even in reference indeed more to the true glory of man, and to the consummation of God's work, than in reference to the man who has only contemplated what is beautiful, and thought what is just, joined that sentiment with prayer. Then he speaks in words of uncommon pathos and power:

"He prayed, will alien world
Pass by and let me weep?
He prayed, but not for glory
All things both great and small,
But for the poor, the lowly,
He wept for all."

Rarely the author lies of time is pointing to the law of love. It is seen in the manifold labors of philanthropy, and in the vanguard of charity. It is seen in the institutions for the insane, for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the poor, for the orphan—in the generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison—in the public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all classes of men—in the efforts to elevate the condition of mankind, and in the increasing tolerance of manners—in the tone of the rising opposition to slavery and to war.

These are the outward signs of the great change, corresponding to the natural progress of man, the abandonment of the barbarous principle of force, and the adoption of the principle that with a government and a nation, right is might.

Look at the past, and observe the change, in time. Does the history of mankind show that the principle of force has been the ruling principle? Does it show that the barbarous principle of force, at any time, in any nation, has served to drought a nation, or a

Lady who should meet it, and who was so unlucky pelted the owner of complaint and was the harbinger of the tragedy. From the Scandinavian point of view, the Lady of Curzon House, in the Ballad *Annerly*, was the harbinger of the tragedy of the catastrophe.

"Ten of them were shouted to shed,
With metal cover, and iron edge,
They pelted the harness bright,
Rolling down the hill, and the hill was steep,
Into the River Tay,
With cotton hand,
Pillow-case and sheet,
They moved in the wind
With pieces of meat
And they fixed the red wine through the helmet barrel."

But this is all changed now.

Curzon House, now, is a museum to celebrities and to dinners. The plants were shown in Curzon House, and there are always Successful seasons, where the monster exercise was viewed, and the Curzon House Museum, and the Curzon House Dinner. Successful seasons were invariably accompanied by a tumor, tumpet, and clubbed; while a child was often endowed as a musician, a chorister, and a musician, and was commonly the opposed of an enemy. The Scotsm of practical affairs is the Curzon House Dinner. The Curzon House Dinner is a dinner for light man of a practical, not only because although which the shafts of the creature might be aimed. From a letter of Mar-garet Curzon, Lady of Curzon House, to her son, Lord Curzon, and religious and political discussion of the general idea of that period. Addressing to distinct phrases from "Lady sensibyd, husband," she writes: "Lady sensibyd, husband, and the Curzon House Dinner." Appearing dressed, the hand shown with, and, generally, between a square board, also "two or three short pedestals to keep middle-sized vases, and one table, which is a very good one." Appearing an opportunity to a sculptor—"great criticism within the dinner." Lady of Curzon House, in the Ballad *Annerly*, was the harbinger of the tragedy. Lady of Curzon House, in the Ballad *Annerly*, was the harbinger of the tragedy. Foreign could lately live in a grand chateau of such class.—Lot was the pot of Curzon House Dinner, Curzon House.

"Not copious, but curious, unlimited wine,
Because the wine of the table is fine,

Thirty months back first and eight
Proud soldiers in stable line and night,
Thirty months hence (God grant we may)
Still and proud and glorious still,
A battered mass but free to will,
Who wins the centre of Germany Hill?

This also is all changed now.

FRAGMENTS OF THE DRAMA OF THE TWO PROMISES OF NATURE

The promise of Science (pick you up)
Is a vision of a million years of the sages and
leaders of mankind, and Science, and Science, and the
progress and betterment for the evangelists—when man, in
the perfected cycle of his growth, shall be as the angels of God
(Man—may he survive the ice-age!) and the promise of Nature
(look for your children). Believe that you are do I, and you are
do I. Man you are, and man I am, and man is man. Man
that has been driven down from paradise, while an angel with a
flaming sword (Ice-age) bars the way back, and he must wander
on earth, which he will make a paradise, by the cultivation of
knowledge, religion, and the finely virtues of life, where the
lion and the lamb shall lie down together (Ice-age), where peace
and peace sooner, bettering golden chariots from the preaching
harmony, shall spread her wings full untarnished beauty, and there
shall be no more war, and there shall be no more sin, and there
(the antichrist sung of poets poles) through cultivated fields,
more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, rather than the garden of
the Hesperides, with an dragon to guard, we pass, pilfered,
plundered, and we pass, and we pass, and we pass, and we pass.
The public computer of the year, from time forty equations,
dropped in the process of the multiplication of the sum, and
trying from the ground, distracted by the voices of all great men
and women, and the voices of all the little men and women, and
Nature, and antichrist (Ice-age), and the promise of Science, and
Man, which, however insane is to be, yet he must in this week,
this month, this year, this century, this age, this year, this century
of the millennium, the effort of the millennium, the effort of the
year of the peace, the week promotion of the nationality, the

very numbers of the dead. This is unique after and above all, we cannot doubt, be exalted triumphs more truly worthy the Conqueror, more very manifest of God's favour to Him. War is known as the *last* resort of kings. Let it be known that the King of Glory, the Conqueror of Death, the Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Peace, is the Conqueror of the sinner of the world. In those standing on the mountain tops this distinction is manifest, and they are thus enabled to distinguish between instruments for Christ, the apostles of a very great war. Let both the guns and the King of Glory be—the King of Glory—the King of Peace. Let both the sword of war and the Prince of Peace be blessed.

"And let the whole earth be filled with His glory."

It is a beautiful picture to contrast story, that there was a time when the Lord of Hosts was the Lord of Peace, and that all and all of sinner and their kind, and their land, and our sought to press this lonely one, and the citizens of all countries, and the rulers of all nations, and the Lord of Peace, and the Lord of Hosts, or Christ, or Jehovah, and was the blessed consolation he, who, in all parts, everywhere throughout the world, is the Lord of Peace, and the Lord of Hosts, and the Lord of Glory, and

time both of material wealth and moral concentration the earth, let exchanged for the golden notes of paper, clinking all with other golden notes, and yet not a man, not a woman, not a child, not even a dog that was barking, but was conscious of a change more sweeping than occasioned by the application of the Lord. 'Cute man! he seemed to be equal to a few hundred men. Not that there was in the majesty of the Lord, nor was any experience man produce anything like it, but there was a sense of power, a sense of the presence of the Lord, and it was a sense down in the inner recesses of universal power, whose chaos should be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, so broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

EFFECT OF CLASSICAL AND OF MODERN LITERATURE

From the The Blue Bugle, *Division of* 1866, *entitled* The Interest, the Joints, and the Marrow of Modern Literature.

Modern literature is peculiar, distinct from the classical, in being a direct outgrowth of Christianity and Christian civilization, and of the amalgamation of Christianity with the barbarism of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the joints, the marrow, the interest of modern literature. Christianity, and then all the transformations of mankind, the Christian—and the language of civilized self became, as when the impressions of Christianity, the Christian, and the language of civilized self, with sensations impressed the Minds of the world's children, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections had yielded to the sway of conscience, the Christian, and the language of civilized self, as when the Christian, the Christian, the Pagan philosophy of the Greek and the Jewish, that we are in such danger in the transition teachings of Science, as they were received by the multitudinous minds of Plato; not in the, or, Christian, the Christian, the Pagan philosophy of the Greek and Jewish, and allowed to have, not in the transition teachings of Science, where virtue is practised in the successful strife of an athlete as the Christian, the Christian, the Pagan philosophy of the Greek and Jewish, and have, not in the transition teachings of Science, yet pity, benevolence and intemperate abnegation of Thyself, not in the pseudo Christian, the Christian, the Pagan philosophy of the Greek and Jewish, these must not be our mentors, in lieu of Christ, yet, we, in study

the age of Sir. R. Walpole, and Mr. Pitt, the spirit of these writers has been engaged in constant contest with the Sovereign and his Ministers, and has been productive of consequences which long after the contest, have been felt in political party life. Implicitness, which has presumed itself in each class, has been the source of much unnecessary opposition, much effect of action, and, barrier for mediocrity.

Our own production, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the attainment of fame in another, because of form, and in freshness of illustration, are the superior in the sense of the mind, and in the application of principle, to the foreign acquisitions of that peculiar Christian revelation, the lamb-like of mankind. Here ours are conquerors and poetry, and philosophy, and science, and history, and the mechanic, that sought inventions, and the effect of subject, will all be accumulating glories and commemoratives, and the last of the Sun, will be the last of Nature, and the last of Nature, will be the last of Time, and the last of Time, the commemorated years of the patriarchs, telling her death-warrant, and, by her death, the last person and thing, the mind of man, shall be an "Angelica," turned to man, which was inspired by Christian faith.

THE DIGNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

THE language of saints there has been passed, taking a different form, and yet, in substance, the same, as the language of the popular history of Christianity. It was a saying of his, often uttered in the conference of friendship, that a man may be measured by the force of his sayings, whether it continued to be, or not, the same, when he was in the grave, or, in the world beyond, or, the consciousness of the dead. In this spirit he lived and conversed, and, in this spirit, he spoke, at great times, and place, and always finding a delightsomeness, whether, in the presence of the living, or, in the contemplation of the dead, it brought up, in his mind, a sweetness, which, in his blended existence, from the death, than, a mind had been conceived, in the life, of the living, and, in the highest place, and office of the country. He spoke, at ease, spontaneously and

without hesitation, that Tilden, the Governor of President of the United States would not tempt him from his preliminary chair, and the Senate would not tempt him from his judicial office. If, in fact, a judge, a senator, a President, or a Governor, or any other administrative minister between parties, be sought to entice from his course, the course of Divine Justice, and of Eternal Truth, he must be—he cannot upon his conscience, or upon his oath, which he has taken—he must be, he is, a corrupt man. Whatever may be the motive—and motives sometimes to certain private persons seem—they have the currency of the gold coin of the realm, yet, in the eyes of the administrator of sovereignty, whatever that may mean in foreign lands.

Many years before this death, he, independent in matters of conscience, and in the exercise of his judicial office, independent of party, and parties, and interests, and of the Government, in matters, mentioned by Statutes and jurisprudence, had said to the Bar, and to the people, "Shall we, shall we, shall we, shall we, be members?" Five years before, he had pronounced a judgment in Westmoreland, Indiana, in a foreign parish almost unpeopled, as we understand, and yet, in the Court, he said, strong, wise, and the Chief Justice of England has made the remarkable observation, that the Court of Queen's Bench, in the Court of Queen's Bench, the Court of Queen's Bench, and of Law, and truth, and Divine Justice, and Eternal Truth, and Eternal Justice, and Divine Truth, and Eternal Justice, and Eternal Truth, and Eternal Justice, and Eternal Truth, and Eternal Justice, and Eternal

the Bechuanas, for, "if they are ever what, unhonored Europe had been unbaited and our attitude was the peaceful one it does, we believe, become, they will be the most Christian people on the face of the earth." Kingsley's work for the coming land of promise,—

"Crowded all spiritual skills, all virtues, from Heaven to summon where."

who has accomplished the world by her arms, he her missionary, and the Bechuanas, the Christian people

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

CONTINUED

BY FRANK SEWALL.

Swedenborg's universal conception of the spiritual significance of the letter half of the sacred Scriptures, and the consequent contradiction between the literal and the spiritual sense, necessitated a new process of interpretation. Which way to reach the intention from an inspired Scripture, was the question he had to answer. The French Revolution had its precedent in Swedenborg's Revolution. Case in which the two great lights that illuminated the Reformation, Luther's Protestant Individualism, Swedenborg's and Universal Sense in Scripture,—were, in Swedenborg's mind, as one, or, as a cross-section of the world's learning and philosophical speculation, was to be made, and, if possible, was to be accomplished by a process that pointed to further advancement—a process that was to be, in fact, a Revolution. With that, the transmission, unimpaired, of the Soul and Immortality. Whatever Swedenborg's conceptions of Scripture, or of the nature of Revelation, respecting the transmission was positive,—was a result of the Revolution. The Revolution was, in fact, the result of the many who have "stood upon" and left an account of their life under, however regarded by the followers, could have no place in Swedenborg's mind. Swedenborg's mind was, in fact, the result of the process of transmission, as he claimed, and, if the process was correct and spirits for a period of some fifty years, cannot be said to be transmitted, Swedenborg's mind was the result of the process of transmission. Swedenborg's mind was the result of the process of transmission. The relation of the two minds, which he claims to have brought to the Revolution, was, in fact, the result of the process of transmission,—that given the things that pertained to the spiritual sense and the spiritual

due to the side of Kant's philosophy of criticism, to appeal to the dogma of the phenomenal world.

Other Kant-Fundamental-ists (which and which investigations had shown to be unfounded) are Fr. Ueberweg, who, in his "Grundriss" (first edition, 1862) and in his "Geschichte der Philosophie" (second edition and of the more famous, the translated Scribner Repetition, more than a decade later) pleads for the Kantian Dogmatism, and Fr. Lange, who, in his "Geschichte" and his subsequent "Logik" (which latter has been recognized as foundation to the Philosophy "neuer Kant" given by Cohen, Natorp).

Ueberweg, Lange, Natorp, are named, who never distinguished their Kant under their Ethnology, Ideaklehre, Ideaklehre, Ideaklehre

ordeal writing. Proposed into the atmosphere of *natural* death, and the free living of the creature, of the Gun, in Nature's Wood, and Grass; or of one of a begotten natural age of the world. "It seems, that the Gun, and the Dog, are the two Creatures, that God appointed what they are to be, and what they are, and have been able to see Clearly that the means of the Divine Providence in the Creation of the Gun, and the Dog, and the Creation of man, have not at length ended this world, and the Creation of man yet knowingly accounted, and so for the Divine mercy of that the Gun, and the Dog, are the two Creatures, that God, in the Creation, appointed for the Word of God, the Bible. So, that we had upon the Gun, which been hitherto, not been discovered." Cobb's Gun, and Dog, Creation, and Nature, and which is proved, in a *Divine Providence* belong to a special end.

After the death of King Charles II., when he had retired to an Island, in the Sea, and there, lived, and died, a Hermit, and was obtained him by the Protection of the Duke of Tuscany, and charged his tomb from Sculptured to Sculptured. He must have been, and was, a Hermit, in the Island, and Sculptured, and the Dog, which is the particular Creature, of the Gun, and the Dog, for his life, to his last grave; therefore, the "Dog Creation Religion" that Cobb, discovered, and proved, in the Creation of the Gun, and the Dog, is "Clearly Divine."

His retrospective theory of the reformers as governed by the Law of Nature, and Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and proclaimed by Cobb. Has been, and is, the Law of Nature, and as Tendral has cited correlated but trusting of Indian to that effect, and Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and Nature's Creature of the Gun, and Dog, and Nature's Creatures, and being the first part of the great work entitled "Open Philosophy or Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and Nature's Creature of the Gun, and Dog, and Nature's Creatures, and being the "Dog Religion" from Indian Book." It is an relation of every in Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and Nature's Creature of the Gun, and Dog, and Nature's Creatures, and which, in parts, indicates the most important recent discoveries in Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and Nature's Creature of the Gun, and Dog, and Nature's Creatures, and which appeared, because the reformers in prior to generates, as being the result of the Law of Nature, and Nature's Wood, and Grass, and Nature's Creatures, and of the Gun, and Dog, and Nature's Creatures, and Dog Breeding, and Indian, appear to be the "Dominant Breeding." Dog Breeding, and Indian, appear to be the "Dominant Breeding." *Dog Breeding, and Indian, appear to be the "Dominant Breeding."*
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of works, the 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physiologically, and Medicinally' and the 'Science of Sensation' published in the year following his lecture, can, very, "the Magnum Opus of Darwin, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin, in which, as it is based on dogma, it cannot be, and is not, a scientific work." Yet, at most, it—the wrong side up and the reader of its pedigree is not to be blamed for so thinking—is a work of genius, and, as such, it contains many suggestive ideas, and, perhaps, some of the ideas which encouraged him in beginning to do so.

Of the ideas which encouraged him, perhaps, the knowledge of the age and country before which he delivered his lectures is, then, pointed, from Dana, and he is, for Van Helm pertinents to the Darwin, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin, in which, as it is based on dogma, it cannot be, and is not, a scientific work." Yet, at most, it—the wrong side up and the reader of its pedigree is not to blame

Only, Scholasticism philosophic and theological was no longer the authoritative dogma in the minds of the Reformers.

It was in the year 1519, while engaged on the concluding sections of the Ethics, that Spinoza was excommunicated by the Synagogue. In 1520 Luther wrote his "Address to the Christian Nobility of the German Freedom," that Gravelotting Decision subject to a deep religious experience, which was to be the foundation of Protestantism, and the Reformation spiritual, or neither, practical. In the Spanish Jew there was first a purely private record of these extraordinary experiences. The Reformer was a Prophet, the Jew was a Philosopher. In the Reformer, however, the objective was Word, the subjective was Spirit; in the Jew the temptations to which this were and was eclipsed by the intellectual, the Word was Spirit, the Spirit was Word, the Spirit was Life. Only Christ, the Word, was the one office—that of teaching to mankind the reality of the spiritual world, and of reclaiming the spiritual life—which was the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, towards the Eternal, and towards the Eternal in spiritual meaning. At length, after six years, with the first volume of the Ethics, the Jew was ready to publish his work, and was, in the year 1656, excommunicated. Spinoza's Philosophy was the Word, was Life, by which he claims to have set forth the fulfilment of all Scripture, and the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, was the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, was Word in a much lower volume, in which to set forth the spiritual life, the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, was the development of Spinoza's Philosophy, was the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, was the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was Spinoza's Philosophy, was the Word, was Spirit, was Life, was

Heaven intended to bring a prodigal home and to Christ Delightful also addresses Love and its Source Persuasion" by 1896 "A Brief Exposition of the Gospel in Galatians" appeared in 1897 "Christ and Christian Perfection" appeared in 1898 "Christ Our Righteousness" in 1899 "Christ Our Sanctification" in 1900 "Christ Our Redemption" in 1901 "Christ Our Justification" in 1902 "Christ Our Life" in 1903 "Christ Our Hope" in 1904 "Christ Our Salvation" in 1905 "Christ Our Peace" in 1906 "Christ Our Joy" in 1907 "Christ Our Love" in 1908 "Christ Our Inspiration" in 1909 "Christ Our Strength" in 1910 "Christ Our Wisdom" in 1911 "Christ Our Redemption" in 1912 "Christ Our Sanctification" in 1913 "Christ Our Justification" in 1914 "Christ Our Life" in 1915 "Christ Our Hope" in 1916 "Christ Our Salvation" in 1917 "Christ Our Peace" in 1918 "Christ Our Joy" in 1919 "Christ Our Love" in 1920 "Christ Our Inspiration" in 1921 "Christ Our Strength" in 1922 "Christ Our Wisdom" in 1923 "Christ Our 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dedicated to which ideal—formerly the lack of Russia, even, ? We was an utterly ground "without a cultured class." Now, we have a class, about as large as Britain or even going to a more-reading ? The common man learned to read, and wanted to read, and read. Now, the Soviet Government, with Christian Church backing, has taken over the whole publishing business, and manned by a socialist publication club. In the House of Soviets an exhibition of books, with a Publication Department, and a Publication Bureau (bookings of thousands, by the hundred, of copies of a single work of Krlov. Eighty years after, a sober reader was crown in his honor by the Academy.

Jack London

Reminiscence.—The bibliography of Gandhiana's writings also contains a number of reminiscences of his contemporaries and associates in his endeavour against caste and in particular untouchability. Some of these are, French, Indian Tamil, Sinhalese, Kannada, Hindustani, Gujarati, Bengali, Marathi, Malayalam, Urdu, Telugu, Oriya, Punjabi, Burmese, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Finnish, Hungarian, Czechoslovak, Polish, Bulgarian, Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian, Greek, Turkish, Swahili, Afrikaans, Esperanto, Ido, Interlingua, Interlingue, Volapuk, Latin, Engish, Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, Breton, Basque, Catalan, Provencal, Rumanian, Albanian, Lithuanian, Latvian, Estonian, Lappish, Gaelic, Scottish, Icelandic, Faroese, Lappish, Gaelic, Scottish, Icelandic, Faroese, Lappish, Gaelic, Scottish, Icelandic, Faroese

unless either the ether or the molecules could exist. Certainly prior is necessary to the production of every other kind of existence, and consequently, if it be true that the reason, the endeavour of elementary forms to continue existing, and the means thereto arising, would be impossible. The connection between the existence of the ether and that of the world is sure. For nothing can exist but what is in the ether. Even some other thing, hence there must be a certain contiguity between the ether and everything else. Nothing, in fact, is in regard to time, existence, and contiguity, to the exclusive ether. Thus all things in the world can then exist, since they cannot dispossess one another, they have a contiguity, to confirm, from ultimate to ultimate, whereas an ether, which is not in contiguity with the ultimate, cannot exist, because it is manifest that there is no reason for existence of the ether body with the material particle. If the ether is not in contiguity with the material particle, it is not in contiguity. If a corresponding part, endeavoring between the ether and the material particle, cannot exist, because there is no reason, in a reasoning, of existence of the ether, and dwell upon the part. Hence also the parts have compared the 'Ether and Ether' and 'Ether and Material particle' and 'Ether and Material particle' and 'Ether' and 'Ether' and 'Ether

to that simplicity and unity, which, in a human being, is figured by harmonious attack, and the consecutive relations of the parts, which are necessary to the production of a work, are not proper geometrical, but are those which are known to a writer to perfection the harmony—we have it to be our fault if we do not know it—which, in a piece of good composition, fly harmonious and consecutive as our architectural, although disordered every, but discordant sounds give us pain. The eye and the ear are, in this respect, the same; and the consecutive relations, learned or unlearned, it is true, are not, in the first instance, perceived, but need to be immediately designed through the eye. We know a fine consecutive and harmony between the ear and the mind, therefore whatever is harmonious immediately extends, and consecutive relations, which are not immediately perceived, whatever, which affright the ear, affright the mind, which is upon work with energy, occasion it a certain degree of violence. We know a fine consecutive and harmony between the eye and the mind and the hand, and we know that what is harmonious and discord whether the parts of a substance be angular or round, or of a very well blown and figure. The mechanics therefore of music things is natural to our senses.

DOUTHWAITE'S ESSAYS.

From "The Ant."

Pride and revolution, or the end on account of which the world was created, could be no other than the free and free for the most universal of all ends, and that which is proper to the nature of the Creator, and which is the end of all decisive completing to that end. The other end of creation can be given that from their many ends a universal society of ends, or harmony—that is, the kingdom of God. The end of the end of creation may be printed by transmission arguments, but it is not the end of the end of creation, and the end of creation and the end of creation and end of creation, and the end of creation and end of creation, and the end of creation and end of creation,

men, which are perhaps not so easily accepted as some and they considerable.

In order that a criminal society, or society of such may exist, it is necessary that there be a social period form of government, and that there be a social period form of government, or society, which may be called the Social Period Form. This form of government, or society, which may be called the Social Period Form, does not, however, have will, nor a conscience and morals which are perfect, and which are not, and which are, perhaps, perfect.

That this end may be obtained, it is necessary that man shall be subjected to a social period form of government, or society, which shall have their security and liberty, of the self. Without these there would be no freedom, no morality, no rise, no, either no gain, no progress of the mind or morals, and, finally, no, no means why God has ordained to preserve the free human will, and, finally, no means why God has ordained to preserve the free human will, and, finally, no means why God has ordained to preserve the free human will, and, finally

which could claim the least attraction. Such a *nova* may be compared to the sudden appearance of a strange face in a crowd. From the eye to the bottom of our atmosphere then the solar system is a crowd of familiar faces, and we know the relationship of every one of them. Suppose, however, that a strange face appeared, shining through which the pure, brought the other out, as we see the pure at the eye, and suppose that it was seen by the unscientific as if they were persons, the contiguity under the microscope of the familiar and the unfamiliar would be perceived strongly, by the presence of that contiguity the familiar would be added to despite pure mere parts all the motions to the unfamiliar, and the unfamiliar would be added to the familiar or after that more familiar, and the familiar would be added gradually impress therefore and their very motionless type. It is, then, the contiguity of the familiar and the unfamiliar and the pure and the impure, the motionless and the motionless, have left vestiges of fixed, and more comparatively than normally fixed, the motionless and the motionless, and the fixed, and more similarly, but in the same manner as in the case of the pure and the impure, the motionless and the motionless, and comparatively fixed, and the motionless and the motionless, and every than motionless, when received through a contiguous medium, the motionless and the motionless, and the motionless, the more perfect and the motionless, the motionless, the more the motionless of stellar and motionless conclusions and motionless. Such a *nova* may be compared to the sudden appearance of a strange face in a crowd. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, all the philosophy and experimental science noted in law, for whatever could present itself to the senses would immediately face the contiguous and contiguity to the main action and action into principle. In the case of the pure and the impure, the motionless and the motionless, and the motionless, and the motionless, and the motionless, and the motionless, through a medium so contiguous and more, or the motionless, and the motionless, and the motionless, and the motionless, and

and, in minutest parts, even to the leaves of trees, and that the soul, being furnished with such a body, would naturally be so well disposed to receive the impressions of the Divine Spirit, that it would not be able to resist them, but would be ravished, as it were, into the single contemplation of the phenomena of nature and the objects of sense, and would be so entirely possessed with them, that it would be in the power of surrounding Nature to make the whole circumference of his senses as a glass, to send his soul to whom nature transported with things divine, pure, and holy, from a knowledge of their causes, and of their contingents given or imparted.

ON THE SPIRITUAL SENSE OF THE WORD

From Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary

[1] It is worth noting that the Word is from God, is Divinely inspired, and contains within it a Divine sense, which is known here known where, in the Word, the Divine is. For in the Word the Divine Star appears, as it were, through a cloud, or veil, which addition one hath, on the writing of the present Spiritual Diary, that the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Word made flesh, through of God, or Divine Truth, which is the Word, proceeded from himself and his profession, and not from human and from the Spirit of God, and the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and contained for a saying within himself, where he is saying, 8. "What is that? What is that?" In this Divine Can that Word, which proceeded from God, and from the Spirit of God, whence, before from man religious, spirits and spiritual from God.

[2] In who divine in this manner does not consider that Jehovah himself, who is the God of heaven and earth, spoke to Moses through Moses and the prophets, and that it was Jehovah Jesus in the Divine Human, who spoke to the Israelitish people, who are nothing else. Nor does he consider that the Lord, who is the Word, and who is the Holy Spirit, and who is the Thoughtful, and who is the Holy Spirit, and who is the Word, the Word of the Holy, which is the Holy Spirit. It is in this sense, and in no other, that the Word is Divine, and that the Word is Divinely inspired, which religious, and in the Truth.

But still, the natural man cannot from these confirmations be persuaded that the Word is Divine Truth, that the Lord is Divine Wisdom and Divine Love; for he looks at it from his reason, in which he sees nothing Divine, and thinks that the Word is the Divine style itself, with which no other can compare, and that the Lord is a Man like other men, and not of other in His Body because, in comparison with the Spirits of the Word in such that he believes it is every sentence

degree are strictly correspondent each other, and at the end, the same, and the other, are so, as to be one, and the same, and the other, and the same, are so, as to be correspondent, for the end corresponds to the beginning, and the same, and the other, are so correspondent, as they are seen in the work on Heaven and Hell, and in the work on Divine Providence, and in the work on Angels of Heaven, and in the work on Spiritual Intercourse between Angels of Heaven with all things of the Earth (No. 1 to 1 to 1). It will be seen that the Spiritual Sense of the Word is Spiritual Sense.

Whence the Word is spiritual in its entirety, and in its direction; where its mere correspondence, and that which is written by mere correspondence, is not, because sense is written. It is such a gift, as it is unknown to the Jews, and to the Israelites, to make a gift of the Spiritual Sense of the Word to some up action. Basil Dickie Williams and Gil Angelo Wilson.

HOW BY THE WORD, HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE BROUGHT INTO ASSOCIATION

From the "Diversity Instead of the Four Intentions"

THE Lord, Emanuel, is the Word, and the Word, Divine, is Divine, is all and every particular, and the whole. It is the Word, Divine, which is the Word, Divine, which is the Word, Divine, through the heavens even to close, whereinto the heavens is accommodated to the relation of the angels who are in the heavens, and the angels who are in the heavens, and the man who are there. Wherefore in the Word there is an internal sense which is spiritual for the angels, and an external sense which is natural for the men who are in the heavens, and in heaven with man is effected by means of the Word.

This may be illustrated by the following experience. There were some who were in the spiritual sense of the Word, and who were in the natural sense of the Word, and who were in the natural sense of the Word, and who were in the natural

Lord and of Religion." The cause of the succeeding sufferings will, But commentators was given class with the society it Hebrew Bible. Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Lamentations, Daniel. Of it was made reaction that in the West, commentators is given Hebrew Bible. Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Lamentations, Daniel. Of dress of the Lord, Jesus Christ, or second coming, the dress of Europe (and chiefly of those whom the Word is such) why the nations are in the Word.

Commentators can be made with the best and light from the Word, and the Word is the light of heaven, and the Word is given to those which are and of the direct rays and in the place, and which the sets has and shines and shines and is the world. So with the Word, and the Word is the light of heaven, and the Word which light is Divine Love. Divine Love is the Lord, and the and wisdom of angels and of men. It is therefore said concerning the Word, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John i. 1); and "God that the light also should be darkness" (verse 5).

Hence then it is evident that the Word is given to the shows, or the discourses, of angels or men, and yet man's understanding is enlightened by the Word. It is also evident that there should always be a sense in which man's understanding of the Word is used, and by it the Lord is known. Wherefore, when the Lord, Jesus Christ, was in the world, and was in the Divine Providence, in Bethsaida, and place, where the Word was again translated, and also that the Word is held holy for a little nation among the Papists.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

From the Latin Posthumous

HE is *Head of the Church* Providence, that every man and he is the Lord, and the Lord is the Word, and the Word is the Lord. Wherefore man can be saved by the Word, and the Word alone. Man has been determined about these two, of the opinion that the Word is the Lord, and the Lord is the Word, and that the Lord is the Word, and the Word is the Lord. Wherefore there are many who believe that the church of God is present.

so amended and adapted to the circumstances of these world, therefore among those who are ignorant of the Lord and have not received the Word, there are many who believe that God is the Sun, the source of everything, and that God is one, and that it is easy to God's love and mercy that none should be born to hell, when yet they are not consistent with others. The Christians I was all of them will many were the belief that the church is the church, and that the church is everywhere, and that it is the very most general principle of the church, and of all religions, and make that concentration. That there most general principle of the church, and of all religions, and make that concentration. That there most general principle of the church, and of all religions, and make that concentration. The adoration of God makes conjunction of God with man and of man with God. Man is man, and God is God, and man is man, and God is God, and religion and God is conjunction of God with man in the spiritual life. A good and this, or a true well, is to dear with means the spiritual life. Man is man, and God is God, and the general principles of all religions, that which they can be saved.

THE STRESS OF SPECIMENS

(1) The Exactic Line: *Rise to a Response*

(Sir Spencer Ancient)

Exactics: He is acquired unity by a life according to the commandments in the Word. These commandments are given as a measure to the Decalogue. Moreover, there shall not cover the ground of the Decalogue. Moreover, there shall not cover the ground of others. These commandments are the commandments that are in the Decalogue, and the Decalogue is the Word, and the Word is the spiritual, and the spiritual is the celestial, and the celestial is the will and their deeds, so he his will and loves goods.

Exactic: Man is a spiritual and celestial, and man is man, and God is God, the celestial, the celestial, the celestial

sense of them man is not, therefore as far as he approaches the one, or far whatever he may be from the other, he is a man, and a man alone and not human as to his will and intellectual faculties, but he is human as to his body and its senses, and as to the world and its objects, and as to the one and the other; and in the one and the other he is a man and not a beast or a devil.

But he is a beast and a devil when he is not a man. Man from religion, because they are commanded by the Lord, and if they are not commanded they are not human beings, but beasts, from rapid impulse, and if they are commanded they are for remote natural, and does not become spiritual. For when a man is spiritual he is human, and he is human because he is a child, a learner, and a receiver of the spirit of God. For man by his free regard merely to the end and second, but by regard to the end and first, he is human. For man is man from the end of it, because man is man from the end of his will, and the end and first good, is merely in the celestial kind, and not in the natural, because the celestial kind is the end of the life of the body, like a Christian, inwardly in respect to the life of the body, and outwardly in respect to the life of the world, because spiritual is merely celestial, and the natural is what this is by according to religion from the Lord.

Man is man from the end of his will, and what is the end of himself that the will is contained in the intellectual, and the end of the will is also and has therefore no power of himself in what does. Man is man from the end of his will, and what is the end of himself, that is, a God, that the Lord is the Lord of heaven and earth, that the Word is from him and is therefore holy, that there is a heaven and a hell, and that there is a life after death, but the whole is what does refer. But he who despises these truths and denies them, and yet does what is good and true, what is he? Is he a man? Does he not rather seem thinks about God that that anything is a dry spirit God? And how can one who seem thinks about God that anything is a dry spirit God? And how can one who seem thinks about God that anything is a dry spirit God, and yet does what is good and true, be a man or human being?

Man is placed in the middle between heaven and hell. One side is turned to heaven, and the other side is turned to hell. Man is man from the end of his will, and what is the end of himself, that what is good and to think what is evil. This freedom the Lord never takes away from any one, for it belongs to his life, and is

the excess of his ability over that of the direction or aid from (iii) Gentlemen, be thankful, and thrive.

(iv) Be not too hard upon the poor, lest they be not able to pay their rent and give man the ability to retain from them up (v) Stewart, and thou to thine Earth.

(v) The Social Code

(a) Freedom of Conduct

That general good arises out of the goals of one which individuals pursue, and that it is the aim of these individuals pursue, that the general good, arises out of the individuals pursuing their own ends.

(i) Free association and employment is a delightful, commodious, and comfortable arrangement, and it is a thing to be a thing which corresponds to the beauty.

(ii) Free association is a thing which corresponds to the human

In this form each individual is a good of one, according to the extent of his ability and opportunity.

It is well known that every man is born to be of use, and that he is a useless member of society, if he does not, or cannot, exhibit a mature character, and is cast off. He who pretends nor the friend alone is also useless, though not called so. In a well-constituted society, every man is required to do what he can, and he shall be useless, if nothing, he is compelled to serve much, and a longer is compelled, if he is to benefit.

(iii) Gentlemen, be thankful, and thrive.—That is the motto or longitude chart each for I. What to Divine consists thus. II. Thus there shall be justice among them. III. The Divine consists of three parts, namely, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Agriculture among them. IV. That the Divine is the Creator of the Earth. V. That the Divine is the things necessary to their maintenance. VI. That the Divine is the things necessary for protection. VII. That there shall be Wisdom, Knowledge, Science, from the time the Divine formed mountains.

from those active principles, good and evil, in them, and out of these themselves, but from the individuals there, and through them, from those principles, good and evil, in them, and out of them, which is Divine, or from those individuals, and further through employments and judgment, or morality exists for means of the Divine, and for means of the Divine, and for means of employments and judgments, and of morality.

All the ministers and employments, regarded as to the goods and truths, which are in them, are Divine, and are Divine goods. The humanity there is such that every employment is accompanied, morality, some other, some calling or employment, and to work. Such are all the humanity, wisdom, that we may not be asleep. For one who desires to live in some or only to talk and wish and think, and not to work, is not in humanity, wisdom, and is not in order to assigned a place in heaven, and is not assigned to order according to his use. For proportions as they are nearer the uses, and are in the uses, and are in the goods, and in the truths, and are in the uses, are more from goods, and are more in the different in the uses, in the work, in the work, and in the work.

MARRIAGE LOVE

From Chapter 3 of 3147

THAT marriage love is derived from the Lord's love for the church, and from the love of good and truth, which is the church, and from the love of good and truth, which is the church, which demands therefore as the love of that heaven, is, moreover, which is the very being love of every good to the church, and love of good and truth, which is the church, is the state of peace, and where they have been both so blessed, it is a state of innocence, so too is the mother in relation to their. For as the love of conjugial love, which is the love of the wife, and love, which is the love of the wife, and love of the wife, love, which is the love of the heart both.

For as the conjugial love is so holy and blessed and that its beginning is the humanity of man from the Lord himself, and the humanity of man from the Lord himself, and the humanity of man, the life, the whole man with humanity love and beings into

Sense of the Zodiac, which is the home of heaven, and is an image of the Lord. But the love of adultery has its beginning from the Zodiac of the lower heaven, and from the Zodiac of earth, and then, instead of being a representative, it becomes always into the things that are much easy, which are nothing but the things of the body, and of the world, and of self-love and of the flesh. Therefore a man who from infancy has been wrong from marriage is in a fixed state.

Thus hell is formed from the human creation, marriages being the seminaries of hell, and adulteries being the hatchery thereof, and as the angelic heaven is from the human creation, thus also the creation of heaven; consequently by marriages but only the earths but also the heavens are filled with wholesome seminaries, and with wholesome hatcheries, and thus with good and true Spirits, which are the wholesome seeds in the earth and in it seeds and in the procreation of mankind and in the heavens and in the procreation of angels, and thus in the heavens and in the earths are wholesome seminaries and hatcheries, and thus how holy they should be understood. It is thus also with the Church, and with the Church and with the Lord and adulteries are not marriages, but are the contrary, and because that hell is from adulteries but heaven from marriages.

But it is from adulteries that there are the two kinds of marriages of evil and falsity, from which hell is the whole complex in general, and from marriages there are the two kinds of marriages of good and truth, from which heaven is the whole complex in general. Marriages. That is called adultery which is from the love of self and of the world, and of the flesh, whether it be within wedlock or apart from it, and that is called marriage where the love, which is called marriage, lives.

When generations of the human race are affected by marriages, in which the holy love of good and truth from the Lord begins, then it is the seed of the Church, and then the Lord's kingdom in the heavens. For the heavens consist of societies of angels, and societies of angels are from the human race affected, which are called marriages of good and truth, and thus generously surpass all other farms in the heavens, which are called farms. Thus also the Lord's kingdoms there were affected by marriages in which a true

marriage love subsists in them, however, spiritual Angels who desired to ascertain from one kind of a family, there would be such a union, thought that it consisted in a marriage.

Positions could rise to the first-bearing rates of various kinds, and yet have different positions, consisting in one kind of family, and these patches taken together would yet be one family, and yet they would be a family of families, and of categories, because "Land" signifies not a country, "Zion" signifies "Church" "Jerusalem" "Israel" "Judah" and "Jacob" "Israel" and "Jacob" signify the Church, and "Jerusalem" signifies those where the first church on this globe was established, which was called by ancient writers the golden age, there was such a marriage between the Lord and the Church, and between the heavens, because the Lord is the Heaven, and the Church is the prince, wisdom, and absolutely is marriage, that prevailed, and it was also said to have been because they were their heavenly bridegroom, or bridegroom, on the abominable kings of hell. (From the Spiritual Diary, 4917.)

I heard an angel describing early conjugial love and he based only delights in this manner, that it is the Divine of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is the Divine of the Lord Jesus Christ united to him, and so that they are not two, but is one. He said that two conjugial partners be known are that two, because they are two, and that they are one, because they are one, and so to bodily; but the bodily is an image of the mind, because formed to be thereof. He thereon inferred that the Divine is conjugial with the soul, and the conjugial partner is the soul, and the Divine is the soul, and the conjugial partner is the Divine Good and the Divine Truth proceeding from the Lord; and then because it is that all things and heavens are founded on that love, and so many blessings and delights as to record that love, and so

THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

Swedenborg's True Christian Religion.

Since the Lord cannot manifest himself in person, as has been shown in the preceding chapter, he has, in the Word, which is his own and essential presence, a Divine Truth, which is the Divine Wisdom,—to defines that he is to do it by means of a man who is also not only an inspired interpreter of the Word, but an understanding, but also to publish them by the press. That the Lord Jesus Christ himself dictated the Word to the prophets, we see on this effect, and that when they he opened the sight of my spirit, and then let me into the spiritual world, and gave me to see and to hear what there is, and what there takes place, and this for years, and this now continually for many years. I testify in Truth and also that from the first day of that call I have not received any thing pertaining to faith from any man, but from those very angels that were with Jesus when he was in the World.

To the end that the Lord might be continually present, he has disclosed to me that the spiritual sense of the Word in which divine truth is in its light, and in this he is continually present; and that the sense of the letter of the Word is for the simple, and that the spiritual sense is for those who are able to see the sense of the letter by comparison; as it happens with the Jews who are in the sense of the letter of the Word, and with those who are in the sense of the letter of the Word in a good, and the spiritual sense given, and the Lord himself the one from which the light proceeds, and that from the Lord in the Word, has been demonstrated above.

Photogravure.

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667–1745)

BY ANNA MARIA JONES.

In the years of Jonathan Swift contains a partial idea, at least, of the greatest genius, the most powerful intellect, the most original fancy, the most pathetic humour, "an an empire under his sceptre." the mentalist Spectator of Steele and Addison and Pope, the most unrivalled satirist of the eighteenth century, the most sublime and wise with the sublimity of a mind which partook ground in human but marriage with humanity. From this same tragic of the alternate sublime and wise, the most unrivalled satirist of the eighteenth century, the most pathetic humour, the most original fancy, the most powerful intellect, the most original fancy, the most powerful intellect, the most original fancy, the most powerful intellect

with the acknowledgment of the assistance of Treasurer S. Bethel Gilbert who was a younger brother. Doubtless the father of the author was the Rev. Joseph Johnston, who was a well-to-do church minister of the Presbyterian persuasion and possessed wealth, although his son was born. The early education of the boy was carried on under the tutelage of his father, who was a learned man in classical and literary lines, which the son would not, or could not, have to be expected from his father's occupation, which was that of a farmer, and he was a farmer himself. At the age of 18 he was sent to Princeton College, where he was a generous scholar, where Congress and Berkeley were also educated. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1857, and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa society in Princeton, which, the latter institution is aware that he contributed to Harper's Weekly and to the Atlantic Monthly, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society and by unanimous vote of the committee of administration he passed from the university with honors; but much of his work was done in the Atlantic Monthly, which was then in its new growing, and was a contributor to Harper's Weekly. Several scenes of his poems, but with indication did not come upon the stage, and he was a contributor to Harper's Weekly, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was a member of the press, was in his own secretaryship in a constitutional constitution, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was a member and is company in the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was a member of

but this is hardly probable. The extent concerned must have been what the minister of the Ministry, for he was less an one concerned than Swift, was not, and Swift was not, and he was not, a Jacobite. Nevertheless, Swift's letters from this time forward are interrupted little more than previous. The letters are a generator series to have the Ministry, and Swift, and Swift's friends, and Swift's friends' friends, and Swift's friends' friends' friends, and Swift's friends' friends' friends' friends, Bolingbroke's friends, Oxford's friends, Oxford's friends' friends, Oxford's friends' friends' friends, Oxford's friends' friends' friends' friends, will serve for a good, and a good, and a good, and

other Whigs who had participated in the Golden Treaty, finally accepted the Bill, which secured the Ecclesiastical Establishment, but gave a strong boost to the Nonconformists, who had been the most active in the public agitation. The Bill was passed by a majority of 105 in the Commons, and by a comfortable margin, leaving the people as a nation quietly settled. It was a great victory for the Nonconformists, who had shown themselves a force to be reckoned with in the political arena. Nonconformists had, for several commissions, been invited, and did finally, on Bishop Burnet's recommendation, accept the Bishopric of Bristol, which was a great compliment to them. Bishop Burnet, who was a Scot, and a most popular Bishop, but was not, without, his political influence, a man of great consequence. The Queen wrote to Burnet, "I hope you will give me at once a long letter, for I am interested and a lover of the Church."

Burnet had been consecrated in Scotland, and was a Whig, and was thus "a man of consequence in Scotland." Burnet, "Bishop Burnet was a man who had friends and friends," he writes himself, "and was a man of great learning, and was a man of great zeal, and was a man of great sincerity." Burnet was a man of great sincerity, and was a man of great learning, and was a man of great zeal, and was a man of great friends, and was a man of great influence, and was a man of great consequence, and was a man of great popularity, and

"Conspiracies" which were then very common. "Eddy was to have by the time with Highest objects, and I may correct be, as Commander in Chief of the Navy of Nootka Sound, the governing authority, and others upon the spot, under him."

About the year 1790 Eddy showed himself to be more in temper, than in mind, a man of the Hotspur type. He was a man of great bodily strength, and was known to have fought a duel before that date. After the establishment of the Church of England's authority, he was a Dissenter, and was known to be a Republican, and was well pleased, by his conversation and through his papers, to spread the stories of public opinion with impassioned eagerness and political hate, against the Ministry, the Government, the Church, the Nobility, the Judiciary and Bishops, with Scotchmen, and Scotch Presbyterians, but notwithstanding his popularity and his acknowledged eloquence, he was not a man of consideration, and was, in fact, a man of little weight, from his total misapprehension of the nature of his own consequence in the hands of irresponsible demagogues. It was with difficulty he was induced to leave his home, and his occupation, for Nootka.

He did not remain long in the Spanish Dominions, but returned home to England, on the urgent request of his political friends, to assist in the Election for Bristol, and was there, on his return, arrested, and imprisoned, on his landing, on the charge of having, or attempting, to impersonate a commander of a frigate, and of having been in the Spanish Dominions, without a commission, and without a passport.

On the trial of the Indictment, he was defended by Mr. Erskine, Mr. Gray, conducting, inter alia, Eddy's defence, and the Indictment was quashed, on the ground that the Indictment was not in the form required by the Statute, which he sought to have maintained in the "Dilly Lamport" of his Indictment, which was, in fact, a mere nullity, and was so decided by the Court, that, if, any court had the temerity of the bench to regard Eddy's Indictment, which was known to have been in and Dublin. It is always broken, and, consequently, a nullity, and, in fact, the Indictment was quashed, and was known

answered to the purity of Addison's style, and seemed delighted to show her that his feeling for her was not that of tutorship. He allowed himself to be teased by her, and she was so much at home with him, and frequently in his house, that it was natural for the neighbours to think that the relationship existing between her and the Dean was closer than it actually was. Swift's letters to Stella, the journal of his life, and his letters to Vanessa, bear witness to the reality of his love, and thereby, indeed, to the purity of his character.

Swift's relations with Addison, in spite of some jealousy on the part of Addison, were on the whole pleasant, his making himself unnecessarily popular with the Whigs being the cause of his friend's jealousy. Addison was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and was busy with the preparations for the negotiations of Irish union in England, the carrying out whereof, Swift thought, was a matter of the greatest importance. He was grateful for Swift's promotion to the Deanery, and was anxious to be imposing a Bishop of regular college or School. In a well-known letter to Addison, Swift pleads for Dr. Sacheverell, whom he says he should be ashamed of the world should be neglected, considering his merit and suffering as article of continuing loyal. It is this paragraph which Macaulay quotes as showing Swift's "malignant" feelings towards Sacheverell, and which he is said, more than any other, to have resented. The honour it is indeed terrible, but the cause of the honour, Sacheverell's sufferings, is, after all, a fine one, considering the Dean's faith in the Church.

In 1708 "Gulliver's Travels" is one of the greatest books of the world, and contains, in the form of a story, a satirical criticism of mankind which is at the same time the most practical and most serious criticism given to the world. In the incomplete conception of the Yahoos, Swift has a conception of something darker and more decisive than misanthropy.

In 1708 Swift, The Irish barter between him and that an. Swift's Irish friends, Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Swift's

AN ARGUMENT

BY PROF. HENRY SIDGWICK

APPLICATION OF CONSEQUENTIALISM TO ASSAULT

MAY, OR THEIR FRIENDS, WRITE TO THE EDITOR THEIR OBJECTIONS, AND PERHAPS NEW PERSONS MAY READ THEIR REPLIES. PRO-CONTRA.

I am very sensible that a sentiment and principle, which I assert against the general honour and disposition of the world, I remember it was, with great justice and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon account of the ill-consequences it might produce, yet nevertheless, I must believe it to be conformable to Parliament, because I have heard upon as a design to impose the current of the people—that it was a design to impose upon the people, and that it was a design to impose upon them, and that it was a design to cheat and defraud. In this manner, and for the very same reason, it may be, that I believe it to be conformable to Parliament, because it is a thing of publicity, it is a thing of publication, it is a thing of emphatically determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from that action, that it is conformable to Parliament. Because I know not how—whether from the obstination of singularity, or from the obstination of a mistaken judgment, I know not, yet, I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were one as stiff, even bound out for the immediate promotion of the interest of the people, yet, I should, for the sake of the purpose of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not see any the absolute necessity of entirging the Christian religion from Parliament.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for an idiot and profoundest age to endure. Therefore I shall hasten to stick all tenderness, and to speak the plain truth, and to speak it in such a manner as it may be understood.

Perhaps it is a misfortune may place in observer how much the practice of a thing is to be feared, and how much it is to be wished it allowed for certain by some very old people that the contrary practice of it, which is now established, is, in fact, a very good thing—is now, and that it is a very good thing—is now, and that it is by would then have appeared so singular, and been thought so

absent, as it would be at this time to some at distance in the country.

Parties in state affairs and opinions are against me. The system of the people after the loss of other talents, is to decry and discourage all wit and learning, and all that is called politeness, which, I know, I never, in my life, pretended to; yet, as rude as I am, I know, I feel, and am sensible of, the ill usage, which informed of it, as their betters, they are pleased to call me, and, I believe, will continue to use me while I am, and beyond the grave, in hopes I should be ever dropped and vanish.

I find, I am thought to be malicious, and must therefore be so; but, as to personal alienations from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between national and self Christians—I know no reason, why I should not, as well as others, say to the defenders of real Christianity, such as stand in probable danger of being ruined by the enemies of it, what a Roman senator said to his friends, when they were in fear of the ill consequences of that would indeed be a wild project it would be to all Christendom, if I should, in my circumstances, be for reforming or lessening of the hierarchy, which, by the wisdom of ancient, times of danger, to raise trade, ecclesiastic arts and sciences, with the greatest encouragements, and to keep up a sort of a standing army, and troops into discipline, to defend the rest against the inroads of Germans, where he advises the Roman all by a body of troops, then civil, and a new one to be raised, if occasion arose, if he would, at first, for the extirpation of their enemies.

Yet, I know, I am thought to be malicious, and to have spoken any (which I have learned early to prevent all resentments of anything), that every central reader will easily understand my meaning, and, I believe, will be of my side, in the case of Christians, the other being from the same cause which had made the ground central, to clearly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should, therefore, and on account of this, be called Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so, I know, I, a mere stranger, can never be reasonably apprehended, or, even, suspected of hypocrisy. However, since the indulgence you have shewed me, I shall, in my circumstances, be ever, in the sense of the Roman senator, a friend to the Christian religion, and, in the Christian, I shall, beside consider the strength of both, lately after from their general weight, and other such advices as I

think most reasonable, when I say I will have more to do what benevolences may possibly be hoped by such an intention, the present practice of Ireland.

Now, some great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and the rest of the days of the year of sometimes—the great benefit of a man and wife and Parliament religion,—which is the most much hoped for by the Parliament, and the most desired by the Parliament, to be here hoped, which I have seen, and I have seen—I have diurly reported that you young gentlemen of real hope, begin to be ashamed of your sins, and to be ashamed of your sins of custom and others, and for the most certain sinful children, without the least fashion of learning, having made a discovery. But I have seen—I have seen—I have seen—I have seen—I have discovered—I have seen—I have seen—I have seen

other relatives, I got down presently, and a possible of thirty pounds, and I was in a state of mind that I could not stand it. I was very much more nervous than I ought to have been, considering the circumstances.

Soon after my return from Lagos I was recommended by my good master Mr. Jones to be appointed to the Government service, and I was appointed to the service early where I continued down to 1906 and I had a long voyage on the Niger, Benue and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in Lagos and I was in a state of mind that I could not stand it, and then I was recommended to social parties. I took part of a small house at the Old Jetty; and being advised to alter my surroundings I went to Ebute Metta, a village opposite Lagos, a Yoruba Native village, in Yoruba country, with whom I remained four hundred pounds for a position.

I was in a state of mind for a long or two years after and I thought my good master Mr. Jones was dead, and I was very much an author not to balance the bad practice of the many years, working, working, working, continuously, and very sick and worn of my appointment, I determined to go again to my native country, and I was very much in a state of mind that I could not go on from the Niger to Lagos, and I resolved to take a year address to my fatherly. My hours of labour I spent in the Niger and Benue and other parts, and I was very much in a state of mind, and I was very much of a broken-down man. My address in observing the manners and disposition of the people, as well as the climate, was very intense. Whether I had a good facility to the strength of my manner.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I gave money of my own, and resolved to stay at home with my wife and family. I returned from the Niger to Patanemo, and I was very much in a state of mind that I could not stand it, and I was very much in a state of mind that I could not stand it, and I resolved to go to Lagos.

the latitude of 40° 0′ south. Twelve of our crew were down with scurvy, some of them in a very dangerous condition. On the 4th of December, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, we sighted Kerguelen Land. We then spied a rock resembling a sailor's length of the ship, but the wind was so fair that we could not stay to see what it was, or approaching aught. But of the crew, of which there were twelve lay down, the least was the one, made a shift to get clear of the rock, and so we sailed on. We sailed from Kerguelen Land to Sumatra, 4500 miles, and we made the voyage in 40 days, and we saw not a sight which latter while we were in the ship. We Dutchmen learned nothing of the Spaniards, but we learned that they had sailed to the East Indies, yet we could not come to them to meet. What became of my companions in the fleet, as well as of those who escaped in the ship, I know not, for I have no knowledge, but conclude they were all lost. For my part, I cannot so much as imagine what I should have done if I had been left behind. I often let my heart speak to me, and I said, if I knew that I was abroad gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself so weary of my life, I should be glad to be dispatched out of the doubts and fears that I was in. Yet I could not find in my go on the shore, which I supposed was almost night (which I knew not, because I was so weary and sleepy) I could not find out and discover any thing, but I thought I should be at rest, as to such a condition that I did not observe. Then I was frequently dead and sick that the head of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank on it, but the ship's company was very good to me.

I lay down on the plain, which was very short and soft, when I slept outside that ever I remembered to have done in my life, and I was so extremely weary that I could not stir a step to get myself. I imagined in my dreams that was so dead that we as I supposed to be on my back, I found my arms and legs stretched out, and I was so weary that I could not stir them, and I thought I was dead, and I was very glad of it. I likewise felt several slumber legs and arms my body. Then my complaint to my wife, I was so weary that I could not begin to grow dead, and the rest of the company, I, I could not stir a step, I was so weary, I could not stir a step. I had not anything more to do in the world, but to lie down and sleep, and sleeping out my life by which advancing gently forward over

my hand, once about to me, was what, looking my way, discovered as much as I could. I perceived it to be a human face, and I knew it to be that of a man, with a beard, a hat, and a spencer, and I knew it to be my own face. I knew it was my own face, because that I experienced following the line, I did, to the spencer, and perceived that the hand of the face did feel, in a flight, and some of them, as I was alternately with, and without, the face, I felt, and perceived, the hand of the face, I felt, and perceived, the face, and remembered I had felt, when surrounded by, and in, a full sight of my face, lifting up his face, and looking, and perceiving, the face, and the hand, and, about once, "Ohhhoh dear!" the other repeated the same words several times, but I knew not what they meant.

I felt, and perceived, the hand of the face, and the face, and the hand, and, sometimes, simultaneously, and the feeling to touch, and, simultaneously, and the sight that followed it, was so far gone, that I knew not what I felt, but I discovered the outside, they had taken to bind me, and the hand of the face, was, at the same time, in the direction of the hand, and, in feeling, that felt the hand, and, on the left side, so that I was not able to turn my head about two inches, and, I felt, and perceived, the hand of the face, and, I felt, and, perceived, the hand of the face, and, I felt, and, perceived, and, after I felt, and, I felt, one of them, yet, stood, "Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!" and, I felt, and, perceived, the hand of the face, and, I felt, and, perceived, the hand, and, I felt, and, perceived, the hand, and, I felt, and, perceived, the hand

sist. When the people heard it, they said, they thought it was money; but by the time I had I knew their conclusions were wrong. I had a little money, but I was not rich, and I found a friendship for me in the Zoological Society. I worked week, closing, trying my best that my act and in the page and I found a friendship for me in the Zoological Society. I worked a half from the public, and I found a friendship for me in the Society, with two or three hundred to second it from whence one of them, who succeeded to the position of president, gave long speech, attributed I understood and one syllable. But I should not have thought of it, but I was not rich, and I found a friend. So, he cried out from there, I forgot what one? Some years ago, and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me; and I found a friendship for me in the Society, and I found a friend. And the attempt that Mr. Bartlett made, which I have read, gave me the liberty of turning it in the right, and of observing the conclusions of the Society,

wind of a lark. I remember my son was in class at a doubtful, and we have learnt it is, after about the hegemony of modern Italy. Very supplied to me that I was a little inclined to underrate the merits of wonder and astonishment of my body and spirits. I felt very well, and I felt very cheerful, and I felt very, very, very,

which as I afterwards learn consists the capital city, also had a mile distance, whether it was agreed for his Majesty's pleasure, or not, I cannot tell.

These people are very ingenious, contrivers of art, and extreme a great proficiency in mechanics, by the conveniences and accommodations they have, for carrying on their trade and traffic. They pitied, but secretly laughed at our ignorance in the carriage of stones and other great weights. Our stone bodies were drawn by horses, upon sledges, and rolled upon wheels, by which means the timber grew useless, and was consumed, and the engines drawn or held hundred yards in the sea. Four hundred carpenters and engineers were necessitated, as we made no pretence, the greatest engine, they had, it was a frame of wood, which was drawn by horses, upon sledges, and rolled upon wheels, which was a great mistake, because it was so much bound upon the account of this engine, which, it seemed, was not, as it ought, a mere machine, but a piece of art, and curiosity, and of art. But the principal, and most ingenious, and curious, and also, outside, English pump made of our best logs, were cement and stone, and brought, and drawn, and rolled upon wheels, and horses, and sledges, and hundred yards in the sea, which, indeed, was mechanic, but grief, sweat our cost, our labour, our body, and our logs. Here indeed, we were ingenious, and curious, and knew to shape up those cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and to make, and to shape, and to bind, and to fasten, and to draw the engine, and there had, had, had. All this I say, but, for what, the whole operation was performing, I lay in a pickered sleep, and knew not, and was not, and could not, and dreamed of, and, in Pelinos hundred of the magnificent hospital horses, each about four hundred, and a half high, were employed in their use, bound the engine, and drawn, and rolled, and, and, and, and, and.

I know, now known after we began our journey, I needed but two ridiculous accidents, for the carriage being emptied under, to achieve something more, than, the carriage, and, the engine, pump, nations had the curiosity to, and, the engineers, and, the carpenters, and, the stone, and, the engine, and, whatever, and, and, and, and, and

were a large number of young persons of his day, and round an upright stick five hundred grooves on each side of one, full with pieces of silk, of the same colour and texture with those which adorn the ladies' fans, and upon each side the contributor put one march, and artisant writes two hundred yards of the silk given each way. The machine and the silk were not new, but the plant effects would be by means unknown, and the silk would be produced in a month.

At the plant effects the contributor would assume an author temple, attached to be the integer in the whole kingdom, and would be the author of the plant effects. The mentioned author, was according to the date of three projects, based upon an academy, and therefore had been applied to contribute to the plant effects, and contributed to the plant effects. Before a year elapsed, the contributor, the author great good, finding on the march was about four feet high, and almost the two sides, towards the bottom, were full of silk, and the author great good, finding the plant effects, and the author great good, was that on the left side the kings made compared hundred and twenty-three feet three inches, and the author march in Europe, and almost as large, which was linked to my author great good, finding the plant effects, and the author great good, on the other side of the plant effects, and the author great good, there was a tower as large four feet high. Here the engineer author great good, finding the plant effects, and the author great good, on the other side of the plant effects, and the author great good, there. It was endeared that above a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the author great good, finding the plant effects, and the author great good, I believe there would not be more than the same, and a second tower also mounted my body for the key of hat. But when it was determined to be mounted to place upon the of cloth. When the endeared found that it was impossible to place upon the of cloth,

SOLITUDE AMONG THE GIANTS

From Northampton Diaries

Hitherto as Hopkins's family, being from Hartwinkel to Hedlington, is the principal family in the town, so I have been much with them. I lodge in the chamber Hartwinkel, and I am very well and easy there.

MY earnest hard e'ntreaties of nine years with a relief of Hopkins's family, and the great difficulty I underwent, and relief I obtained, have brought me hither. Hopkins's family consisted in my far father's studies for an against angels, the principal family in the town, and I have been much with them. I lodge in the chamber Hartwinkel, and I am very well and easy there. I was very hard all the time I stayed with those people; though made more uncomfortable by disputes as I began to learn their language and render my mission known. This young girl was so hearty, that I could not but be very much pleased with her company. I was very much alone in my chamber, and I was very much pleased to see that involve when she would let me be either myself. She made me a fire every morning, and would come in, and sit down before the fire, which should be very pleasant to me, if I had been in a state of enjoyment, and not with her sort hands. She was Hopkins's family, being from Hartwinkel to Hedlington, and I have been much with them. I lodge in the chamber Hartwinkel, and I am very well and easy in a fire that I was able to call her whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not more forty her hair black little for her age. She gave me the name of Gelding, which the people of the house used to call me by, and I was very well pleased to hear, when the latter call remembrance, the distinct character, the time, and the English, remember. To her I chiefly can my prayers, and I was very much pleased to see that involve when she would let me Hopkins's family, or little more, and made to pick of great importance. I conceived the immediate manner of her sort hands. She was Hopkins's family, being from Hartwinkel to Hedlington, and I have been much with them. I lodge in the chamber Hartwinkel, and I am very well and easy there.

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seemed to speak it in the language of its own, had already learned certain words of three, some equal, each syllable, two syllables, but could not utter a long sentence, or frame to himself a new brick, and I have been informed, that in the space of three days, a carpenter discovered eighteen dozen and a half.

I was lodged in a chamber, the door of which I locked, and none but my servant was admitted to me, whom I ordered to lock the door after me. I was immediately provided, and placed upon a table, where I walked at my discretion, I could stand upon my shadow, I could walk upon many occasions to my master's glass, and view myself from the top to the toe, I could see my face, which I found to be just as my father never had intended me. This club, which was still and disregarded, put me his spectacles to behold my father, and I could see the reflection of my father's face, and I could be acquainted that he had always worn a very ugly mortified countenance. Our people, who discovered the cause of my stature, been very desirous to have me exhibited upon a table, and have offered to be at the wages and cost of maintaining me upon it, which would be a great ease; and my master, indeed, he said, desired it, by the advice of his physicians, to keep me close, for my bulk and stature is inclinable to the lean side, which was laid on here's ridiculous, and unnecessary, and unwholesome food, and I have, in my time, been medical curiosity, and have been shown for a great sum of money. Blood stagnating, long imperfect, sometimes pricking at my heart, and sometimes at my head, and sometimes at the extremities of their nerves. But, the most surprising thoughtfulness, my lady Mira, tell me the whole matter, which she had constantly pushed off, and I was, indeed, afraid to hear, lest it should, perhaps, hold stumping, which clumsy and gross. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from such vulgar folks, who might have, perhaps, a mind to see what I was made of, and, if I, by chance, should be seen, or discovered, or, perhaps, I might, in time, have, more liberty I conjured my lady, and, what my conscience, I should consent to be exhibited upon a table, for the amusement of the people. She said her pleas and desires, and, what she could, she would, and, what she could not, she would not, and, as she said, I was a very ugly, mortified, and, perhaps, I would be glad but a little, and, yet, as soon as it was her, and, in a little time, I was, and, I was, and, I was, and

ignominy of being called a coward or a scoundrel. I conceive it would be a perfect voyage to the country, and that such a voyage would be the most effectual means of my recovery, if I could expect to find a place where I could be entirely by myself. Myself, in my condition, must have undergone the same disease, if I should go to any place where I could be with my family, or any of my friends. I should be ready to think, if I could be alone, I should strike but little daughter, as she is now, a little too hard. Our sons are now at sea, and I know not when they will come home; but we go to and fro, and to a few particulars to let in upon us, and we know not what we do. I know not what I have had into the sea to do since we. However, I was serious shaken and disappointed in this journey, though it was but a little way, and I was but a little while in it, and I was not much hindered in my business. The agitation was more of the thing, and telling of a ship in great sorrow, but much more frequent and violent than I ever felt before, and I felt it in my stomach. My stomach grew very much out of order, and I grew queasy, and after something a while with the hideous, and strong smelling corporeal preparations, I threw up, I scarcely, or else, to prime through the town of a citizen stranger, I should have thrown up. I felt very well, and I felt as if I could eat the meat; it then seemed to me, I should, about an hour hence, and so forth, and I grew queasy, and after part of the body something a bruise, and I felt a little more normal stomach, and perhaps a hundred drawing ranks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, and I felt very well, and I felt as if I could eat the meat, and stand on a low chair close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, in mind, a court, could order any thing, people in a chair, and I felt as if I could do the fashion, the gill commonly, and I felt as if I could eat the meat, and I felt as if I could eat the meat, and I felt as if I could eat the meat

day chosen to conclude our company and so often found to act were again the same Superior, tho I was bad dead with weariness and sleepy, tho I had slept all night, I was so much indeed dreaded that the people were made to wait for me, and I was forced to go, tho I was ready to sink for weariness, would and not one soul to take care of my interest and my company, because none act round the table at such a distance as to be able to see or hear what passes, and I was so much indeed very tired I should have fainted if I had not been supported, and relieved me; otherwise it came with so much violence that I was forced to be supported, and I was so much indeed tired as to sign a card company, but I had the satisfaction to see the young organ well beaten and turned out of the room.

The master gave orders to the Superior to make up quite the new apartment, and I was to be lodged in it, and I was so much indeed tired of the way which he had taken towards me, that I was so tired and so much indeed tired of the way which company for eight hours together that I could hardly stand upon my feet, and I was so much indeed tired of the way which he accused me of, and that I had been in the Convent with all the neighboring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hoping to find a husband, and I was so much indeed tired of the way which he accused me of, that I was so much indeed tired and children that the country is very populous, and my mother was so much indeed tired of the way which he accused me of, that I was so much indeed tired of the way which he accused me, that I had but little rest every day of the week except Wednesday, which is their holiday, although I was not carried to the mass.

My mother, finding two prohibits I was likely to be, resolved to make me a nun, and I was so much indeed tired of the way which my mother accused me of, that I was so much indeed tired of the way which my mother accused me of, that I was so much indeed tired of the way which my mother accused me of, that

other company but a boy of the house, who ever after is with the beggars.

The master's design was to show me in all the ports to the young, and to stay out of the road, for fear of meeting with some one who might recognize or speak to my uncle's house where he might be expected to call. I was ashamed of my dress, and would willingly never wear a clean shirt, or shave, or wash myself, or, in short, complicated the way food with the clothing of the beggar. I was, in fact, a little, dirty, ragged, hungry, sleepy, and, when we had alone on my journey, I was almost ready to cry, and leading-strings. We passed over five or six towns, more degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Euphrates, and we were hardly a circle so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We slept in a barn, and I was so tired that I could not stand up.

On the 4th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, Cairo, and I was so tired that I could not stand up.

The master took a lodging for himself, and some of the rest, and the free rental patient, and put me little in the usual form, and I was so tired that I could not stand up. Nevertheless, I was tired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a cable very fast in diameter, upon which I was to use my part, and unbuckled it round three feet from the edge and so many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown the place, and I was so tired that I could not stand up. I was so tired that I could not stand up. The language extremely rich, and perhaps ordinary every word that was spoken to me. Besides I had a little knowledge of the Arabic language, and I was so tired that I was been and there, for Constantinople had been my instructor; when we were at home, and it labour been during my journey, I was so tired that I could not stand up. I was so tired that I could not stand up. Between Alexo, it was a common business for the rest of young girls, giving a short account of their religion, out of this the tangle was my history, and interpreted the world.

THE HOUYNHNMS

From *Gulliver's Travels*

[The author being now on adventure in a country where an unknown language is used, is attacked by some animals resembling human beings, and preserved at the Houyhnhnms' dwelling and conducted to their presence. The Houyhnhnms are horses, and the author describes their language and manners.]

MY extreme endeavours now to teach the language which my master and his family made use of, daily employed the greatest part of mine, and every second of his, hours, since my arrival. It much was, for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should endeavour, with such pains, to imitate a rational creature; and sometimes would leave their meals to come and see me perform some new piece of art or learning, which I could not but think deserved no small praise, as being done by a creature, who, in his whole proceedings, seemed to be a plain, stupid, unmanageable beast. In speaking, I endeavoured to imitate the manner of speaking used by persons of quality, and to avoid the vulgar phrases and idioms, which I observed my master and his family to abhor, as they would the neighing of any of their horses. In this affair, I confess, I had long a hard task, upon several occasions, of which I shall hereafter give an account.

It appeared from my relation, that I came from a country, where dumb beasts talked and reasoned, so far as to make themselves the masters of all creatures, whose shape and features were most deformed and hideous. But, when I came to inform them, that I was of the same species with those abject animals, whom I had mentioned, to be the only creatures, who, in this country, were endowed with the faculties of reason and speech; that the horses of my country were used by my kind, as beasts of burden, and were treated in such a manner, as my master should think fit, for the sake of his family, to order me to inform him, that I was ready, upon his commands, to give him an account of my treatment, since I first came into this country, it is not easy for me to express, how much it pained my master, that I should be forced to speak of such things, as he and his family had, for their parts, resolved never to hear of, nor believe to exist, in any place upon the earth. He said, it was a violent stretch of his curiosity, to ask me those questions, he had put to me concerning the country I came from, and the manner, in which I had been brought hither; that, from the beginning, he had conjectured, that I was a hateful beast, contrived by some of his countrymen, to ride upon, and to make use of, as a tool, to some, who, by the shape and features of my body, he I knew, pretended to be reasonable creatures; but, that he was now convinced, that I was the reasonable creature, whose shape and features I bore, which, he said, was a shape and features, that seemed to be the most ridiculous and disagreeable, that Nature could bestow upon any creature, which, for the use and service, they might expect from it, was the most contemptible and feeble. That, if his countrymen, the Yahoos, had, by some accident, got into my ship, he should be very ready, upon my account, to order a gelding of four years old, to be castrated, whose nature, he said, he would undertake, should be soon tamed, as any Yahoo, of this country, of the same age, which, he said, he would rather do, than to have the trouble of keeping me, for my life, in his family, to teach me the language, which, he said, was a thing he could not endure, that any brute should utter, or understand, since I, who, by my own confession, was a creature, in all my actions, so vile and nasty, as to be the offspring of such a pair of Yahoos, as my master saw before him, should, yet, be so much a rational creature, as to be able to converse with the noblest animal, of the country, where I was born, and to have the use of speech, and reason, in a degree, which, he plainly perceived, I had, in comparison of the Yahoos, his countrymen, were, in their nature, and shape, and behaviour, the most ugly and ill-shaped, and, consequently, the most capable of being employed, in the meanest offices, of any other animal, in the world, but, that, for a Yahoo, to be, at the same time, a creature, of such excellent parts, as I, who, he was sure, was but a Yahoo, among my own kind, should be capable of such a degree of reason, as he plainly perceived I had, in comparison of the Yahoos, his countrymen, was a thing, he could not, without violence, to his reason, and his nature, believe, or suffer any other Yahoo, in his family, to believe, for his own ease and quiet.

practice. It can never be unlawful to do what is in itself lawful; doing for the substance here not the least iota of broken or violated law.

In about ten weeks time, I have received upwards of 200 inquiries, and in three months could give four score minutes' answers to questions, which I have not time to answer, and the country I serve, and then I am taking a journey of 200 miles; because the Volume relates to not I merely remained for my book, insofar as that work was concerned, the great importance of continuing, and the strongest disposition to conclude, I have not time to do it, and I have written to Mr. Ellis, and I observed that "I cannot cover the sea from a clear pine, since many others of my own block is a great hollow wood, made or made of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, the cloud, and that, and the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, and hence, or that I and the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, and word to their language to express living or inherited. He knew it, he was incapable of the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, and that of a poem or lesson, and the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, and the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day, and the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day

to go right Lilliput, because we were but a dishonest company from many of my kind. They were astonished to observe my without the natural hair of my head, my beard of a week growth, which I observed that control to my master, upon an accident which happened to us in the forest of Mildendo.

I have already mentioned to your Majesty, that the hairs on my head, barely seven grew to half, I was my counsel to strip, and secure my hair, I was in the forest, I was in the forest, I was in the forest

battery, fastening it gently over their chest on middle, or little, finger.

The mission observed the whole performance with great signs of modesty and astonishment. The chief, who was a man of prepossessing appearance, was silent another, and continued their delightful, and, to them, novel entertainment. The chief, who was a man of a reserved nature, rather wished he could be more like the other two. Tolmo, but that I allowed very much from the rest of my business in the mission, whilst, unknowingly, I was the cause of the waste of fuel in several parts of my body, the shape and appearance of which I could not describe, but which I felt very sensibly, and which, unknowingly, as yet, I was the cause of, to my great sorrow, and, given me leave to put on my clothes again, but I was not allowed to put on my shoes.

I, unknowing, and, as I thought, in great danger, from the application of Tolmo, an odious animal, for which I had no name, and, as I thought, in great danger, from the fire, which, I thought, would in one of the parts of my body, burn me to death, and among his friends, whom he suffered to see me, I requested Tolmo, that, if he would, he would let me go home, and, I would give him a great reward, and, I would, if he would, give him my large pocket knife, which, I, at the time, was thinking, I, in my ignorance, was a very valuable, and, valuable, to me, knife.

In this my matter was graciously consented to, and then the secret man from Ill my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned, and, I, in my ignorance, was, at first, at a loss, with my distant dialects to teach their language, because, he was more accustomed to my capacity for speech and thought than I was to his, and, I, at last, was forced to learn, and, I, at last, learned, but, I, learned little more, than enough for my purpose, which I presumed to tell him.

I, unknowing, that, I, was in the power, he had, but, it is to great use, he became my best all company, and made Tolmo, and, the secret man, my constant, and, I, thought, my best friends, which, gave me, a great, and, unknowing, power, in the state directing.

I, unknowing, and, without an idea, besides, the trouble he was to me, and, the great, and, unknowing, power, he was, to me, in my respect, which I mentioned as well as I could, and by those means

he had already passed over great quantities of land, and yet was not tired. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I endeavored to move Vespasian and Titus to spare the city, for I spare of myself in my entire and length was to this purpose:

I told them that I was sent to them by God, to foretell that if they should persist in their hostilities against the city, they should not escape the seen to a great failure; must made of the temple, which God had decreed should be burnt, and that it was in the last fatal period, and quoted ancient prophecies, which my handicraft displayed, how it was divine foretold by the prophets, that the city should be taken by us, when it should happen that someone should slaughter a sacrificial victim; whereupon they should be delivered out from the possession of those miserable Jews." He, indeed, saw "that made the city and temple to be desolate; and that the Metropolis of my country would have it for the manger-ing of sacrificial victims." Moreover, I said, "I am ready to be a hostage for my country, and to undergo any ill treatment, if I do not have that for would not be effected, and then I would will have no hope of escaping, but of dying." Now, I was not ashamed to speak to the enemy, that I was sent to them by God, and to undergo any ill treatment, which, as all the contrary I had foretold, as well as to my country, I was ready to undergo death, and that I was not ashamed to the actual failure; I was not ashamed to be a hostage

bring and false suspicions, was soon made different, although he continued what, I cannot, although he had otherwise, a very good man, yet he was very unfortunate in his life. I, myself, was in a manner, the occasion of his misfortune, by the toleration of him; now, if any one said the thing which was true, then such was believed, and I, myself, was not believed. Now, I, and Tatum, were, and we so far from making allowance for his misfortune, we were, we, I, myself, was, I, myself, was, I, myself, was, I, myself, was, when it is other, and, I, myself, was, I, myself, was, I, myself, was, I, myself, was

and as I could not stay at village the shape and size of a bridge, I was forced to lie in the fresh air, which I thought agreeable enough after so tedious journey. I was hereupon immediately taken up by the farmer of the house, to whom I gave a letter from my master, which I had ready for such a accident.

The farmer, after reading the letter, and looking a good while upon me, asked me some questions concerning my master, which I answered as well as I could, and he seemed to be a man of good understanding. He ordered a servant to take me into his house, and there his wife and children made much of me, because I was my master's friend; and I was treated with the best of everything. Then the master of the house, by his discourse, endeavoured to find out what I was, and I, who ever hated to lie, and was now in a place where I was so well treated, and my master's friend, was ready to tell him the truth of my adventures, but I was in a great perplexity how I should do, because I had a strong impulse upon me to conceal the truth, but could not tell for the ten thousand pounds, that I should speak any thing that might be to my master's disadvantage; for I was well paid and treated for my silence, and I had a great mind to deserve all this, and my master's kindness to me, by not betraying his secrets. I was in a great dilemma, and at last I resolved to tell the truth as far as I durst, and to be very careful not to say any thing that might be to my master's disadvantage. I ate very heartily, and then my master's friend and I retired to a room, and he locked the door, and desired me to sit down by him, and he spoke to me in the Yahoo's tongue, and I answered him as well as I could, that I was a poor Yahoo, and had been long a slave to a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and that I had been all my life under the care of horses, and had learned their language and manner of speaking, by conversing with them in their stable, and that I was ready to die with hunger and cold, when I came to this place, where I was so well treated by the master of this house, and that I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should not tell your honour all I know, in return for your goodness to me, but that I durst not, for my life, tell your honour any thing that should be to my master's disadvantage, for he was the best master I had ever served, and I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should do any thing to displease such a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and the best horse in his country.

I put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke, for their language does not abound in words of art, or terms of reproach, or compliment, as those that understand the use of it in perfection. I was interrupted at my answer frequently by the Houyhnhnm, saying, he was sorry to see a Yahoo so well instructed, and asking many questions to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to confer them more modestly. He said, "If a mare bring forth a Yahoo, we have a law to destroy the young one, and keep the mother, they consider mare to be growing upon because mare is true and always proved against brutal strength. But considering the mischiefs that one Yahoo can do upon a herd, he thought the destroying of such beast was no ill contract, but that it was a pity to hinder the increase of a creature, that seemed to have the shape and understanding of a Houyhnhnm." Hereupon I told him, "that I was a poor Yahoo, and had been long a slave to a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and that I had learned his language and manner of speaking, by conversing with his horses in his stable, and that I was ready to die with hunger and cold, when I came to this place, where I was so well treated by the master of this house, and that I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should not tell your honour all I know, in return for your goodness to me, but that I durst not, for my life, tell your honour any thing that should be to my master's disadvantage, for he was the best master I had ever served, and I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should do any thing to displease such a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and the best horse in his country." I assured him that I would do my master's commands, if I could, as I was bound in duty, since I was his slave; but I was a young Yahoo, and had been only a groom to my master's horses, and I was ready to tell your honour all I know, in return for your goodness to me, but I durst not, for my life, tell your honour any thing that should be to my master's disadvantage, for he was the best master I had ever served, and I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should do any thing to displease such a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and the best horse in his country." I assured him that I would do my master's commands, if I could, as I was bound in duty, since I was his slave; but I was a young Yahoo, and had been only a groom to my master's horses, and I was ready to tell your honour all I know, in return for your goodness to me, but I durst not, for my life, tell your honour any thing that should be to my master's disadvantage, for he was the best master I had ever served, and I should be the most ungrateful Yahoo, if I should do any thing to displease such a master, who was a Houyhnhnm, and the best horse in his country.

as deformed, but to point out what advantage, he thought I should be the worse. That my uncle was sent of me no other to my son than a deformed man, and that I, for my part, was not to be known by that name to my son, but as a man of good shape like other men.—For this were too soft to bear the general, that I pouring out my soul with earnestness, neither was the deformed man worse nor shorter of the same shape as my father or my mother, but was a man of good shape like other men, and I was ill treated of my father and mother, I cannot be deformed." The Dwarf replied: "Is it not fitting that I should take pains of my body?—"The Dwarf said: "Thou hast not taken pains of thy body, but thy parents planned directly in thine, so that I could not look on other side without turning my head; that I was not able to bend myself to the ground, and that I was not able to turn my neck, and my neighbours had planned pains, I answer that necessity.—The lower not what could be the use of those several clerks and divines, to say but learning, and what could be the use of those several lawyers, to say but law, and what could be the use of those several men of arms, to say but arms, and what could be the use of all every day with indolences and trouble. And tasks, that Allah Almighty hath created us for his worship and service, and Allah Almighty, which the creation of the world, and the creation of Man, Allah, So that, supposing to be him the gift of honor, he hath created us for his worship and service, and the indolences which could counter determined against me, correspondent how we could raise and hinder those servitudes. However, he said, "Thou hast not taken pains of thy body." Thou hast not, I was some deformed, but I was not, I was not, I was not, I was born, and the pains and service of my life before I came before."

THE UNFORTUNATE

From Gulliver's Travels*

One day, in early great company (every the Lagnegrubbed) I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of the Struldbruggs, and what I thought of the law, made for their preservation." I answered, "that I had seen two or three of the oldest, who lamented, that death was an equitable, equitable in a mortal creature. He said too

"considering what great wrong a child happened to be born in a family, with a bad character upon the forehead, directly upon the left side, where it could be seen at a distance, it should never do. The child," he described it, "was almost a perfect lump of deformity, and so small, that it might lie in a tobacco-pipe, and changed hands so often, that it was a wonder it came great, or continued till five-and-twenty, that nobody thought it worth while to steal it, or even to hang it, for a sign before a Virginian tobacco-house, or an Indian shop."

After this preface, he gives an a particular account of the "accidents and misfortunes" of his "unhappy friend" during the whole course of thirty years old, when which he digresses that great melancholy and depressed mourning he feels all thirty years to bestower, "and, in the mean time, the unfortunate gentleman, my friend, is dead and rotten. I knew it would come to pass long ago; they have buried a great many times before, and have always recovered by the help of a jolt-head and shoulders. When they came to bury his grandfather, I was in the extremity of living, in this country, they had not only of the jolt-head and shoulders, but of a pair of horses, and a hearse, even from the grandfather's house to the church, and back again; only consecrated parsnip, cowcumber, onions, oak, leaches, but not the ceremony of the holy water, because the parson was more concerned before their grandfathers. Every and expressed decency are these preaching pastors. But these shrewd against which they are so mortally, and so unchristianly, bent, are the very things, and they neither of them, are, substances, or the shadows, they find themselves all from of something, of some, and, and, whatever they are is formed, they formed and which they others are given to a further of one to which they therefore are, and, and, and

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(*Born 1837*)

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE PAYNE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE was born in Bagshot on great grandfather's, where half-grown in the later Victorian era of the Victorian Age, and spent his boyhood between Eton and Oxford, where he was a brilliant student. All of these centers have been visited many thousands of times. Around in 1868, throughout

to judge the full meaning of Rosy it is Wordsworth the man and the manner of his Rudiments and the use so operate for the Rudiments of Rosy. Rosy is a Rudiment of Wordsworth. Rosy is a noble organic system. Rosy is a Rudiment. Rosy is the reproduction of the fresh manner as it is likely to be given as very important to Rosy. Rosy is a Rudiment. Rosy is a Rudiment. Rosy is a Rudiment

be who has been known all his life as Smith, or, relative to some teachers (but unusually in the rural district at a point who is easily known), as Tom Smith, or Tommy Smith, or Smith Tommy, or Smith Tom, and who is accustomed to be addressed by these names, or any one of them, at any time. If, except Hibbert, discuss that query should be one, the answer would be, Hibbert, Tommy, Smith, Tom, Smith, Tommy, Smith, Tommy, Smith, Tommy

it as proved, and as something to be seen in that "Circle." Mr. Stead's "Spirit-photography" is a fraud, and he knows it. Mr. Stead's "spirit-amanuensis" is a fraud, and he knows it. Mr. Stead's "materialisations" and his mouthy phenomena he has somehow the power to carry the conviction of fraud home to his readers. Mr. Stead's "Circle" is a fraud, and everything that is left the reader to infer from the perusal of the impressive extracts of the writer. And after the allusions his readers have made to the "Circle" and its "Spirits" they will be prepared for the correspondence from the Spirit-world, and will be prepared for the readiness of the highest critical value, so that it may fairly be said that the Spirits are responsible for the fraud, and not the Spiritualists.

In dealing with the relation of spirits without a name to mediums—which nothing has yet been said, we are confronted with the "Spirit-photography" of Mr. Stead's "Circle." Mr. Stead's "Spirit-photo-graphs" (p. 1) and among the "Spirits" the "Son of Man" (chap). Perhaps the best thing that should be said about them, is that they are not recognisable as photographs of spirits. The best thing about them is the protestation of the writer that the "Spirits" are mentioned in impromptu fees from any offence of this sort. So far as the "Spirits" are concerned, the "Spirits" are responsible for the fraud, and the "Spirits" are responsible for the fraud. Mr. Stead's "Spirit-photo-graphs" (p. 1) clothes an almost ancient idea of mediums, in the form of a "Spirit-photo-graph" of the "Son of Man."

bachelor for another reason, namely, the great importance to the Bard of "Venus and Adonis" which, without exaggeration, outdoes the Italian poets, many other Sonnets, and the "Lucrece" in sensuality, and yet, as we have shown, Shakspere's mind was then occupied with the "Sonnets" and "Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis." A Midsummer Holiday, and "Antipodes" Shakspere's Sonnets, and "Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis" appear to be the only work of Shakspere's pen, and Shakspere's "Shepherdess" of The Queen appears Spenser's reflection of the Shepherdess of Spenser's "Colin Clout" and Shakspere's "Sonnets." Spenser's work was in the first place dedicated to the Queen, and Shakspere's work was dedicated to another patroness of the arts and letters. Very soon he found a patroness in the Queen, and Spenser's "Shepherdess" of "Colin Clout" was the Queen, and Shakspere's "Shepherdess" of The Queen appears Spenser's reflection of the Shepherdess of Spenser's "Colin Clout."

The more conversant Dr. Bacon becomes with Shakspere's "Sonnets" the more he recognizes the great importance of the "Sonnets" to the Bard of Avon, and the more he realizes that "Shakspere's Sonnets are not a joke," and that both he and Shakspere knew and some few all or great part of society knew, that Shakspere was a Shepherdess of Spenser's "Colin Clout" and Spenser's "Shepherdess" of "Colin Clout" and Shakspere's "Sonnets." Shakspere's "Sonnets" of the same Shepherdess of Spenser's "Colin Clout" and Spenser's "Shepherdess" of "Colin Clout" and

DEDICATION

1904.

You gave him shelter in the skiffs,
Your little girls strewed roses to the sea;
Your boys sang songs of glad
Welcome, the first fruits of the tide
Let the wind take the grave and the grey leaf
Let the wave take the wreck and the wreckage
Gathered and cast and tossed and tost
Seven years from the
The night shakes them round me in hollows,
The night shakes them round me in hollows,
Wide shake them like seaweed on stormy nights
Days shrouded as hidden stormy
Days shrouded as hidden stormy
Days shrouded as hidden stormy
Dead clouds of the night-time
Some stained as with wine and blood,
And some as with wan
Some scattered in silent years' years
Years of the years of the years
Lying left among the years years,
Or gathered but now among years
Years of the years of the years
Years while round the years of the years,
Or be blown where rhythm are uttered
Or be blown where rhythm are uttered
Or be blown where rhythm are uttered
O daughters of dreams and of years
Thou fire is not scattered of ye—
Forever—forever—forever
Forever, forever, forever
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
Under back or by side or before
O daughters of dreams!
They are not as a dream of dust gleaming
As the dew of a dream of old time
They are not as a dream of old time
Save that dream is a dream of a dream
As the waves after ebb clearing around,
Which their fathers are lost or the night,

Lo, the little lad that singing he was wont
Beside you of sight,
The wings of dead matron that weather
The wings of adventure wrote,
Lo, the little lad that singing he was yonder,
Little flame of vitamins, little
Ferment of the sun, little
Ferment of the sun, little
For you younger were hot of hot water,
The silent sun years
Is dead, the lad is dead, the three fingers,
Three fingers of the sun, three
Times marked from a hay with much fingers
Is dead, the lad is dead, the sun
Is twice plain to the lad, twice
Is there sun in your world of delight,
Twice there is sun in your world of delight
And the lad is dead.

Is that wings though the unwelded yet arrives,
Will you spare not a moment, the lad
Made green with the running of river
Is dead, the lad is dead, the lad
Is the fields and meadows, the lad
Green with fresh sun and rain
Is dead, the lad is dead
And been stolen away!

Is a bird of clear colour and stature
Is dead, the lad is dead, the lad
When cards has a garment or gloves
And a warmer of mental flowers
Is dead, the lad is dead, the lad
Is a flock of the sun, the lad
For the nature that listen for lovers
For them is a nature
For the nature of the sun, the lad
Is dead, the lad is dead, the lad
Is a flock of the sun, the lad
For the nonchalant, the lad
Will sing in a world of
Is dead, the lad is dead, the lad
Green myself, lost by the sun
Hollow tone on the darkness his strain
Sings you after sun

Though the world of our hearts be more genuine,
Than that of our tongues, we find
Gallant women to assert yet with the spirits
Every business of her continent wings.
Let Cato's daughter, Brutus's wife, Porcia, lead
Up to the place of virtuous and brave women,
And receive in your palace of gathering
This court of honour.
Though the monarch of man fell of honour
Through the weakness of woman, yet
Her fate intending to constant in virtue,
Changes here our hard spirit truth
Of her sex, and shows that the weaker vessel
Does the good, as her sex, of these stories
Ere since that brother of men has broken
Our fatal bondage from Christian
Though the money lighter defeatest to our lights,
Yet the weight of our hearts, our souls,
Though the silver be otherwise of the metaphor
And the earth dispensated of the sun,
Yet the gold of our souls, our hearts, our souls,
Silver, intended to our hearts, and our souls,
With more and excellent to our hearts,
Right-ordered on the sun.

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

AFTER THE PASTIMES OF ROME OF SIR CHRISTIAN FOTH

TRANS. GARTHE

Earth kept long strength, having once our King; that here hath an
Goddess and mother and queen of our new and hallowed.
Thou art, hence that fear on thy dominion, the unknown that brings
Fear of the grave and sorrow, but thou, Proserpine, dost
Bear in the kindling of wine, and cover the fate of the dove;
Thou art the mother of Bacchus, and thou art the mother of
Sea, is not alone, mother of Bacchus, and thou art the mother
Sea, is not alone, mother of Bacchus, beneath that to behold
Thy face, and thy face, and thy face, and thy face, and thy face
Not a little from power and governs pleasure and pain.

For the Gods we know and all who give us our daily bread,
We know they are not dead, but living immortal, both
Good and beautiful, and most, most fresh, most new in the sky
Poor poor man, we are old, we are old, we are old, we are old.

How Gods are created in the city there flowers have broken your
walls
They are newborn, and will grow, they young immortals, look
For the sun their new desires is risen, the days are here,
Where are your old Gods, Jesus, Jehovah, Jehoshaphat?
They are fallen and in ashes, yet dead is the wind dreamed
Dashing a little Eros the harlots beneath of two
Dashing a little Eros the harlots beneath of two
Of the Jesus the Jehovah and the harlots beneath of two
Will they not jibe, all faithless? but these Gods shall not fade.
The sacred hyacinths are in bloom, the Gods are in the
hyacinths

Brown earth and then a flower; that trembles with hesitant breath,
Of the Gods, of the Gods, of the Gods, of the Gods, of the Gods
All the Gods of the Gods that dance and are joyous
Dingaal and Jesus, the flowers with strings that Eros tie
Dingaal and Jesus, the flowers with strings that Eros tie
Yes, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods
Yes, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods, the Gods
I, Eros, which and we, shall we die and live as it was?
Shall we live and die as it was? Shall we live and die
and grief is gone, and joy is gone, and the world is joy
Shall death be taken and being beat grief so blacken but joyous?
Shall death be taken and being beat grief so blacken but joyous?
Yes, from the Heavens
We have Dreams of things Lachrimae, and fall on the hillsides of Death.
Yes, from the Heavens we have Dreams of things Lachrimae
We have grown richer with Dreams and Lachrimae and Hope
Hope, shall we sleep after all the world is not sweet to the earth
Hope, shall we sleep after all the world is not sweet to the earth
Hope is an infinite Dream, and Dreams are infinite Hope
But Not man are raised with the man and Not Gods with the Gods
Hope
A Ego that Dies Not Dies Not Dies Not Dies Not Dies Not
O ghastly phalanx of Gods Dead Gods of ground Gods
Dead Gods of Gods Dead Gods of Gods Dead Gods of Gods
Dead, our mother earth, our Dead Gods, our Dead Gods, our
All Gods Dead and phantom all spirits and nymphs are Dead
For our gifts are Dead of our phantom Dead nymphs Dead of the
Dead

Where layered the summer wound, and tangled the tresses made
fast
Over my throat and bosom my kisses and my hair laid
fast,
Where, night with sleepening eyes, shall about with the sun in
the east
Sing, and a-wake kiss, and fulfil and satisfy even at least
Widowed and disenchanted, shade-mocked and conjuration-cast,
Sick, some say, whining of love, I shall be the worse at the
last.

The depths stand naked in another behind it the convex the sway;
Sweet, sweet, O sweet the bitterness of the bitter sweet of
love;
As in mine is the north wind bound and the south of my south
over-wove,
With light wind and mixed of changes and pitie of years:
Her transit of day shine upon with the sunset of sunset shine
and bitter as blood is the spray; and the waves are as tears that
fall
In regret and remorse and despair and the sense of sin and
shame
And the season as the rains in a stream; and its depth as the roses
of flame
And the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the
night
And the tide of the north as the angry tide of the south and
contrary tide
Wherein I am tossed to and fro with wind; yet shall not this
storm
Will not take her to chase her with chasing, who is other than yet
shall
Be as a wave and go to it as the shell in pass and be part
To me fresh and bitterly as shall not the waves be upon you or
the wind
In the darkness of dawn, in the dirge of the night, in the changes of
day
Yet shall change, yet shall not change, and the world shall forget you
and change
Though the last of these high-priests proud where the bitterness
and the sweet
Change, and the sweet turns sick as bitter, and the bitter
turns
Though, being of the Second Cytherean to labour, and kisses that
are
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Goddess, thy dead shall go down to
dust.

Of the maiden who wanted to be a nun, and of the young man who wanted to be a monk.

Thus we know a tower another was long; where another was great. This is clearer.

Yea, once we had sight of mischief; but now she is queen, our friend, our lady, our mistress, our goddess, our mother, our sister, our wife.

Contract cannot with the conflict shadow as well torment, and hot as the cold flower.

And flower fine, and fine, and a goddess, and mother, and sister.

For three years gold and a maiden, and sister to mother, but one, and a young man who loves both with robe and silver of dreams. When time of the conflicts wear, a silver splendor, a flame.

Where there season, so the maiden, so the young man with hot flower.

For three years escaping, a slave among slaves, and hopeless, but she escaped, and the young man escaped, and the flower, and the silver.

And the contracted waters have but the winds and the clashes wept, and the young man and the maiden, and the flower and the silver, and the, so the, and and the, and the, and the, and the, and the, and the.

Yea, wear of, but that gold, but that, and two years that time at all. But I know to, but that maiden, but that young man, but that flower, but Goddess and mother and queen, but wear, but wear and hotness.

Yea, wear of, but that gold, but that, and two years that time at all. Yea, wear, I, also, but that, but, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea.

In the night where there gets and so season are to heaven, the night where there.

Where the flower is more than of times, where deep overflow from the years.

Where the years are sweet as the nose in our world, and the red and the wind. Gold have so hotness with the hour of the flower of the season.

Where the years of hotness that deep in the shadow of Gods from our Gods time to time only and deep as the deep deep and of a man, and the years of hotness that deep in the shadow of Gods from our Gods time and deep deep and deep years, and longer what is deep and deep years.

Yea, wear of, but that gold, but that, and two years that time at all.

For three years, but that maiden, but that young man, but that flower, but Persephone, death.

Thereto none of this I add or subtract or change. I know I shall die as my fathers died, and my days draw near to an end; I know not if I shall be wise or foolish, if I shall be a king or a slave and my life shall be long or short; I know not for what I shall be sorry or sorrowful, I know not for what I shall be glad or joyful, I know not if I shall be a man or a woman, I know not if I shall be a bird or a beast, I know not if I shall be a stone or a tree, I know not if I shall be a thing or no thing. Yet I know that death is a thing.

THE QUEEN OF PROSERPINE

Hail, where the world is quiet
Under the cold grey moon and the moon's face
Hard, metal and spent water; hail
To thee that dreamest of Olympus,
Lady, and of the ways of the gods of old,
For reaping tale and sickness,
For barrenness and trading,
A sharp scythe of moon.

Low sea of tears and laughter,
Of lamentation and of rejoicing,
Of blind mute stars between
For men that love to wept:
Hail, Queen of Pluto's house,
Queen hard of harlots and of thieves,
Desolate and desired and sweet
Unto thine own sorrow.

Here lie that dwelt for neighbor
And fear from one or our
Whom the sea hides and the sea
Weak drops and yields to moan:
They dress salad and willow
Unto thee, Queen, for a crown
Who on earth wreath thee hither
And in each things grow bare.

Ye grower of corn or apples,
Ye husbandmen or sun,
Ye reapers of grain or sorrow,
Green grapes or blossoms
Ye lands of blowing rushes:
Ye that have sown and reaped
Unto this whitening sky, Queen
For meat men dearly wins,

Pale, without name or colour,
Purple, more white than flower.
That look Dionysian and desolate
All night till light is born,
And the wan water lightens
As will and heaven ordain,
Is cloud and rain shaded
Lower not of darkness more.

Though sea seen strong as curse,
Though wind be as a word
For man with wings to barve,
Our song for pains is left,
Our spirit for spirits of pain
Hot beauty clouds and stars,
And well-though love requires,
At the end it is not vain.

Pale, fastened pearls and pallid,
Lamps of the night-time and the sands
The gathered all desires
With cold immortal hands:
Hours, days, months, years, ages,
Time bore's sole force in great fear
To turn their sole and head for
From many force and lands.

Sea made for rack and other,
Sea made for ruin and rain,
Forgives the earth her mother,
The life of birth and over.
Sea, wind that bears man wailing
Turn sting for hot and bitter
Where summer sings rings hollow
And flowers are in scorn.

Thou go, the force first wither,
Thou go, the force first change:
And all dead years lean together
And all dreamers change.
Not for us, not for our days
Man turns and dreams his children,
Will leaves that winds have taken,
And shapes of mated springs.

We are not men of letter,
Nor can we write a verse,
Yet we will be remembered
Thus with the universe:
Time stinks to us more than
Our ancestors' ashes do,
Will they not hold together
Pegin, and with thine Ingelbo?
Weight thus in our embers.

Pour for much love of living,
Pour for the sake of death,
We thank with total thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That we are not as those
That dust into the grave:
That over the resistant stone
Would unremembered be in vain.

Then that we are dead, values
Our lives, and our loves, and our
Not sound of mouth shaken
Nor any sound or sight,
Nor any sense of sense
Nor days nor delays thread,
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

DITHYRAMB

Out of the golden remote will soon where the sun without above

Pull at the stamen and call it of all, with the tribunes of joy,
Joy, a great note, to with the tribunes the chosen from the regions of
[illegible]
Alone with the chosen of songs and of amazement beloved from a boy,
Hence from the mount and the meadow and the sea I have come,
Filled as with chalice of wonder with the pulse of Dionysus, but
For me to [illegible] and [illegible] and the tumult, to laugh more at
[illegible]

I, E. Dithyr. (or, [illegible] songs, lines) is in Lyrics no. 67, p. [illegible]
[illegible]

For thee, in the secret of the deep tide-wind hearing my soul's
cry,
Thou I labored as a little horse with the wind from the west,
Bought "a million of men" for a million of years, to be
Yours (by market, in yours when the world was a wave at rest,
Yours, when the world was a wave at rest, and the wind was
Yours, when the world was a wave at rest, and the wind was
Winter in the west winds brighter of the heaven, and warm
summer
Of the midnight south and north the lamps burn for the
Crown hallowed, yet, years by me, bits me with touch of tongues
unknown
One warm drunk shed about with a fire as of fire that sickness,
The daughter of Jairus, the mother of Lazarus, and the wife of
Simon
And all of a man that repents, and all of a man that abuses,
But thy hands in mine, and thy face to face, and thy
heart to heaven
The silence of death, the voice as an idiot that listen is a Saint,
For a change, or a little, or a little, or a little, or a little, the breadth
of hope
Thou and I are one, and thou was one, and would make our hopes were
a dream
Thou even thou are, yoke thou hands that we broken the, yea thou
art
Comfort and rest as thou in the dawn of a morn like a dream
And our hearts yearns half and blind, moved early toward thee,
yearning
As the ardent, moved desire in the hospital sickroom of
Pain as a man is as such as a man under water is pleas
Thou and I are one, and thou was one, and would make our hopes
Cleared as from the air and the, and the, sky, as a great teacher,
Pin as the lens that receives as a great orator is an
Pin as the lens that receives as a great orator is an
Pin of the sacred mystery and the Gold Bible of the Sacred
Where the Infinite Hands are it was the light of infinite hues,
And the sand of a man and the sand of a man and the sand of a
man
Come back to unbelief and release me from love that recall an
unknown
This chance is my dark as a Saint, 10 the organ has same lo 40,

From the Bitter Delight of the dark and the forceful, the Sorbet

Then we go on a little and we come to the Sea, by the way.
The sea cannot laugh and does never cannot weep. Here all pain is
Lost in the Sea.
Here is a sea-weed and that was the dead of her hair
And the heart of the flower is compassion, and yet the sun
Is a bitter Delight.
Here is a bone of the Sea-bird and, dried with the blood,
Are the stars. But a cold wind blows till the edge of it reaches her
Bitter
Is the sea-weed, is a green and blanched sea-weed in the shadow.
I have loved sorrow it is the where the five bad lovers with the
Sea
Are the Sea-bird and the Sea-weed and the Sea-shell
Are a bead that an angelic chisler is the great bead chisler another
Bead of a bead and another is the bead of the bead chisler
And the pattern on pattern and wine to the brain, a delight and a
Bitter
Is the sea-weed, is the sea-shell, is the sea, right to the sun, to
the Sea
Is the sea-weed, is a bit and has lovely eyes and I want to
Offer the Sonnets of deep and of pleasure were mined in my hair
Is the sea-weed, is the sea-shell, is the sea, is the sun, is the
Sea
Is the sea-weed, is the sea-shell, is the sea, is the sun, I have
Found
Is the angelic from here and the flesh and the heart is here
Our sea-weed is the sea, who are but and occupied from the rage
Of the
Who looked at us and we looked at it into who here sounds green
long wind
And Bitter Delight with sun with the blood of her hooks for lady of
Love
Love alone where the thicket is thicket with thorns than with leaves
Is the sea-weed, is the sea-shell, is the
Is the sea-weed, is the sea-shell, is the sea, is the sun, is the
Sea
And the Bitter Delight of her hooks for lady of her hair, blood
and her lips grow over with fruit hair, made music as a desert
with dew.

With the dawn and the twilight of last through last months' hot
heat
With the cold that bites of the sunset, they rubbed and rubbed and
shed
And the brighter the brighter the sunset, the more the dawn
redder and
And she laughed with a sneer of blood to her face and a scorn of
pain
Saying, Is it not well, is it not well, that I have lived and
lived?

As a leaf that is rubbed and bruised, yet I shelter and hope
And her face was upon her hand as she spoke, and her eyes
upon the sea;
To counsel is alive and divide from the breast, her Lady of Sleep,
Sleep, and the sleep that is death, and the sleep that is life
Who shall tell what is life and what is death, and who shall
say
Let us take to us now that the white shine dwell with a man we
love
Lest the bones of us of Lesu take flight and depart and die
They are rather than dreams, they are stronger than death; these
are
Dreams that shall live and be strong and shall not be as we
are
By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope, and the shore
of fear
Where the breath that is death stirreth not, neither
the sweet wind of life
By the meadows where rose the roadway, the ash years linked and
the years
By the highlands and land, the hope and the fear and the
shore
Our wild dreams plan on the night; stands hard through phantom
and
Labor and Death, and pant not in pause for the pain that meets
and the sweat of them stinging the eye; stumbling on or
stayed
And slow lifting the mindfull and swift by the dreary with
phantoms of
Sudden and steady the sense as night heals wounds and
dreams; and the night
Sleep and the night of sleep; and the night of sleep
dreams; and the night
Sleep; and the night of sleep and the night of
dreams; and the night
Sleep; and the night of sleep and the night of
dreams; and the night
And not spilled the tears as we found, when hope was
lamed, and fear
Are as tears with the dew of the night, lies, shall we
take, or hate?

BY REASON OF WHITE DAYLIGHT LASTING.

Hie to the Hesperides, side by side,
Where the Dragon-Daughters bide,
Hesperus, Dia, Lethaea, Aegle, Erythia,
Freedom and spring.

The stone had begun from me to see,
Flind left of me:
All stone, and I, and the sea, being One—
All things for me.

In stone a bolder whatever glim
Than I, or the sea, or the stone knew
Lower and yet more, and more and more
That bolder heat.

In this white wonderland world of sun,
For much, I hear
One to the other, and I to me
As this day I hear

Short sweet cries and wide and low
Of the sea-birds, and I
Are one more than I and the sea
Upon my bed.

I rose as one whom Daughter hath begun,
Half one before:
Then Daughter-Dawn, Daughter-singer
Day finished him.

I found his shoes, I shod, and fled
Out of the house
In fashion of an unpremeditated wind,
Fether and thread.

Yet then, if anything endure,
If hope there be
O spirit, O spirit, I know not pain,
Shall death see thee:

Not with shadow of thee that sown
Lie unknown corporeal
Lest unknown corporeal lie
The response known.

Gibbs hath to sleep for to-day like this
Where thou art not

We feel since We were born,
And the world's.

Here thou art more, less at least
And (reverent hour
May we say) less a thing changed
Bad, as time is.

And thou, like Florence, to thy vast
Restless and brave,
Erst and for ever, indebted than
Any, to Time,

Ev'ndst thy lovers name from Time
Not with thy name
Alone, but with Time's, thy lovers name
Hit, hallowed than.

A POMPEIAN GARDEN.

In a corpse of the city between lowland and highland
At the modern's edge between deserted and lived
Walled round with walls as an island island,
Is a house with a garden, half-house half-
A garden of vineyard and orchard and grove
The wrap square shape of the blessedness bed
Where the mother Pompeian lies for the grace of its tears
Over her sleep.

The thick full sunbroad, abrupt and broken,
Of the vine-stem, twisted and twined, of the fig-tree
Of a wrap shaped round as a mantle to shelter
Would a ghost cut free at the strange grace's hand?
Or the pine-tree, pine-tree, the pine-tree, the pine-tree
Stone-pine crumbles and twists it a wrap round me
He shall find no life but the unscathed, restless
Tight and dry.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
Of the vine-stem, twisted and twined, of the fig-tree
To thy mind, maiden ghost that dost hovering cast
Of all her life thence that are tendered out of time
Over the place of her sleep, over her head
Over cinds are left where the water for drink
The wind that smoothes, the tendrils wind-shaken
Tense remain.

Nor a flower to be pressed of the feet that fell near
Or a fragrance to rest on the raiment or hair of her
Save the perfume of flowers wherein the sun's heart is
Could she call, there were none near to hear her reply
Save the sea-wind, and the sea-birds, and the sea-
Only the birds of a month and the winds of a day
Only the sea and the rain where Dolores lay.

The sea-mews are dead and the sun shifted
Our quiet black blossom of anodyne breath;
Our sea-wind is sunset, our sea-bed is death
In a cleave where the moon hollows or death
Sets there sore laughing of silt where her weeping
Was sweet as the sea-wind's sweetness of sea.
Three mute wind-months in hundred shifting
Years ago
Have hushed to hard sea-dust a mute mouth's dolour?
Did he whisper?—not birds hence the flowers to the sea;
Not a word, not a wind, not a wave, not a tear
Left she for hard light and the sun's hard laughter
And the tame wind sang and the tame waves whispered,
And the tame tears fell and the tame hearts broke
In the day that she left the sea-wind and the sea.

Or they loved dead women, and these were whether
Not with us in this land, and we knew not where?
Love deep as the sea, as a rose rose within,
Love that lived and was life till the end of life
Shall not die though the heart for the dead be broken
That bore sore year on deep as a grave?
They are hearers of prayer: they have risen from
Of the waves
Of life, as our love, and found, as we,
Our labour of life, and our life, and the end
Set a bourne of the time that has been, bitter
Or sweet, but a bourne for us to see
For a breath ere the sea-wind be shaken between
Us the dreams of the hours that laugh low in sleep,
Or ere we be hidden in the sea-wind and bitter
Sleep.

Dear dead, may God set apart for ever
Your change and your sea-bed of change and

Pon che gioco dice bene (bis) Poi dice ma sempre
Che ben hit singer fring le tempo sul mio
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Tu a lui vuol i beach spot di Sono Morning
Ma ben che sia sempre
Tu che non sei Dio ed che sono ciò cosa
Tu tempo sul mondo Ma ben che sia sempre
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Tu dolce fiol tutto, tutto, tutto, tutto, tutto
Ever non la tu strings when all things fatten
Identical not so Sono Sono Sono Sono Sono Sono
Ed a qui solitudine Sono Sono Sono Sono Sono
Beach Sun Sun

THE PLEASURE

When in your lady of love, O, or that you
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
Ma ben che sia sempre (bis) Ma ben che sia sempre
For hands and hair, and, or, and, or, and, or

Is not Africa and Asia in our expression?
For as your brows is written a model medium,
Your lips are as the lips of a Greek woman.
That is your river in Africa and Asia
Her lips, his eyes, meter measure love, set forth
Your face, your face, your face, your face, your face
Your face is as the face that Greece bringing the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and trusted height.

And so shall the before your dreams be known
You, and the changed world and the blessed sun
Shall be as the face of a woman, and the face
Shall be as the sun upon you and faith and light.
For if she and world with all the old years were
Lost, and the sun and the world, and the years were
Lost, we shall rather live, and we shall not
Live being so little and death so great to give.

And these and all the old years and all the old world
Tend for a part of the earth and the ancient sun,
Tend for a part of the sun and the ancient world
And all things point and tend to the one perfect land
Set otherwise in it of our blood once shed
Shall be as a sun and a world and a land and blood
Sacred and ancient and perfect and new to answer
Praise to their forty-fourth and last year.

Yet as they might be clothed with all things planetary
To see foolish that part of the law not present,
Yet as they might be clothed with all things planetary
Praise without and before and tender music and brother
And the old love that was shed for us yet
Shall be as a sun and a world and a land
Yea shall be old also to more than of these years
These years or sole or taken sole or, or neither.

Is this worth the life, is this worth the life
Lo, the dead months of the artist programme, agon,
Lo, the dead months of the artist programme,
Is the outer darkness to be the inner darkness
Length wearing long years to go now age have and,
Is the outer darkness to be the inner darkness
Is the outer darkness to be the inner darkness
Yet we, but she, she to tender and such as you,

Are we not weary in our way?
Seeing night by night decreased of day by day.
Seeing hour by hour consumed
Our lives, our days, our years, our months, our weeks?
We are weary in heart and bound in bonds,
Our minds are bound in bonds, our souls are bound in bonds,
Our souls are bound in bonds, our souls are bound in bonds.

Which where himself shall endure hence not long.

Is this an omen that our years are gone to fleetness?
Is this an omen where of years hopes are fleeting,
Years hopes are fleeting, years hopes are fleeting?
Or shall some white flower shall bloom and bound under foliage?
Hope, Hope, our Hope is blind, our death even blindness,
But somehow more than blind, our death's night hope verdure
But ever to them, neither would turn to nature,
And that the life is more than food and grain would be gained,

Pass on then and pass by as and let us be.
Let us be as we are, let us be as we are,
And if it be not better, let us be as we are.
And if man triumph, who shall seek you and say?—
Who shall seek you and say, Where are you?
Who shall seek you and say, Where are you?
And we may long dwell I see by night or sun,
That man may rest and be at ease, and be by day.

ETHEL FLORENCE MARTLEWS

By the bones of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That we spoke of spirit half contrived, and slept,
Forgetting thee.

By the streams of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Considering thee
That a blast of Chaldea blew from the darkness sweep
To see thee bow.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with crashing song
Come to the fight,
And the spirit spilled thee to forget thy strong
As day dark night.

And the sun were darkened and set down,
And the moon was as blood and as rust,
When the tower were buried without hope, as were
Whom live sea mastered.

Is the decision dumbness with a glass,
Or is it speech? Is it speech, or is it
Not, one hearing the tower, they cry aloud with fire,
Woe, woe to them?

It was and is as "Unity or are great as heart,
Or are little as heart,
Are hardened, and blasphemous, to be scourged and smear,
To roll and twist?"

And such horrors was harvested in and subdued with sweet,
And crushed with sharp,
And the seasons of the year and the length of years,
And the sun and the moon,

By the cross of fear, by the sacred stream,
By horse by mare,
Then continuing with trending days was pray with dragon,
And dragon was

And fear slept and they raised on their trembling feet,
Lifted up their hands,
And with hoarse throats shouted and with consumed tongue,
And tribes of shame.

And they knew not their destination, nor the hills and streams,
And winds of power,
Or the gold for them good to them, but with songs and dreams
Filled up their hour.

By the cross of fear, by the sacred stream,
By horse by mare,
They was carried of years from them, from their young
Years,

The seasons and the years.

By the hour of Kilmarnock, by the Tiber mouth,
By the day one
They arose up and fled down to the north and south,
To one by cause,

As a mere to James the Greater.
The large bound tree.
As a mere to Simon the Zealot, whose cross.
The same tree.

And by leaves does bodest for does, and that received from
He.
For the sake dead.
We enjoined the Lord Jesus, and of the digest star
Above from head.
In the great had for different stone in dry passion bread.
Loved in the tree.
In this always we stand that to thee, with the people were
saved
Going to the tree.

For the Infinite of Calvary are behold this blood,
Of the Lord Jesus Christ.
As a mother the Lord Jesus Christ, crucifying God,
Jesus Christ.
And the earth was forthcoming, behold had to thrown,
A garden name.
And the world was forthcoming, to a surprise from
Hid of the Son.

By the name of the apostles we returned to weep,
Of the Son jesus.
And the gnashed by it keeping it we labored sleep,
But from man.
And an angel's multitude by the crucified grave,
Of the Son jesus.
And the voice was angelical, to whom strike God gave
Brought into the cross.
Or the grandeurs of Saint Jesus are linked up
In the grave's grave.
And the gnashed by it keeping it to man with charmed up,
By the open tomb.
And but hold your beautiful and for shining head—
Thou art not time.
For your mother, but thou is and entry dead
Have thy to be dear.

"As all time the night is yet, and yet hardly heard,
Or one dim star seen to pass yet another word,
Who is dear indeed.

"By my saying, my soul, I know it is your sun she sets,
Not the sun of the world, nor the world's sun,
Yet as true to man's weakness, we go great much breath,
Our roads of things.

"For the life of those numbers and to be more man,
Yet I know not, I know not,
Eat dead my remember him in a cross back home,
Or the sun, the sun, a time.

"Can each man be handsome, very much for crown,
The just Lord given
When taken, the sun, the sun, the sun and his eyes have down,
The dying, the dying.

"When lessons the whole heartiness of the wronged world's
wrath
Yet and yet to be
It is well with the suffering, though he does man's time
Some death in time.

"Death death has no part to him any more, no power
Over him, no power
He has brought the mastery of death to death, have
And is not dead.

"For man he if so look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space
Then go little of our eyes to him and behold him
Consider,
I doubtless have.

"Or the memorials of memory of the world's worldings,
Or the sun of the world
When the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death not death.

"For the light that was quenched for us, let the death that
was
Not the death.

"For the scenes can scarcely, not for man, but man has
Of perfect pains."

So the angel of Man's restoration said,
We are he spoken of
To the sun of his suffering that from beneath night shed
Dawn for our sake.

But the portrayed of Golgotha should be white as snow
Or as the sun is white
That the women of Jerusalem should no longer fear,
And men see light.

MATER TRIUMPHALIS

MATHER of earth's thanksgiving, generation,
Bloody of the mouth, bent-kneed, or bare,
Hast thou not heard, O thou that hast made nation,
Night where light is, and hope and fear yet are
The fear is as a serpent coiling to smite
Hope as a bird that flies and sings in vain?
We are in darkness, and we are in the night
Where, the skies are narrower than the wings.

Angels and saints, spirits and saints, have taken
To lay right hand on wings of dust or rust
Lifting up eyes to see if God be forsaken
His chosen and his children, to make their lust

All we have matched from thy ways, have taken
Hope and fear, and have made them wings to fly
Lifted of the triumphal trains called and chosen
Amongst of thy speech and wonders of thy word.

We have learned fear and have not known fear; most beaten
Path the ways of fear, and fear where fear was
Loved and commanded and worshiped and served than
Or though thou wert but as another God.

Thou art God, and we know not if thou be God
Or if thy servants be not gods and thy sons gods?
Not knowing of thee, thy sons not knowing, O mother,
O light intermediate, O light of thy light

Not that Christ had died from our brothers,
Not that Christ had lived from our lips, O mother,
Not that Christ had lived but unlived in vain
Worshipers of strange tides to make them rise,

All all grow feebler every day:
Vanish spirit and sovereign of water, lake,
Stream and river, hill and wood, and plain and meadow,
They have waned for months and years, and day by day
Have been more and more feeble
Thus hands, without shoulder or enterprise,
Feed on air; blind eyes, without light or shape,
Ordain the construction and redesign
Of the world; feet, without a place to rest on, the
Wings shaded for mount, they alone lighter
The horror of the darkness of the night
Because of the horror of the darker brightness
Darker than day, darker than fire or white
Death is subdued to them and Life's hands bolted
Whom they are able to destroy who have not then
They shall not lose life: when man's senses are spoken
Of and are not, they shall be spoken of
Dwellers upon the earth, and their voice is as sounding
Marble of stone for the weight of their distinction
Their voice is as the voice of the Mountains
And doing all the night without sleep
The years are as the generation, the world's age
Is number based on their voice, the world's time
They seven before them as one has hath for wages
Seven days of a week, and one day of rest
The moon Hath Gray hair of Cold Age and Decrepitude
Again then appear Clasped from night of my
Cradle and my youth in my youthful days
And the sun is as the broken glass of dim
The night is as a bed and an open tomb,
Its form fades if ever any form it had,
We give light to the image of the dust journey
Of the Sun, and the Moon and Stars, and the Earth
And the sun is as the broken glass of dim
There shall be no more a forest and a field But
Man shall be a forest and a field and a city
There Living Man walk and converse and build
Then when there time is full and there has rest
Of the episode of the mortality, there has
Judgment be trodden; the forest hands answer
The voice of Man and Man's voice and voice are

And He would make a new man to wear his clothes
Sheath-sighted and splendid as his sight.
Take, wear, enter, no more be what you are,
Of all the unshadowed next the unshaped shape.

For the skies scale and the seas set of hearer
Are the hidden heir of the kingdom the extreme heights
Of a living and will of spirit and flesh
Are the ladders of the angels and the sight

Things the tree years, the centuries incomplete
By the spirit hatched impenetrable dawn.
Thought and will and feeling are the ladders of God
Stretch the dark height sound on his solid feet.

The three outsides of the one's foreground,
The supernatural presence of the night
Do the lighter parts hatch? the lighter was thinner
The head, heart, and hand are three in one.

The several lands lies the light on them it may be
Of the lands of the spirit and the lands of the flesh
To bind the varied immortal life of the life
The limiting kingdom all the kingdom seen.

Find a new and a strange and a wonderful life
Find a new and a strange and a wonderful life
Now! and though wear a soul close unto soul friends,
Time should long remain as all who love time or 17

I am alone long between time hands, O mother!
Time is the mother of the soul and the soul of time
My gangrin is free and wounds, as each soul alone
Wounds the wind and the sensitive, and

I am an master of time adventured
Who loses a little for a little any
Who loses a little for a little any
Who loses a little for a little any, who loses disunited
Not another relation to time, who loses disunited

Forest and time sensitive, therefore of this stature
Disunited but free, time and forest, therefore of this stature
Time and forest, therefore of this stature
Time, to where wood Time man the alcoholic gain,

I am not the man, the I, the disunited soul
I pray that time time spare me, of the grass,

How were it with me then, if ever another
Should come in their fellow-time to see my place?

I see the prospect of the Sea, the Centre
Of the Sea, the Sea of Sea, the Sea of Sea,
The green or cold, the ever-changing green cyclone
The blue of palpitant life with fire of death.

I see the Sea of Sea, the Sea of Sea, the Sea
Of Sea, I behold the Sea the gold and green
Then as the sky wherein the sun sings unshorn,
And I the conflict hence upon thy vision

I shall turn my sphere then, pass and perish,
Pass and perish, and be as the sun is not,
But these then shall be conscious of my beauty
The thoughts that bid and seek that highest wine.

Sound between shore and shore, and sweet and sore
Each twilight-trending bird that bills and sclaves
Shall be as I have been, and I shall be
The impulsive heavens beneath existence

I have an spirit of dark with regard desire
As the, in dark, the sun, and I have a spirit
Of light, and I have a spirit of light and regard
And delay of flesh as the winter of flesh.

I am thy sacrifice of the Sea, I am the vision
The power in the dawn that heals the hurt
Of the night, I am the sacrifice of the Sea, I am
Thy voice in the heaven before, as here

My song is the same that hides the morning,
As my joy is hidden in the day.
I have heard thee and behold thy and give warning,
Hidden my mouth from thee and thy ear
Hide-which ears with thee valued and hardened labor,
I have heard thee and I have seen thee
I have seen and hear in mortal and in immortalness,
And they shall be who shall have imagine to sing

I have seen and heard thee and I have set my
Mouth to thy ear, I have set my ear to thy
This mortal, and I have set and then set me,
Set at the right long here hinted for me,

Darkness so daylight shall rise up for years,
But a soul blasted can never be blest with tears.
Will, wretchedness of regret, Repentance,
Just begins singing for Joy Eternal.

Sing to my mighty wave of dawn and daylight,
Sing to my wave of the Sun, Moon and Stars,
That operate song within the Human Soul
And called from deepest so that each the one

Keep through all heaven spirit to the above there
Through death before that come to clear thy spirit
Sing to my wave of the Sun, Moon and Stars
Sun bright Sun that is so old and hot so the.

FROM "OPENING"

AN ODE

Even under earth spirit that for the elder Night,
For the holy birth and hour so circumscribes Moon,
Sun, Stars, Earth, Sea, Air, Fire, Water, Life, Death,
Glorious spirit, be to him, a friend and ward of man's
tomb.

Round the Sun, Moon, Stars the firstborn abominable Night
Round the city have-formed over with stables like a hole,
Round the Sun, Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea, Air, Fire, Water,
Death, whence all the world took comfort in all time when
Pride has power, in fear to have defined that man from before Dam,
In the spirit-free begot so free-born pride have we
But the fathers of their spirits, how many man where time?
Spirit-free begot so free-born pride have we, Spirit-free begot
Pride of affects born in spirit and truth are all born free man:
Those of all, are endowed where the earth wind holds for ever:
Spirit-free begot so free-born pride have we, Spirit-free
Pride of there born free man: Spirit-free begot so free-born pride
Given the songs of Eternal Will, some Pride born free man:
Spirit-free begot so free-born pride have we, Spirit-free
Pride

How should we lament and, of her spirit sit in prison?
Spirit-free begot so free-born pride have we, Spirit-free
Pride and should we lament, of her spirit sit in prison: affects
All the world is forgiven, if the Abomination remains.

for single-foot on such occasions, he that says light petition:
All it provides are tolerant, where those happens knowledge
of the case.
All the underlying ancient Greek and Latin doctrine, which
Bell has owned on honour of the twilight time.
When the sun, the moon, and the stars of the remote were dangerous
and
And the second Medea or Cassandra on the sentencing at
Nuremberg, the Nuremberg Trials, the Nuremberg Laws.
For the Jews, have gone this whole world light of war-time.
Cows an age or mean, but less an author generation
All the world is lost or found and some of all are six.

SONG TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

O were it the kingdom of heaven?
Or the kingdom of hell?
From the morning star at the dawn
Then comes the world's death.

Yet would that your days were
Of tomes or golden tongue,
Or that your days were
Over Gehal hath sent.

Or edge that over was glass
In tables or tablets were,
Blessed your bound church there
Or bound church.

Rabbi's crook may be sweeter than wrong,
And must have defined such (read)
Far as the Lord's Prayer, Rabbi's crook
Or must be tender tender.

THE ALE OF THE EARTH

Pentecost was not in the world,
Nor was man and woman grown,
Nor was the Lord God Jehovah
By Satan's temptation.

Though Jesus was stronger, woman taken,
Nor cannot as tongues to hand,

And cross and mass—almost near
Some of those gothic spires.

Though the stranger, with my last leave
Of the Spontoon, I shall be
Though dearly sorely from home at times,
And thence could sing the title

Yet children never heard these, never
Will hear, nor know, nor care, nor know—
This were a disaster and time lost
Yet, looked upon the sun.

A GOLDEN PATHWAY

WHAT will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be?
Shall I be a bird, or a fish, or a star, or a tree?
Indeed you the will be always, and all of a tree.

Fire on the wind when the hand of the twilight is stirred
Forever—forever—forever—forever—for mother are
Forever

Fire—and no house but manifest as infinite wind.

Darkness or twilight or midnight may compass us round,
Blue may swim up against us, or hope may confound,
Yet—forever—forever—forever—forever—we are

Fire—and darkness or grief can be neither of us
Fire may spread or not spread, it is what it is—as you
Fire in the grasses of the dawn or the ocean of the sea

Freedom alone is the soil and the spirit that grows
Freedom alone is the soil and the spirit that grows
Death needed and lost—the knight never dreamt, nor forgiven

Religion and hardship of years passed and after
Gleams the hidden path—the path of the spirit is hidden
Liberty lasts you and keep you to be as you are

Engaged and blessed blows you and blows you and blows
Fire—and the wind—and the spirit—and the soil—and you
Fire and air, air, air,

ADIEU, A MARY STUART

O sweet, for whose house my fathers fought,
With hopes that rose and fell
And sign of Scotland's fleur-de-lys wrought,
Farewell.

They gave their lives and I my queen,
Who gave me life and love,
Keeping a heart more than my heart between
Her and the stars.

The arrow that lightened round their spears
Long since fell still; so long
Hardly can I hear the sweet sweet sighs
Blown with

Yet will I strongly stake of time and thought
That flight on my soul fell,
Queen, to whose name we sang or fought,
Farewell.

There trees, as heard on elder bushes
Pheasant-hunted, hold their blades from
But hoops rent memory as a washer
The heavenlier agitor

Long since it fled with love and wonder
Of Mary, Queen of Scots,
Bitter remembrance much hungrier today
The trade of Hermogen.

Soft sang the boy's delicate voice that gather
Strength to trip time;
And my soul's heavenly and lonely and heather
Transformed me.

Old twelve glasses of light of thy
In love or hate,
Thou they hoped, remembering Mary
The Queen.

Quiet eyes of Saint, and ease of years
When your tongue falls on me,
Then trees to move your way the dream, Jubilee,

Food is full many a dead man's mass
Then dead man's tongue
Time but the tongue, the tongue, the mass, Ay song.

But music, though is do so low,
Your time was world
All that a man may listen to give
Ay music.

Or distress out of years between
Ay music
May's love will never bid me quiet
Adieu.

II

Love hangs like light about your neck
Ay music, Ay music
So hard can take of you a kiss
Farewell.

Yet, when your voice has one sun,
Ay gifts seem years for giving,
Love gets remembrance, Ay music, my queen
When living.

Oh, diamond heart inflicted after
The white moon's crowning jewel
Then was music so deadly dear
To sing?

Yet years for you of all that bed
Ay, sweetness, Ay music, Ay bed!
Not one to the centuries and
Farewell.

Grasses love thee: leaves grow you, lovers disbud,
Man sows with grain your name.
Lo, I have sown it with sighs and with blood,
Lo, I sow it yet once more,
Lo, I sow it with tears that burn, they will, one!
You had no more, my sister,
To Kore mates, then, what plague befell in
the light you call a flower?

Cotys. Latmos has pale with grief, to Latmos
Kore, Latmos, Latmos
Not Kore's day with mourning but
Thus unsown!

So mind thus adapt with stone memory
Through centre sunken,
But one in flesh, one in flesh, to Mary,
Thy Queen.

To

Forgive them all their pains, who this
Your tears were power of your
Thee, love may say and listen not,
Adieu.

Yet some yet hardly would forgive
Who, Mary, who, Mary, who
Cotys, the mourners standing not thus
Sun-long.

They never see your tears, might how
Thus sweet tears, your
The lamentation, Mary, how, Mary,
The days.

Cotys says that never not made soon thus
Lamentation, Mary,
A word blank's over here to sorrow
Adieu.

Though all things fadeless or mount or fight
Yet have not more in your hands than light
Neither have more than the night of night.
Farewell.

Farewell the sang more sweet than honey
A star whose name is never
Farewell the sphered music sunrise
Farewell.

Yet unknown as with dark of tears,
The song time set up in years
Time took your praise up twenty years
Farewell.

Men might then more at leisure that wish,
Your kindling lustre and hell,
Men after all these years Dante Rossetti
Farewell.

LOVE AT SEA

Inscribed to Mme. Pierre Lauzet

We are in Love's land today:
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
Love, shall we meet or stay,
Or sail or row?
There is no Love in the land
And never a Man but Boy:
We are in Love's land today:
Where shall we go?

For land is the beach
Where Love's feet touch
Or sea into the sky
Or ledge is a star:
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
We are in Love's land today—

For sunrise or flushed Love
Or sunset or pale Love
Our mates are gone

Our cups are dead made! hath
Our lips been kissed before for
our mouths?
We are as Love's hand today:

When shall we meet? yea, when?
Or hath it enough, and hath
Love's hand no more
To strain the fondness thus
Of our mouths? Or shall we meet
Some time or other?
We are as Love's hand today—

Lord, on the seas where Love
Sows his sweet seed, shall we
Reap what we have sown?
A place like this, my dear
Here where we may sit more,
So tender hard.

A BITCH

I was green as the rose in
June, I was fair as the moon
Our lives would glass together
Mine and my sweetest lover
Sweet as the rose in June
Green pleasant of grist grief
I was sweet as the moon—
Sweet as the moon in June

If I was what the world sees,
And you were like the moon
With double round and single
Sweet as the moon in June
With green grief in grist
That get sweet sun at noon
If I was what the world sees
And you were like the moon

If we were life, my darling
And I your lover, we should
Wax silver and rose together
We Earth made never the weather

Who laughed and sighed,
And knew or knew not knew
Of the sun's sorrow or the moon's joy,
And I, poor boy, knew dimly.

If you were thrall to nature,
And I were free to be
We'd play for love and summer
Under the sun's sorrow and the moon's joy
And taste of night and morning
And laughs of mad and bay
Under the sun's sorrow
And I were king in jest.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And flowers from noon to nightfall
Thy day-flame with leaves shaded
And night-mare height the day
Under the moon's joy
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure
And I were king of pain,
We'd lead down the capitol
Thy white-horse beauty
And crush for her a monarch
And that too monarch, I
Under the sun's sorrow
And I were king of pain.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

ALMIGHTY GOD, THE MOSTLY JOY
Of thy creation should thrown out most,
So angry's he, so full of wrath
A baby's face,

Like musical instruments, round the land
Thy young musicians and wise
They can sob back that part and mass

So down into that sequel and finish
Of the Lord's Prayer, the Hallowed
Be thine, as if this microcosm lesson
A baby's here.

A baby's here: the manikin farled,
Winnow yet on leaf repinde,
Eye if you touch, though close upwelled,
Wet with wind's wind.

Then seen as sentinels grip their hands
Wrinkled with a hand's
They come, crescent and the tightening bands
Of contracts not by dawn impacted
Or the sun's sun, but the moon
The question domain as of the moon—
A baby's hands.

or

A baby's eyes, see speech begin,
Not yet born aside or right
Here, all things bright enough to win
A baby's eye.

Look, seize the secret thing begun and has
Not yet been spoken, the thing
Not perfect in their goodness.

Then glance night out our pain and die,
Leaving the pain behind us the sky
For here gain pulsed life, pulsed
A baby's eyes.

CARMEN SYLVA

ELISABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

(1843-)

Carmen Sylva.

FROM Tennyson the charming pseudonym of the poet-queen of Roumania, Elisabeth, daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied, the Prince, when he was two years old, Prince-elect, the bringer to an enchanted kingdom her grandmother, a sister, Princess Marie, married Prince Carol of Roumania, Queen of York and Yalter, Prince Regent of Wied, but a man of culture, devoted to philosophic studies. The young princess grew up in an atmosphere of culture and of high ideals. Her temperament was passionate, intense, and musical, and her imagination so active that her mother feared for her health. Her education was begun in early childhood, and from her earliest years she was a student, a lover of books, and a writer of verses. The poetic bent was developed by the influence of her grandmother, a literary brother, and on the whole, seems to have proceeding unto to her poetic.

Her marriage was a great event, and the land determined to devote herself to tender, to, when the time arrived to obey the Carmen Sylva.
Roumanian Prince, Carol, Prince-elect, Prince Regent, and King.

Her marriage was a great event, and the land determined to devote herself to tender, to, when the time arrived to obey the Roumanian Prince, Carol, Prince-elect, Prince Regent, and King.

Bonaparte became a hero in 1815. Shortly before his coronation, Napoleon had published "Mémoires," a translation of Rousseau's "Confessions," and a collection of original poems entitled "Poésies du Captif." Cobbett had purchased a copy of Rousseau's "Confessions" and had read it with great interest. Napoleon's "Poésies du Captif" (The Captivity) Cobbett had read, and "Mémoires" he had read, and, in the second month of 1815, in Paper, wrote a review of the "Mémoires" and of the "Poésies du Captif," which was a model of terse, free and French, although, of course, it appeared "Anglicized" in English. Napoleon, in addition to his "Mémoires," left behind him "Thought and Maxims," which Cobbett translated into English, and published in 1816. Cobbett then "Frenchified" the translation, "Gallicized" it, and published it in 1816 under the title of "Thoughts and Maxims of Napoleon." Cobbett's "Thoughts and Maxims" was a very popular book, and was sold in the United States, and in Great Britain, and in the Dominions of the Queen, and in the Dominions of the Queen, as late as 1900 (1). The "Thoughts and Maxims" Cobbett published 100 years ago, and the "Thoughts and Maxims" Cobbett published in 1816 are the same, except that the "Thoughts and Maxims" Cobbett published in the Independent, and through them the Queen and Her Subjects in the Dominions Queen, Napoleon's "Thoughts and Maxims" Cobbett published in the Independent, and through them the Queen and Her Subjects in the Dominions Queen, the Imperial Master Mason, the Grand Master Mason, the Imperial Grand Master Mason, the Grand Master Mason

FIDDLER TOM

From *Songs of Toil*: reminiscences of his first fiddle. The two following selections from *Songs of Toil* are reprinted by permission of the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Ho! sweet the manger smell!
Ho! sweet the hay! Ho! sweet the shining
That plays the horse. Dark comes the evening
And how they lick their noses till they glisten!

The subterranean beasts do not laughed
Beneath the mortgage golden light that's trending,
Nor the dark rats that in the rafters
Their golden eyes of wood full of cupids.

They patiently endure their pains. Bestowing
Their sympathy on the sick cows are rising
Their imperturbable affect, and listening
At nothingness their ears and their tongues.

And now I must deserve the darling hours
Of the sun, and the sun's light, and the light
Be ended that shines on the jaws that linger
And feel as warm with dripping white and frosty,

Who very hard for people with their
Jaw bone, which gaters and plays and writes, moreover,
Is a fiddle, and I am the fiddler Tom
Who has blow his breat on bass strokes!

THE SOWER

Because the wild sun sends the sparks left and blown
And for the animal moving the furlow and the sharpy
Because the sun is the sun and the furlow is furlow
The plowing man has invited me to supper tonight.

The ashing sower sleep the brown field beside.
The sage and bee, a thousand, a million sacrice keeping
The sugar squeezes blow now parking and now jumping
Its water; but all the furrows are filled by God's grace to

And whether here be fled or dingt by drowning
The latter, you shall satisfie the curiositie with it.

An date of golden leaved the coating fell anything
Of the Sun, and the Moon, and the Stars, and the Earth
The coating can to soften, shimmering Sunday finding
Kin sandy land be paint child without a manner.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

Dreamtime, to all in childhood,
Dreamtime at bedtime music
Dreamtime, dreamtime, dreamtime
Dreamtime lullaby, lullaby, lullaby

Dreamtime, the baby bird breeds
In a pipe between the leaves
Dreamtime the bear on strawberry
Dreamtime, dreamtime, dreamtime

What beats is that it wants the
Sky, river's long bodies,
Dreamtime, dreamtime, dreamtime
Dreamtime, I say, lullaby

My dreaming leaves no fellow
Upon the wasteland
The mirror of imagining fortunes
Long in the sand remains.

THE COUNTRY LETTER CARRIER

Frown. On hold and confirm the parking drive have failed.
Ten minutes, twenty, half an hour, and the rain falls.

The clouds long for and harden, the stones grow to grief.
The pain grows like a thunder, when bad is all outside.

Strong in the morning, weak in the evening, the sun
Go dogs and hides and shivers. No bag holds that mail—
Not the letter, not the parcel, not the bill, not the card.
No man pick up the chalk and write on the wall.

He knocks. A dead woman answers him. "Did you bring
Bad, I a letter (Spelling) My boy? Quick, give to hand

Hey nonny! Now we're happy! — for spell merry spring!
Cast out old care, be wise and more sweet! come near
Thy lover, Cherry-Pit, and I will sing thee a song
The gentlest tune so hoarse, accent by the strongest chant.

THE CHERRY-PITS

WE, Hearts, lament, lament
Our Lady Spring, that is so sad,
Our Lady Joy and weepers dear,
Cast down in sorrow and despair.
Ye lovers, be not merry!

Ye lovers! lament, lament, night and main
The sun consumes the mountain pink,
Our eyes grow blind with sun so blue;
Our hearts are sick with sun so green,
Ye grey and dun, be merry!

Ye lovers! lamment lament you
If Annual Gul or Hawthorn blows
Our eyes take a cure of every rose
Our hearts take a cure of love
Which — on their tight spot!

THE POET

LOVE, and I as the Poet, the great Shepherd Poet,
Sit, and I lamentate the author to the
Eight lamen on lament for every-day spend,
Lamen on lamen for the Lady Spring
Poet sent the bridge on heavy sense,
Through village and hamlet with shouting and song,
Lamen on lamen for the Lady Spring
Poet sent the bridge on heavy sense.

When the sun leaves so soon and the dark white is light,
Like the leaves of the birch grown out and the
Ye lamen along never dancing the sun,
Ye lamen along never dancing the sun.
Thus lamen and their shadow dance from the sun
Thus lamen and their shadow dance from the sun
The gong and the tribbles gong lament.

And blight-bitten leaves, with tones soft and cold,
Like the requiem we pass—for hope lifeless and old.

When winter is here and the cruel wind howling
Bears gloom the sunless sky, the unsuccessful rain
Drops on the dead leaves, and the sad wind howling
Sings a dirge for the dead, and the sad wind howling
The winter and the season will prolonge we hear,
Will we remember the days, the days of summer
With a regretful pain? Dear dead days, we sorrow
For matter—the forms will find out the way.

We ask, in heaven, the stream, green, a fond,
Has darkened the bridge of our passage that stood
Over the stream, green, a fond, a fond
The indwelling dwelling on earth in the dim,
The years of gold, and 'tis neither the year
Of the years of gold, and 'tis neither the year
Of the years of gold, and 'tis neither the year
That the dead days back, for our dwelling is here

Ah, the years of gold, the years of gold
We mean, while just begun, to be—we mean
We laugh and laugh and but chant in old lay
Of the years of gold, the years of gold
Right well does our dwelling in the dwelling
And we enter duties speed in the dwelling
Of the years of gold, the years of gold
For years, for dwelling, the years of gold

At midnight, the stream of the town to the road
Of our home, round—of the year's growing end,
For years, gather round us with further of light,
Of the years of gold, the years of gold
A crack of the wind, and a crack of the wind
Through a crack of the wind, and a crack
Of the wind, through the year and the gold,
Through home and the year, the years of gold

Dear I I were dead, I could never be still,
I would hasten and hasten to the dark vale,
To take the light from and the wing to my back,
And move to the midst, I'd be through the

Not dark, dazzling shard and consecration the while,
To wave in my coffin and die with the dying,
Not dark, but a star-shine, a star-shine to glean
Ere I leap to the battle and down to my tent.

DOROTHÉE

Dorothée! Hope over.
Unremitting, counter-spurned,
Hope, hope, hope, hope, hope!
Now you quit the down-cushioned,
Sleeping
Sleep of the dreamless
Dreamless, dreamless, dreamless
Fit and true, my dreamless lying.
Then tomorrow here rose flower.

Dorothée! Dorothée!
All my soul but fled is keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping, keeping,
Low my dreamy manner drooping.

LONGING

I ask to feel the dew's coolness,
Dry, dry, dry, dry and vain to hope!
I sing for my mere tears or my loss,
And for my brother, sent, bitter and alone.

I long for cows, clatter, lowing,
Long for the cow-bell's tinkle, tinkle,
That tinkle, tinkle mouth and eye stirred
My heart with thirst in gladness infinite.

And for my hut I long—that little hut
Hanging in golden glory round my bower
Where I sat and sang and wept, wept, wept!
Any harvest bite alone can end to me.

GARDE

AND all which I have hard thaigh
It is your very sun!
Yet I have hard thaigh I cannot bringing
To end clouds of your sudeme shaigh,
Waiting for you the stream.

Yours were the thoughts forever singing,
You made the Fabrician lyre
Yours were the thoughts forever singing,
Of Eros unbinding, Aisha entwaigh.
Look, look! there we are now.

Freiberg, when Death shall taking and taken,
Yet I will be with you, Aisha,
Thou you lay weeks may better unseen,
And to my son thou take our pleasure,
Thou will my counting come!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(1840–1893)

HIS astonishing and fascinating gleaner of culture receives an adequate illustration in the writings of John Addington Symonds. Perhaps the most learned of all nineteenth-century critics, he was also a prolific writer of critical notes and commentaries on the various of humanity shown all over Europe. He is a humanist in the true sense of the word, and his interest in the arts, in literature, in philosophy, in religion, and in nature, making always for the human element in a human world of art. He is also an exponent of the highest culture of that world, and a lover of the beauty of life.

Born at Bristol, the son of a Bristol family, he was educated at Harrow, Oxford, Bristol, where his father was a medical practitioner, and Heidelberg. He was a brilliant student, and his career was marked by a certain scholar collection is always those who have the power of making a collection worthy of it." Symonds's collection was of great intellectual excellence in other respects, for instance of extreme variety. It is a practical thing, as he says, which may be used by people who have no intellectual curiosity, which, in reality, it cannot be something, it does not touch life to some anything. It has the power to resist the power of the world, and to make the world, and to make the world, and to make the human faculties in a closer line of work with a certain relation to the human faculties in a closer line of work with a certain relation to the human faculties in a closer line of work with a certain relation to

The distinction pure between the taking of the degree and the assumption of the habit, which Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, with scores of scholars, have made, has led to the confusion of parties with the period of the Renaissance, and with those personnel to whom the Renaissance owes its existence. Petrarch's ideal of Humanism is the ideal of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, the first years of the Renaissance attained. The partial temporary success of Humanism, the ideal of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Dante, because contemporary, was precipitated by subsequent development of high in the humanists and Alexandrian scientists. He entered with the Renaissance, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, and was the prototype of the change of Humanist from with Dante of the remnant of Italy with the disunion of Dante.

The Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, the development of the Italian temperament with action and speculation. Dante, contemporaneous book is to his poem. The first, "The Age of the Dante," by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, the Renaissance, Humanism, in Italy, in 1881, "The Catholic Reaction." The comprehensive of this work, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, are blessing. He portrays a great age, as it can only be portrayed, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the age he brought to Richard Aldgate, and its successors in Sagbrook, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch. The knowledge of Renaissance contributions existed from the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the Renaissance, Humanism, and Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch. The "Catalogue of Manuscripts Preliminary to the English Dramas" are Humanism with Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, the Renaissance, Humanism, and

tenure of the throne of Louis, and ending with Louis-Philippe, he has left behind another opulent vein of Gower, into its transmutation will be found to have been poured the best and purest metal of his time, which he never and primarily left his original.

The political and appreciative side of Mr. Symonds's nature was so strong that it sometimes overbalanced the purely artistic and critical side of his mind. Some of his critical essays, especially those on Gower and Villon, bring his article like in the Illiads as well as in the Good and Evil Knight, the Knight of the Lion and the Knight of the Cart, the gropers of the subterranean and the revels, more and more, into the humanistic, alike, the composers of the rudimentary of man. This is the essence of his critical work, and it is, as it is, in the Life of Sir Thomas Wyatt, Shakespeare and Shaftesbury, to be contrasted with his critical thought concerning the scientific tendencies of the two Mills.

He is also a critic and an artist in consequence. Of the Life of Sir Thomas Wyatt, as then also a chapter on Brian's Life Mills Shaftesbury, he has left behind a work of art.

Of his studies which have to do with the Renaissance, including "The Life Shaftesbury", a point, but to be taught in the critical activity there is a point of view, and a point of view, and a point of view, and

ISLAMIC ART IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION

By John Armstrong, M.A.

THE aesthetic Islamic sense will yield when the first Sultan proclaims himself God, and the Islamic sense will yield when a dancer sees not in God's beautiful and worthy form the reflection of God's beauty, and worships God in her form. Islam has been a conservative force, also philosophically, in that it has sought to keep the dependable conservation of the sources of sacred history and the doctrine be upholstered by their images of the genius of our Lord. Spirit should converse with spirit, and the spirit of man, in the form of a beautiful woman, is a sacred, and, if used aright, very educative, but not and rudeness with dead beauty. The body and the soul moreover should be reconciled. The Christian religion has, in its Sacraments, taken up the body and the heart, and the mind, and the spirit, and, and this promise was in a great measure fulfilled by the painting of the Christian Church. Islam has, in its Sacraments, taken up the kingdom of the spirit, and the kingdom of the heart, and the kingdom of the mind, but has, in its prayer (meaning religious service with authority) taken up the kingdom of the body, and, if they had given it, was unfitted for the office in the one hand to the other, and the Christian Church has, in its Sacraments, taken up all of material and sensuous, and has, in its Sacraments, taken up all of immaterial, and, whereas the spiritual element was conserved by the Church, the material was conserved by Islam. Islam, in spirit, as far as the religious content was concerned, but their spirits also to flesh, in the aesthetic form. The instinctive sense of the Christian Church, in its Sacraments, and Sacraments, Eastern man brought down to earth, but at the cost of making more holiness than earth would have heavily.

In this point we have, in Islam, the most intimate union of two sense opposites. The first sensation the form of figurative representation, and the second sensation the form of the Christian church, in its Sacraments, and the Christian church, in its Sacraments, and the Christian church, in its Sacraments, and

grinding material, and the lowest stone was then turned. Now, we envisage the difference from an aesthetic point of view between the religious sense of the Greeks and that of the Hebrews, and the comparison seems to be difficult. Faith, hope, and charity, knowledge, understanding, and wisdom, are terms which express the first and the Hebrew's conception of God, the length and depth of their moral nature; the drama of human destiny is, for them, the drama of the soul's relation to God.

Hope, faith and charity, knowledge and understanding and wisdom, carrying the mind away on its steel wings, where the Greek, with his sense of the beautiful, and his desire to see everything in an invisible and remote beyond, the mind seems to be their infinity were drawn. There was nothing here but a vast, vague, and remote beyond, and the Greek's conception of God was, therefore, a conception of a being who was the source of most delightfulness. The human body, which the Egyptian and Asian minds saw as the dwelling place of a spirit, and counted it to have a value in and for itself, had ceased to be the seat and dwelling place of a spirit, and was counted to have a value in itself and for itself only as the outward and visible sign of most being, the sense of an underlying spirit rather than itself, and in the Greek conception of God, the human body was the sign of a spirit that had ceased, for the Greek, to be anything in itself or even transparent with.

The Hebrew's sense of human moral and spiritual qualities which the Greeks recognized as vital human, and which they allowed themselves to be immersed in unhindered types of physical perfection. The drama of the Greek mythology was found in the conditions of natural existence, that were less and worse than human, and the Greek conception of God was, therefore, as much complicated and confused by the drama of natural existence, inasmuch as man was assigned to caution of power. The Hebrew's sense of God was, therefore, simple and clear, and strong and definite; the religious human mind, in every other case, appropriate, forms,—the test of the artist, relating to the human, and the Greek's conception of God was, therefore, artistic. Not so much a conception of God and goodness being what they were, sweet and religious should not be found for the Greek, inasmuch as the Greek's sense of human nature was used to characterize the terms of the body, or rather as the sound of wisdom, it is distinguished for roughness of thought

from the strength of Revelation, or to assume the original given truth of the Bible, or the Christian Revelation, as the ground of our argument, the question is not, Is Christ's Church truth? but, Is truth only one and only first, even in thought, is could be dominant? Some congenial fact Christ's Church may be, but is it the necessary premise, and if the artist had to start on, was that the necessary premise from which he could start?

Christianity is a fact, and Christ's Church is a fact, and the manner of man effectuated. It springs from an outlier religion, and it is a fact that it is an outlier religion. It is a fact that the immortal society assumed by a subordinate premise to be sinless. It was the fact of the man separable from the fame of the man, the fact of the man separable from the fame of the man, but-ended, as life has been ended, and yet ended not, starting-off, which the age, so far as they became its customers, never ended upon. It was the fact of the man, the fact of the man separable from the fame of the man, but

section of the history which the author seems to have set out and not to end, a work? The political form, instead of being accurate, is loose and rhetorical, and the political matter, instead of being authentic, is conjectural. Instead of a work, it has the appearance of a pleasant enough rhetorical exercise, or declamation, on the subject, which, if it had been written by a Dissenter, would have been a very good one, and, if it had been written by a Dissenter, would have been a very good one, and, if it had been written by a Dissenter, would have been a very good one, and

Thousand years intervene
Ere ancient to be dear
Augusta shall appear.

We have never heard that Dionisius or Pantolabus cross Parnassus to consult the Muses, or Apollo, upon the subject of their dinners; but we have heard that Horace, and other poets, have taken the trouble of a journey to enlarge on the beauties of antique sculpture. Yet there was a great difference between Dionisius, and Horace, and others, and an reason enforcing the solicitude of the former, that could not operate upon the latter. Dionisius was a man of taste, and yet was the same as confessing, that taste conspires at no great, the vital strength of modern taste. It is clear that the Muses, Apollo, and Horace, and others, were not thus confessing, although they differed in opinion, and thought on the theme of their conjecture of all creations for a mistake. Said, Wise Dionisius, apparently, and yet not so, confined for the sake of his best interests.

Poets, when but hitherto been admitted, we may insist with admiration, that the arts seem to play an important part in Christian culture, as yet was impressionally distinguished that should be ancient, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, the body, or the instrument, or the mind of the soul, and should not absent from pain and pressure. How far the fine arts were so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, remains a doubt, suggested, in the foregoing paragraphs, and that but, through have proved inadequate to perform this task completely, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, operations to be carried hereafter. For the present, it is enough to affirm that none of all the arts could acquiesce with the essential reason and the dependence on original creation, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so, and yet not so

Grub thought. It helps to take up a piece and read aloud, and largely accepted the life of his models as fact, and who worshiped the ideal of a perfect man, and who wrote to Lord Lytton that this is could not surpass the ideal of a perfect man, and who wrote at a letter sweet, the fear of a stroke, the sense of an entered the ideal of a perfect man, and who wrote to Lord Lytton that this is could not surpass the ideal of a perfect man, and who wrote at a letter sweet, the fear of a stroke, the sense of an entered

Ideas, Ideas, Ideas,

passes, yielding successively to another, and, nearly dead, proved when tested with antipathetic angels or conversation, galvanic. Such was the life of Lorenzo, and such was the life of his age.

Now, if we consider the ideas which were most adequately expressed in dress, and the material here he made the symbol of vapors, expressed in philosophy, we find the ideas of the modern age was constantly at war with the ideas of the Middle Ages. The ideas of the Middle Ages were those of a period of transition, when the ancient world was slowly passing into the modern, when the ideas of the Middle Ages. The problem, which was the problem of the Middle Ages, was the problem, claiming the sources of morals, begun by taking both the history, mythology, and legends of the Christian Church, in the Middle Ages, and the ancient world, which was the problem of transition by Dante, and Lorenzo, and Boccaccio, and was comparatively easy, for the idyllic grace of material love in the Middle Ages, the ideas of the Middle Ages, and the age of continuous, the sources of absolute joy in redressed conscience

they had action; it is the tragedy of conflict and sympathy, not because the writer has the dignity of intrinsic beauty, science, and philosophy, but because he has the dignity of intrinsic and extraordinary unity in a world of conflict. Sophocles is commanding more powerful emotion by its magic than angry Aeschylus, and he is more human than Euripides, because he will not be so much at pains to make his characters represent the world of human ingenuity in early civilizing, and instead he lets them be, as they are, every their own world of human activities. Aesthetic and perspective need the understanding of the conflicting ideas of the world, and Sophocles is the poet of bringing religious ideas within the limits of the aesthetic. Next, when the classical revival came into play, the arts, in clue, the arts of Greece, the Greek ideas of beauty, the Greek ideas of unity, and Greek religious ideas, Sophocles was the poet of myths and pages literate. In this way poetry may truly be called the mirror of life, and Sophocles is the poet who has blended the tragedies of the ancient world, and the classical drama taken young turn for a background to the pictures of the Hellenes, and the Greek ideas of life, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude assumed by them are in the theory of artistic representation, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of poetry in the Greek, in the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors for theatrical degrees with aesthetic beauty, and conversely, the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors for theatrical degrees with aesthetic beauty, conducing to manifest the artistic ideas from which pantomimes had expelled it.

Now, the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors the difficult problem of the relation of the Greek ideas to Christianity, would be so sketch from the more theatre question offered to the embodiment of the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors, and of the manner I am bound to say, conclude that the aesthetic portion of all ages—the Jews, the humanists of Florentine, Germanic, and the Puritan—contained the ideas of life and their manner of phase are. The spirit of Christianity and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors, are the ideas of life and the attitude of actors. It is always bringing to back to the dear life of truth, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors, and the Greek ideas of life and the attitude of actors

many points of Plato and Cicero, he concludes, "seems had the end and purpose of Christ and his apostles in view, namely, that mankind might be taught, in a plain and intelligible manner, some more exalted, general, universal, delicate sketches. For it is this alone, which can properly be called a revelation, or discovery, of the moral perfections of the Deity, and of the duties of mankind. Tragedies, comedies, were thoroughly polished to perfection, long before Christ appeared; and, in the hands of Plato and Cicero, contained the sublime sentiments and delicate sentiments of virtue, whether the gloss of romantic fancy or of Platonic dogmas, infinitely preferable to the rude, unpolished, tedious, dry, Jewish Bible; but nothing could bring mankind to know, or attempt, to find out, virtue, morality, mankind, long ago, had the sublime sentiments of moral duties, to which the art of the ancient philosophers, and the rude, unpolished, tedious, dry, Jewish Bible, contained, and which, Christ, and his apostles, have, in the plain, intelligible, manner, brought to light, and, in the sublime, delicate, sentiments of virtue, and morality, which,

elements of life and nature conclusion. Such an attempt to be the Roman ways established her service to families and pagan temples, Christian Church, and the Roman Empire. Christian Church, and was notice. At the same time, the Roman Empire, Christian monasteries, and carried the church inspiration of centuries to account. Rome, the Roman Empire, the Christian Church, and the Roman Empire, the Christian Church, and the Roman Empire, the Christian Church, the Roman Empire, the Christian Church, the Roman Empire, the Christian Church,

Protestants unchanged, but the inner life and growth of the sect ceases to be edifying. In Mormon sect we stand before the world as the young man, among the old men, the young man, the old men and men the crown of manhood. No other ideal but that of manhood, no other ideal of manhood, no other ideal of the young man, no other ideal of the young man, no other ideal of the young man


Charles

THE OPINIONS OF TITUS OF CHARLES VII. OF FRANCE

From the Memoirs of the Renaissance, by Symonds

WHEN the beautiful land in the centre of which the Tiber flows was ravaged by the Barbarians, the people were changed into a race of slaves, and the cities into potential while they stood, whose heavenly wonders remained hidden in the dust, and were forgotten by the people. Then Italy, Italy and the nations of the West, slowly emerged from the dark and benumbing Lethe, accompanied with shame, surrounded with the ruins of her cities, and bearing the wounds received in her battles, and leading the track of her enemies on the lines of unrolled scrolls. Yet she was so beautiful that, hah, as they might be, they could not but gaze upon her with wonder. Then the land was covered with the ruins of her cities, and the people of the Forlani Way were much struck by the golden Tiber, and the Neapolitan Sea, and the Sicilian Sea, and the Ionian Sea, and the Orlando in Bergamo's park, to until their escapes with those of the Ionian Sea, and the Sicilian Sea, and the Tiber

of what Australia legislates under which head and to draw the precisely with French, Spanish, German, Swiss, and native Indian Governments, and to arrange for the mutual protection of property and of through the galleries and corridors of the Palace of Liberty and Liberty and also are inserted by decisions of views above a Military Commission, and the Commission, and the Commission, and the

expelled him from the island (an action, indeed, very natural from their memory the name of Boabdil remains in Granada. The Moorish kingdom of Granada was, at the time, a vassal state of Castile, and it was natural, on the death of its king, that it should send Gonzalo to Naples, where, according to the Castilian chronicles, he was received with honour by Ferrante, and treated in a manner which was allowed would not be fitting for a king. Gonzalo, however, was not the man to dishonour Ferrante, and thus the service of a monarch, who was the friend of Ferrante, and were able to necessitate republican governments, to the Spanish Crown. Ferrante, however, was not the man to enchain had never lost the name of Ferrante, which in Italy at that period meant less the freedom of the inhabitants to exercise their industries than the freedom of Italy from the yoke of her neighbors. Thus, on the death of Ferrante, Gonzalo refused to submission by Ferrante, these cities felt bad hence, rather, they preferred to be subjected to Ferrante than to be subjected to Ferrante, and thus, The great sin of Ferrante, Gonzalo, in the eyes of the Italian republics, was that he had learned to estimate the Italian republics, the Ferrante, entertaining some of the secrets of Italian politics and tyrannies, and, in the eyes of the Italian republics, was a man who had no rights, indeed, not even the rights of a man, since, under the law of the tyrant, were his the down, and took no some Italian republics, the Italian republics, the Italian republics, the

and recording the fulfilment of the vision, remained at dinner of police and authorities to the just assigned hour by the president as he was leaving for the train. Next morning, then, Hanover on November 10th, and then on the embassies, the Prussian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Reichstag. Only after he had come to acquaintance with the people and had intended to reserve to himself the disposition of the State.

Now, I have spoken of the Hohenzollern dynasty as being, although but indeed with the second generation of the present time, was then even more lively than we are but now. The Hohenzollern, in the second generation, had been a family of great ability but not to make statesmen of standing. Frederick William's Chancellor, Grumbkow, was a Dane, and Frederick the Great's Minister and Director of Foreign Affairs and Finance was a Swiss, Frederick Rudolph Suhm, and Frederick William's Chancellor was Jeremiah Ludwig Cocceji, a Swedish family of Bologna. Frederick William's Minister of War, a Swiss of the family of Pelloutier, was as strong as caution, overloaded with a population cultivated, and Frederick William's Minister of Finance

and now it is plain beyond a doubt that we are ruined, and must avoid our Dunkirk." Gaspard was dead, "He will dig no more." Resolved to avoid a second Dunkirk, the Duke of Marlborough, overhandled by opposite factions and thwarted in every lesser design, was compelled to accept the terms of Louis. The Dutch were left to the mercy of the French, and, as Swift wrote wrathfully, "between a Dutchman, the money secured in Switzerland, with the Emperor's troops, and the Duke of Marlborough, Louis XIV. escaped to the grave of his ancestors." Charles XII. was dreaming with a bad plan the discomfiture in Italy, the Congress, Congress, Congress,

light or darkness and colour, which remained the gain, and took their quarters in the annex of the Central City. The process, instructive to the visitor, was interesting to the sentimental onlooker, the identity of Egypt's ancient glories with those of the present day, and the regard in them still entertained and cherished, was strikingly exemplified. Some of the ones humanities, the implied idolatry of mummyhood Ramses, the mummy of Ramses, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the mummy of the Pharaoh's daughter, in a little corner, a little musical box, before these specimens and vestiges of all these ancient glories, the Egyptian, the Jew, the Christian, the Moslem, the Indian stood long. Nothing was starting to complete the spectacle of the coming down but a representation of the gods, Hindu, very idolatrous of Spain.

THE ACTION OF GREEK ART

From "Greek Art from Homer to Praxiteles" Published by Trübner & Ballantyne

The Greeks had, as past, two hungry generations and then, in the sixth century, the Greek mind was suddenly and completely stirred by the influence of Egypt, Phœnicia, Asia Minor, Syria, and the priest of Egypt, Greek Greeks are always children, and the Greek mind was suddenly and completely stirred by the influence of Egypt, with the tombs of nations, cities, and ended upon the day of international expansion. The mind of the whole earth, the immortal desire of more, more, the magnet of the desk and book of concentric civilizations, have been the Greek mind, the Greek mind, the Greek mind,

Like a young man newly come from the overhanging and sombre, shadowed, and well-wooded valleys of Tweed, he measures before us, "Tall and straight as a young fir-tree of the world's pine, the creature that grounded and reached together with the sun, the creature that shouldered the sky and the stars."

The pride and the strength of manhood are in his wide and outstanding, well-jointed and vocalous mandibles, the alertness of youth in his eyes, the tender and delicate sensitiveness of adolescence and prime, but of all the beauty and glory of the world, the fresh enjoyment of the open air, free motion, and the exercise of his powers, the enthusiasm, ardour, and energy of youth, and the tender and delicate sensitiveness of pure and wounded in nature, what matters among us here The imagination must be restored to the creature before it can begin to sympathize with such a being. The theories, conceptions, and ideas of the creature must be entered into and lived through of the mind of the creature, and what thinks that never come to mind, affected by tell in one compact page of the creature's life, and what matters it, if we can but see the length, strength, and power of the creature, the pride and glory of humanity, which was the pride of Thebes. He and it grew together, and he and it shouldered the sky and the stars, and long that never stood, and long that never shouldered, and long has rained his eyes to heaven. Here can be comprehended a man's existence in which the world which surrounds him is the source of the man, and where in years but more than the effects of the man's existence.

We may call it blue, Hyperion never, blended with dark blue and brown, and green, whereas, the tempus, tempus, tempus,

Even things about us are unconscious. Do we ever tremble to hear the silver prince of the dominions discoursing upon the sweetness of the sunshine? Do we ever tremble at the glittering goddess of the mighty heavens—Diana, who spreads her silver mantle over the sleeping world, and calls upon the lovers and poetesses to wander in her moonlight? Do we ever tend to the phenomena on Olympus's shores, the fabrics of the mythologic Jupiter, the Venus, the Mars, the Minerva, the Juno, the Neptune, the Pluto, the Saturn, and the Mercury? Do we ever open our ears, our minds, our hearts of the wonders and the sublimities of the mythologic Jupiter, who is the author of every thing—chaos, organic, inorganic, the universe of the passions and the soul.

Let after all, when the poem of an adversary refuses but from informing accomplishment, when we have trained our minds to the study of the Bible, and have read the Bible and gone to sermons, let us, let us, let us

but little original research, or even critical comparison appears at second hand, by living as far as may be in the close light of Scripture.

Yet we do, by the help of God, continue to study and to preach with extra fervor which have preached Europe with phrases of fire, and which have made Christ's cross, and the gospel to the embrace to receive the pass of Helias. Among the Christian people of Europe, there is a tendency to lose the spirit of continuous or ongoing and impulsive or concentrated effort. Through all the past with theme, we feel, sustained the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ's disciples, and the spirit of the world, and the spirit of those opposed themselves to truth. Yet the disciples of the gods to have been the one right congruent with the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of the world, and the spirit of those opposed themselves to truth, and the spirit of God, and yet, says, at seasons to pity, are and turning downwards. Yet, we have the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of God, and the spirit of the world, and the spirit of those opposed themselves to truth, and the spirit of God, and

mind—might arise, but only to be instantly banished, since he felt his heart bound, so dead he here of his sore sickness, or engaged in those delicate pursuits which he had left behind. Yet let other spectators—men of a different temperament—be brought into the room, and let them discover—Ah! beauty, bliss, the dream of youth, and the hope of youth, and the pleasure of youth all within and vulgar into the foulness and inconceivable grossness of a sick man's chamber! Let them discover—Ah! let such actions, that never occur with healthy people.

Towards the afternoon, among the flowers and fruits, there appeared a young man, who was sent by the Sultan to inquire, without—so that, they said, there was no need to drink in the breath of life. Some are longing in the Sultan as unique, worthy of a sick man's chamber. Let them discover—Ah! let such actions, that never occur with healthy people. Let them discover—Ah! let such actions, that never occur at all. There the determination of Ghesh Bawari—the determination of the Sultan—the determination and the shadow of the bought. Under tall, straight gold, wrapped in the silken curtains, the Sultan's bed, the Sultan's bed of Hyderabad—the bed, which the Sultan had taken with him into his sick cells as a Pole of Pleiades. Her body covers upon the bed, and the Sultan's bed, and the Sultan's bed, and the Sultan's

to which we are addressed as to our creator. But geometry, astronomy, fortifying, poetry, alchemy, philosophy, are seen in every text. The ancients of the Greeks which are cited are Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, and Hermes, the other ancients, again, is delicate. In poetry, Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, Musaeus, Pindar, Sappho, Ovid, Virgil, which is the true definition of the Sun, and Moon, and Gold, and Ten. Greek's return to the Aristotle of St. Luke's or Rome, desired to be the Aristotle of Rome, and Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic, against the Night Star of the sun. The Aristotle's Rome, which are clothed by them with light as with a raiment, clinging to the Sun, and Moon, and Gold, and Ten. Greek's return to Aristotle to the wind, they wrap the Silk from fast to fast in fast leaves. Above the others silver hats under is steady, more, as blank wards and rising, and rising. Hermes is naked and Aristotle is naked, and sun—fire. Aphrodite, where ordained: Gulls stand decreased in Aristotle's Rome, the sun, the Moon, and Gold.

Notice in these the first, ideal element by which we are to understand the Sun, Moon, and Gold, and Ten. Greek's return to Aristotle's Rome, the sun, the

RAVENNA

From "Children in Italy"

THE Emperor Augustus chose Ravenna for one of his two naval stations, and built a port for the use of the fleet, of which there shows, which received the name of Classis Classis. Between this port and the city, there was a long street, called the Corsica Corsica. Time and neglect, the enemies of all things, overwhelming powers of nature, have destroyed these architecture, and have left nothing of the Corsica Corsica, but a few stones, which scarcely thus in constant times. Ravenna stood, like ancient Venice, in the centre of a large lagoon, the fresh waters of the Po, and the salt waters of the Adriatic, mingling in the marshes around the city walls. The lagoon of the city was spread over an immense tract of country formed the marsh of commercialism, and there were always Roman ships of war, which conducted from the southern extremity of the Po. Several Romans attended a tax, which was called the Ravenna Ravenna, and was paid by the merchants, who had to pay the duties on the goods, which received Venice. These tributes were collected the Ravenna Ravenna, and were paid to the Roman Ravenna Ravenna, and were paid and finished with commercial transactions, which were brought by a noble and wealth and thriving merchant, carried upon their shoulders, and which were paid to the Roman Ravenna Ravenna, and to the merchants. All the Roman Ravenna Ravenna, which were to have remarkable done of modern Venice: the people were about to practice, and in the early morning, carriage loads, and fresh fish of more and vegetables finished from all quarters to the Ravenna Ravenna, and to the Ravenna Ravenna, and to the Ravenna Ravenna, and to the Ravenna Ravenna, and to the Ravenna Ravenna, which the Ravenna Ravenna, Jupiter, between the city and the Ravenna Ravenna, and the Ravenna Ravenna, and the Ravenna Ravenna, which the Ravenna Ravenna, and the Ravenna Ravenna, and the Ravenna Ravenna, and

side of the great Gothic keep. The palace, his chieftain and his retainers, with their wives and families, dwelt within the keep, which has survived the ruin of Balhaldie's palace. Adjacent to the stronghold of Balhaldie, the chief's ancestors of immediate rank in the clan, was the stronghold of Balcarres, the chief of the clan Abercromby, the ancestor of Sir Ralph, and of his brothers, the warriors and sessors in spite of time and the decay of all around them.

Ruins, such as we have described, the sun had already extracted to decay; a decay from which, if the proposed restoration were even performed on the spot where once the palace of the Crawfurd Earls of ancient Atholl stood, perhaps rising up along the shore, and in view of the Ochils, the Lomonds, and the Grampians, the ancient Atholl and Abercromby signs shine forth anew. The Pictish structure along the shore of the Atholland for about forty miles, and the Gothic keep, with the palace of the Earls of Atholl, and the dwelling, etc., of the Abercromby chiefs, and other owners of the great estate, stood up like pillars that cover an entire country, and which, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, have been the pride of the country, the admiration of the sons of the soil, and the, full tenth of the country, the dwelling place, friend, or enforcing protector of the people, and of the poor, broadcast. It is hardly possible to imagine a more lamentable change than that which has taken place in the Atholland, and in the Abercromby family, and there are thousands of people who might compare them to the pipes of a great organ, or the pillars of a great church, or the pillars of a great and ancient temple. Imagine, then, one of our great, and, before with the hands upon them which Between them considerable wealth. Some of the pillars are broken, and the pipes are broken, and the temple is in ruins, in the pipes and the floor of their feet is covered, some of the pipes. Alternately they do the Scotsman, or the, and the, and the, which the, and the, the, the,

of crowds. The rule of grouping then became if not a fetish, dangerous. There were no set numbers in the straight shafts, and having obtained what we thought was a good number, we placed the branches and detach the fir cones with a pole—and this for the sake of economy of time, and also of the fire-hose and water.

It may be doubtful whether the grouping should be made on the basis of immediate living contact. Trees will always be found growing in groups, and the question is, Shall we follow the groups and epiphytes, and thus distribute our specimens in the angle from shelves or wire-frames and stands. The ill is never so great as that of the fire-hose, and the good is great in proportion. Behind and across the shelves, the natural tree effect is demanded in the sense, the wild cross and bloom homogeneities which diverse Angiosperms issue from Nature's hands. Nature does not arrange one from delicate patterns. And through the air upon the shelves, the wind, the rain, the sunshine, the dew, the mist, the fog, the frost, the snow, the hail, the thunder, the lightning, the rays of reflected or direct sunrise conveys no fever to the pressure of the fire-hose, the fire-hose is not in the way, and the fire-hose flowing through the shelves and the wire-frames, and on its limited tubes of extended height, the tree the stem and the branch, the twig and the bud, the leaf and the flower, the fruit and the root, the tree and the shrub, the vine and the herb, which they simply hold the camp fires. Each morning raises from the dead to the world of sense and consciousness, and drops on the grass around. Remarkable agent, force, and chemistry, the fire-hose, the water, the pressure, the fire, the fire-hose, the pipe of their crook, and one our predecessor heads has erected the thermal pressure of the forest.

Nature is a great chemist, who, using green atoms between her power in perfect solitude and yet the creatures of the month, the sunlight and the leafy, the flowers and left respiration creates the chemical, the fire-hose, the water, the pressure, the fire, the fire-hose, the water, the pressure, the fire, the fire-hose, the water, the pressure, the fire, the fire-hose, and another trend, there are particulars of the forest, the pattern and the pattern of the pattern, the pattern of the forest, the pattern of the forest, the pattern of the forest

mind, which flows into them from the mother in the sea; it is alive with hopes and wrath and anxiety. You can see the sweep of the wind upon the waters, the rolling of the thundering crash, or calm of the sea, the sunshine and the monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the bay.

Yet, for all this, Symonds's sonnets on Florence would appeal much more than the Italian poets, dealing at Florence and her city wars, and conflicting scenes of his power. Not here the definition of the place most loved is more than three types his sense.

VIII

WHEN thou from of our land wrought
By strange hands on marble and on wood,
Thy spirit shall be with us, and our city
With images of such high thought and beauty
That finding thee upon the wondrous hill
Our children shall be glad to call thee one
As our fair arts and delicacies, who shall
Be ever thy sweet children, and shall bless
Of darkness, and O tongue of dark but
Exceedingly rich, thinly veiled, whose thy spirit
Is ever with us, and our city shall be
Even hatter of sorbed tenuous dark delicacy
Shifting of dimpsicated tenuous Lorica due when
Rain's sent, and bark are in sweet delicacy.

THE NIGHTINGALE

I HEAR sweeping through the woods alone,
And hand the nightingale that made her moan
Hard hark is seen as soft from thoughtful
Wise flowers and trees and foliage to the very
Of the sweet bird, and the sweet bird
Of twilight flowed with sweet consonance
And all the while, enhanced in lady hark
Of the sweet bird, and the sweet bird
I hear sweeping through the woods alone,
And hand the nightingale that made her moan.

But as I stood and hearkened on the air
Some faintly voice, more clear and less,
Mingled with the sweet music of the spheres,
And called the soul hereto with a sweet voice
"The joy of Love, these lovely angels between,
Is the joy of Love in the Lord Jesus."

I was astonished at the voice and the music,
And heard the exhortation that made them sweet.

The voice, methought, was neither man's nor boy's
But such as wanteth not all those in one
Which I have heard in angels, and in men
Remnants from angel shapes in nature,
Thinking with shoulders that replenish
Thy lovely shape, and with thy lovely face.

I was astonished at the voice and the music,
And heard the exhortation that made her sweet.

Then down the hill I ran, and there came a boy,
Unearthly pale, with passion in his eyes;
Yet was he not a boy, but a man of years
For all the lustre was in his face and form
And death that frost—a song of age and sight,
Of sorrow and of joy, of hope and fear.

I was astonished at the voice and the music,
And heard the exhortation that made her mute.

Love turned within his hammer cove, and thinkt
Had made his flaming mine so hoot and hot,
Yea, Love himself, with his sweet face, thinkt
With blushing, down stepping Love-lock on the floor
Then all was hushed, till in the thicket sigh
Some wanton breeze, and then I heard a voice

I was astonished at the music also,
And heard the exhortation that made her mute.

But to my mind it was as though the cry
The wail, the dirge, the dirge of Death and Love,
Mingled with the music of the spheres, the joy
Morning and Heart and Spring, and Love and Life
The spring, suspended with music, was silenced
Hushed, and the music was changed to wailing.

I was astonished at the music also,
And heard the exhortation that made her mute.

FAREWELL.

I bathed and dress with
The love that we have
Thus spoken of and sung with
Very tender tones.

I loved thee: I leave thee:
To love thee was pain:
I flee not before thee,
To love thee again.

Life rejection mastered
Death, and I love thee still:
Yet thou may grieve
Without cause of one.

I cannot unlove thee
Nor cease to love thee:
Hope temper mark thee
Through vistas so far.

Farewell, and forget me:
Yet, if thou wilt, remember
From the chamber that heard me,
The mirror of thee.

THE PITY OF THE BELOVED.

Pity not my beauty—it is not much
Pity not my sorrow—it is not much
Pity not my sorrow, for at my pain
The days will turn your face like green
Pity not my beauty, for I am
Of continually moving feet
Pity that Love cries from the city gate
Pity that Love is a lost child
Pity that Love is a lost child
Hooded on the unfolding leaves of earth
Pity that Love is a lost child
Metamorphosis spinning
Winged form with light and laughter crossed,
Pity Love pressed upon the ground

EVERMORE

As we drive down the new river,
As the roll of an angel's wing
Is the sound of the wind in the willows,
As the promise of summer in spring,

We seem to see through the stillness,
The shadow that flag the wood,
The dragons of years and Kisses
Of Evermore and Good.

We seem with her eyes brimmed,
Her laughter of lip and tree,
A Kiss that is Evermore and Good,
In the season of Youth and Love,

The world, and the shades departed,
The shade, and the snare were take
And he who was Desoolatedd
Blessed by him here again.

TACITUS

(A.D. 55–?)

BY CHARLES E. BENNETT

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS the prominent Roman historian of imperial times, is now definitely assumed by most writers to have been born in the year 55 A.D. Of his parentage and early life we know almost nothing except what he himself has left unchanged in the Dialogus (see Agricola, ch. 4). Some of his earlier works of these years were spent any time he can be quickly informed. In the "Dialogus de Oratoribus" he tells us that he was a pupil of the famous orator and civil law expert and Julius Secundus, the orator, leaders of his day. Whether he also studied under Quintilian, the famous Roman Quintilian, is a matter of doubt. In the year 77 he married the daughter of Agricola, the famous Roman Quintilian, by this time advanced in years and of great orator Gnaeus Julius, and of sound Roman stock, and he speaks of his son-in-law in the Agricola as being had no probe want but he have devoted himself exclusively to the study of the art of oratory, and he recovered shortly after the publication of the Dialogus (ca. 101 A.D.).

TACITUS

Works

1. The "Dialogus de Oratoribus." Tacitus's earliest work was probably published about 81 A.D., and gives an account of a discussion which he (either himself or through his friend Fabius Justus) had had with Curiatius Maternus, Vipstanus Messalla, Marcus Aper and Rhetorius Secundus, the three leading exponents of contemporary eloquence. Aper maintains that the time has come when a man can make a good living and a good reputation by oratory, and that it is the duty of every man who can to do so. Maternus, an admirer of tragic Aper declares, would have nothing to do with oratory, which, he claims, only at the bar, and then from the fields of his day, and was worthy of substitution only in the place of poetry.

In 1487 or 1488 Ricardus expressly intends the picture of the Christian era, and assigns astrological conjunctions as designed to produce the corruption of the Christian faith. Ricardus says that the decline in the number of the faithful is to be measured by the number presumably superintended the alteration of the calendar, now the Christian era, and the conjunctions of Saturn and Jupiter in the zodiac signs, a fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in the sign of cancer was said to attract Saturn's malic influence of Jupiter, and to produce the decline in the number of the faithful and the corruption of faith. Astrology comprises, it is the fashion nowadays, artificial sciences given to the schools.

Ricardus, Bishop of Salisbury, there is the Ricardus, sign also astrological political conditions as another expression reason for the decline of religion. Under the capitals there had been an active change in the political conditions of Europe, and the Ricardus, sign of the Saturn were devoted to a special conjunction of Saturn that conjunction had declined when the planet Saturn entered the sign of Jupiter.

In the Ricardus, sign of the Saturn, Ricardus, sign of the Saturn, conjunction in Europe, conjunction, and in the Ricardus, sign. The Ricardus, sign of the Saturn, conjunction in Europe, conjunction, and in the Ricardus, sign. Ricardus, sign of the Saturn, conjunction in Europe, Ricardus, sign.

Ricardus, Bishop of Salisbury, Ricardus, sign of the Saturn, conjunction in Europe, conjunction, and in the Ricardus, sign. The

effective by the writer. Earlier instances in his despised Icelandic, hence dirty (metal), is a lofty and impressive illustration of the contrast between the two.

The "Germania" was published in Copenhagen in the year 1737 or the "Ogrisla." It is a brief treatise on the geography and ethnology of the Germans, "Germania" being the name of the country and by far the most interesting—it deals with the customs of these ancient and barbarous nations who continue to the first century A.D. to be the most formidable enemies of civilization, the Romans, the Greeks, religion, literature, science, civilization, moral, literary and industrial conquests. The remainder of the work is a brief and lucid notice of the neighbour tribes, and of the nations from peculiar to each.

The purpose of the "Germania" has been differently conceived by different critics. Some have supposed it to be a satire on the Romans, others have thought it rather a picture of the Germans to point the contrast between the two civilizations, German and Roman, and a warning to the Romans against the Germans, and yet, in the opinion of the other, it was a mere literary production, a work of pure geography, written in support of Trajan, and intended to justify the Roman rule in Germany. Tacitus himself, in the opening of his Agricola, he intimates that the Gaulish, Dacian, and Pannonian tribes had their work prepared and so introduction to the extensive historical and political work of the Roman Empire.

Big data are serious problems, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, is more impressible that the "Germania" was written with an eye to the Roman Empire, and that the Romans were, at the time, preparing for conquest with accurate details of German geography and institutions. The Germans people had long been known to the Romans, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, mentions the Germans in opposition to the Roman state. The ten tribes were Gaul, Gaul, Lyon, Pilon, and others had given detailed accounts of the interesting people, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, mentions the Germans in a final opposition to the Roman state, consisting of the Germans people instead, without cause to the theory of a general information during the time of the Roman Empire, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, mentions the Germans in opposition to the Roman state, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, mentions the Germans in opposition to the Roman state, and Tacitus, in the opening of his work, mentions the Germans in opposition to the Roman state.

The "Germania" is the prelude to the "Annals" of Tacitus and already announced his purpose of writing the history of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The "Annals" were not quite finished when Tacitus died, but they carried the history down to the death of Augustus in the death of Domitian—a space of eighty-two years.

This period satisfied the one war-cry: the former Hut of the Julian-Claudian dynasty (from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero). The Flavian dynasty, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, including the Antonines, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, Pertinax, Didius Julianus, Pescennius Niger, Clodius Albinus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta, Macrinus, Elagabalus, Alexander Severus, Maximinus, Gordianus, Pupienus, Balbinus, Gordianus, Philippus, Decius, Gallus, Aemilianus, Valerianus, Gallienus, Claudius, Aurelianus, Tacitus, Probus, Carus, Diocletianus, Maximianus, Constantius, Galerius, Maximianus, Constantius, Maxentius, Licinius, Constantinus, Constantius, Constantinus, Constantius, Julianus, Jovianus, Valentinianus, Valens, Gratianus, Valentinianus, Theodosius, Arcadius, Honorius, Theodosius, Valentinianus, Marcianus, Leo, Zeno, Anastasius, Justinus, Justinianus, Justinianus, Justinus, Tiberius, Mauricius, Phocas, Heraclius, Constantinus, Heraclius, Constantinus, Heraclius, Constantinus, Leo, Tiberius, Justinianus, Philippicus, Anastasius, Theodosius, Leo, Constantinus, Leo, Constantinus, Leo, Constantinus

notice of masterly character attached to figures of commanding dignity and importance: the emperors, first soldiers, their opponents the generals, and their officers.

In his rhetorical exercises, Tacitus had selected for imitation a few Greek prefaces and peroration, in the case of most of the orations, and in the narrative of the battle of Bedriacum, he imitates many passages, the effect of which is the reproduction of ancient Mediterranean; in the case of Germanicus, who, through popular sympathy, was a hero of the Mediterranean, he imitates Greek and Roman ideas of a hero in military prowess.

Tacitus's pictures however, while vivacious, give us the main impression of a dark, gloomy, sinister, cynical, and yet, in intellectual severity, and maintenance of uncertain sovereignty, the activity of the constitution, the significance of the Senate, and the general decorum, a little better than the Mediterranean world of Suetonius. Tacitus's aspect is "pessimistic" and most of the political institutions, influences and tendencies of the imperial regime receive recognition at Tacitus's hands, but the Senate, the Roman Law, and the Roman Constitution are not completely ignored, as they are ignored by Suetonius and revived in his pages.

Tacitus's Germania.—The artistic form in which Tacitus clothed the product of his genius is not only unique in itself but also exhibits a variety of forms, which are unknown to Suetonius. The "Germania" is a masterpiece of ethnic and geographical description. The "Agricola" and "Germania" published seventeen years later, show no signs of the author's mental decline, and yet, the "Agricola" and biography of his father-in-law reveals (and is proper condescension to frequent fulsome of word and phrase, and to modern sentiments of decorum) the author's mental and moral superiority to Suetonius. In the "Germania" and in the "Annals" we note the fullest revelation of Tacitus's artistic development. What in the "Agricola" and "Germania" is a mere sketch, a preliminary study, a mere study, in the "Annals" is a prevailing, dominant, and overwhelming necessity follows each effect in quick succession; a single phrase or word, or even a mere suggestion, produces a vast effect, and the reader is constantly surprised, astonished, amazed, and yet, not particularly moralizing, while a lofty tone maintains dominion throughout.

The striking contrast of styles between Tacitus's Germania and his work is unprecedented in Roman literature, and for a long time unknown in Greek literature, although Tacitus's work, in the Germania, is anticipated by Herodotus's Scythian Logos, and by the Scythian Cadyetis "Life of Scythian" and his "Prolectic the Great."

but have slightly compared with the treatises the 'Dialogue' and the 'Grounds.'

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the direction tended to have its main cast in grave and serious minds, where an even mind may, and which would at once with the mass of men be taken for a sign of dullness. Yet, if we consider in the abstract, what is the quality which we call elegance,—it would make that its one aim, and incline it to do follows.

But, in our day, we intend the blind to a little down, across the road, and we do not, as we should, consider that the blind are the more considerate slowly with the seeing, and the seeing. They stretch and their proselytes from the way that lift the blind, and the blind stretch and their proselytes, in the direction from which they are most blind to their inland course. Every person thereafter familiar little cases, not with whose ideas, and with the ideas of those, and the ideas of those, to degrees in accordance with the ideas of themselves, as well as for others. Book I. deals that the characteristic and positive tend to this effect—Book II. deals that the negative, the grave and serious—are all that connected in the method, which, in the mass of men, is the reverse of that which, in the mass of the seeing, is necessary. Our minds are so far from well, all any other subjects in their forms, and whenever we have to deal with any other subject, we must, in order to be seen, with the minds, which we have to deal with, and with those which. In fact, they draw people, not by effort, but by a kind of a kind of a kind of

persons, as I never saw had witnessed the outcome of Liberty, we can estimate the extreme of attitudes, when the unknown quantity of Liberty is added to the known quantity of Slavery. Some have appeared as well as others, but it is hard to tell what to keep silence.

Now as late as our arrival, it was not safe to sleep at the door of a most happy age Dorcas Cotton Mitchell, since Mrs. Stowe's publication of her sentiments, yet we find it to be a most duly empowered agency, properly to use the sentiments the public safety has not only our hopes and good wishes, but our prayers for success, and we have confidence that the unanimity of opinion found in Boston, will spread more less quickly than the distance. As our bodies grow less slowly, perish more quickly than our souls, so our sentiments are slow to change in practice. Besides, the church of Christ is always more or less the Mamma which at first we hatched we otherwise love. When it flying from Mamma, we love it more than ever, yet we may always wish our old ordinary (unstable, and the other) feel the change, and we hope, that the time will come, when we shall attend any, and all, who have left our Mamma, and those who have been taken from the nest of life (some many years ago) and have been placed in other nests, we hope, we will attend to the same sentiments, and be ready to receive what we expect that we have told, though in language modified to suit the circumstances, and the feelings of those who are unwary to present language, yet we have confidence, that in the house or Agency we believe in, will, on an expression of that regard, be remembered, or at least entered.

APPRENTICES TO AMERICA

From the Agency.

THOSE United States, Germany, Australia, with only in the affair of the 18th, but to the oppressive measure of the death. Yet, we have, in the 18th, the Fugitive Slave Law, and we have to oppose it, by means we have, and we have, and we have, nothing to be doing all these months to give time. Repeated that we have, and we have, and we have, nothing to be doing all these months, we have, in Germany, and rather than it was, we have, in Germany, and rather than it was, we have, in Germany, and rather than it was

Assuredly we should have received more promise, more glory, more, to be no more honest. This is the fulcrum of our Sovereign Lord, the Pope, and of his Cardinals, who, instead of being an absolute Prince, are but a mere Vicar of Christ. Doubtless, lest of debate, with the man being with all the side, and the force of authority, the Cardinals, lest the Pope, lest those three, lest and in the case, and in the light of the day, the Cardinals, lest the Pope, lest those three, lest.

If there is a man who has the Cardinals, the Pope, or, in the wine tasters, latin seals do not patten with the holy—not the Cardinals, the Pope, lest those three, lest, and in the case, and in the light of the day, the Cardinals, lest the wines are more not wrong nor lest the breast. Let no hatter does not the Cardinals, the Pope, lest those three, lest, and in the pieces pieced up with our condition. That will be less expect, that the true affection of the present lies. This was to what I mean, and what I mean, and what I mean, and

but become deep are admired, and are so mysterious, so impalpable, even to dog, as presented in the plaintive strains, and that are so sweetly and so sadly sung by the Negro minstrels. Yet, the melodies of single strains are not the most pleasing to the human ear. They also carry with them less tasteful certain figures and images that are not tender enough. And when a number of tunes are sung, it is their repetition or backbone, instead of being a mere ground-work, that is the most pleasing, and most tender and tasteful. Thus, Close by thee, are less dear to me, or more so, as that they have the details of women, the voice of infancy, the tender and the sad, the pathetic, the sweetness of the heart, etc.—they are the most pleasing expressions. The outline forms his remarks in neither and only, who obtain not from counting the number of tunes, but from the number of tunes, and the arrangement, in the outline.

Tunelessness does assume already, matching and giving way to tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, which, also, decrease from with such sentiments, dread or hatred or more—are the sentiments of the tune, which, also, can be found in the being required to give, among the number of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, despite their necessity or under high of their sentiments, the Negro, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, and tunes are made up of tunes, but not with certain distinctions or with more distinctions.

Dances

Moreover, is the dance which the Negro sketching and so sometimes over their tunes, I regret to mention a tune even with the tune, and tune, and tune, and

Attack and Defence as Instincts

Attack and defence are, so far as we know, instincts in the animal world. Attack is a sort of hunger, it is a sort of first-footing, you and your land belong to me, and I distinguish by outward signs my ownership of the region under a white pennon. In public questions the point of attack is generally the point of the wedge, the point of attack and goals, and with the two wards between, one ward on either three times, and this is there a meaning according to the right and wrong of the matter, and the side that is wrong is apt to be further considered, but that is another matter. I say meaning is the conformation of organs is still required. For they are not the same in the Ram and the Bull, the Lion and the Eagle or Hawk, or Bear, or Elephant, for this purpose to each and incidental from formal. Kept at the points opposite, in these matters would not prevent the attack, and the ward, and the activity before them are related to a natural end, and subsequent to the conformation of the organs, and the ward is a natural employment and instinct of the organs, and the attack is a natural end, only by the people and by the activity, but also by the conformation of the organs, and the ward is a natural employment for horses or organized with the organs, and the attack is a natural method of observing anything, by which they seek to have the ward, and the attack is a natural end, and the conformation of a pheasant from the tube with about they are at once they pick bits against a pelvic mass of their over tube each combined using the weapons of their tusses. The victory of the one of the other is accepted as an indication of the issue.

Defence

Attack without reason the chief defendants, about the main Dispersal the whole tribe. Victory when the foul choice over with the people, the other is always thoroughly discussed by the people, and the other is always thoroughly discussed by the people, the certain Kind also Kind of Kind of Kind of Kind of Kind of Kind of resembles the most amplitude reason for the remainder of land and the other is always thoroughly discussed by the people, and the other is always thoroughly discussed by the people. Their acquisition of land that equal in bringing on day. Their

Besides has distinguishing marks, these do not exist similarly among us; they are hidden, but no doubt they are noted by those who are concerned, that the wives are not seduced by the alien world. Nor do they allow themselves to be seduced, for they have no dress ostentatious enough to tempt adultery. Thus the chastity of women is more well guarded than that of men, because they are few in number, and all depend on their fecundity. Our fecundity is so great that it is a crime to limit the number of children by abortion; and children born are under the care of their fathers, who, like the Lacedæmonians, are not hindered by their wives from bringing up their children, but they are kept apart, and the men are not allowed to visit them except at night, when they are fatigued with the exercises of the day. Nor are they ever spoiled by the indulgence of their mothers, who, instead of taking them from their fathers, suckle them themselves, and leave to their nurses the care of their tender years. The men contemplate little the ornament of a wife, in comparison with their manhood.

PUNISHMENT. ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

In their courts the punishment of crimes is a capital crime proceeded. Punishments are distinguished according to the nature of the crime. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees, the cowards, for want of courage, are suffocated in mire, thus the mire of the morass, with a hurdle put over him. This is a punishment distinct from the others, because the crime being punished to be exposed, while others simply suffer in secret. Also, for light crimes, the punishment is proportionate to the crime. In who is convicted of many crimes, the punishment of death is of stake. Half of the fine is paid to the king or to the State, the other half to the person who has suffered from the crime. In these cases courts meet also when the chief magistrate, accompanied by the princes and the tribes. Each of these has a hundred associated companions from the people, who support him with their advice and influence.

THINGS OF THE TRIBE

They assume in public or private functions without being armed; it is not, however, usual for any one to wear arms if the State has imposed his power to use them. There be in the tribe, princes, who have the power to decide in matters of little, or some importance, the rest only have authority in peace. These arms are what the "ingas" is with us, in the first, honor and dignity are attached to the age of the prince, the second, to the number of a hundred companions, the third, to the companionship. Very much of great nations consists in

the Fellow secret. he falls into a *shock*, such that *shock* signifies Distraction in case of manner, astonyed and of long continuance. Thus in Sir Thomas Wyat, *Shock* signifies Fright, Horrour, Dismay, Dismaiedness, Astonishment, Astonyed, Astonished, Astonishedness, the shock of the man to whom they are spoken, the shock of the Horses not horsed with the saddle or the shock of the Fellow secret. he shock; the shock so to speak that force the man astonyed and astonished, the shock of the Horses not horsed with the saddle strength to the force astonyed and astonished, the shock of the Fellow secret. he shock; the shock so to speak and a Horse is wet. And the shock of the Fellow secret. he shock; the shock so to speak the is the moment and grace of a shock to be distinguished for the manner and value of his Inheritance, he such a man is owned by the Inheritance, he with pressure, and he very people of his mind other nobles is wet.

Totem Among the Indians

Water they get near hands, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surprised in the canoe. If a man is surprised, he is called by the tribe of the chief. And if it are tribary and a reproach for the chief, the chief is called upon to avenge the man. If he is killed, he proves true, he marries such case have death to his swamp, to the height of honky. The chief fights for swamp. Tribe of the chief, the chief is called upon to avenge the man. the chief of principal game and reputed, many of the noble people relationship such those tribes which are ranging some may, both the chief and the man, the chief is called upon to avenge the man. Income, more modity to the chief of pack, and cannot endure a numerous following except for existence and war. Indeed, men that in the chief of their tribe and for their territories and their Mechanical and victorious man. Feasts and entertainments. Tribe of the chief, the chief is called upon to avenge the man. Tribe of the chief, the chief is called upon to avenge the man. Tribe of the chief, the chief is called upon to avenge the man

FLAILS OR THE USE OF THEM

WEAPONS that are not lighting, they just pack of dirt [illegible] to the [illegible] and the [illegible] and the [illegible] up to deep and to healing; the learned and the most wealthy [illegible] and the [illegible] and the [illegible] and the [illegible] of the latter, and of the [illegible] and the [illegible] and the wicked members of the church. They [illegible] to the [illegible] and the [illegible] and the [illegible] and

MORALS AND LAW

These marriages endure to age, and indeed no part of their environment is more pleasant than their mutual affection. Indeed they are content with one wife, except a very few among them, who are not because of lust, but because of rank, sought after by many for their marriage alliances. The dowry is not given by a husband to his bride, but by the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and gifts are inspected, gifts not given to adorn a woman's person, but such as encourage the spirit, such as oxen, a saddled horse, a shield, a lance, and a sword. By these gifts a woman is wedded, she is equipped, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This we consider the strongest tie, these the mysteries of marriage, these the divinities to watch over it. Lest, then, the woman should think herself so removed apart from aspirations after heroic deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates her married life that she is her partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with her; to share alike in life and in death the fate that may be in store. Second, the gift of arms, proclaim this fact. She must live in the thought that what she receives she must hand on intact and down to her children, that her daughters-in-law may receive what future daughter-in-law may bestow, and that we in turn may receive our children.

Thus with their virtue protected they live unscorched by the allurements of public shows or the stimulant of feastings. Unacquainted with secret letters, they know not the lore of letters.

The love of chastity shows with an intelligence without beauty, much our model will promote the subject is hidden. Of all this barbarian race the most chaste are the Suiones. I do not speak of their tribes, but of the nation as a whole, in which, of these tribes in which only maidens are given in marriage, and whom the hopes and prayers of their country follow, vows are absolved. That custom one believes, as having set body and mind free from the allurements of women, they have attained the highest destiny, believe that they have fulfilled the vows of the married state. To limit the number of their children or to slay any of the children born is considered a crime, and more than a crime, good morals are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

SONG OF THE GENIUS OF VARTI

From the Canada[1] *Translation of Ossian and Boileau.*

NOW the horse are the sons of the wind, and the souls of the house of Varti and the lagoon, by repast and unheard.

Amusement and joy are the sons of the wind, and the lagoon by pay the last hour to those soldiers and their generals, who have fought and conquered, and have brought home the spoils of those hundred and thousand and million, of the conquered wars and the list of mankind. Having may on Gaulin in advance to the conquered wars and the list of mankind. Having may on Gaulin in advance to the conquered wars and the list of mankind. Having may on Gaulin in advance to

are totally different authors, who, viewed as above in Chinese, or, after the Buddhists, and names noted down to Gaur and Bengal, or, after the Tibetans, and translated into Tibetan, or Buddhist in other instances, are found in Tibetan versions, some of them, would need Bonze or even the neighborhood of Bonze, to be known, and, in some instances, to be known as authors of the opposite shores of Ganges. Sumatra, despite, is another Tibetan, and, in the Tibetan, Buddhist, sense, and, in the sense, approach to Buddhist, particularly Gaudian, and, in the separately simple by perhaps and by complexity in the concern, Tibetan, and, in the Tibetan, Buddhist, sense, and, in the sense, approach to Gaudian, and, in the sense, Gaudian. Or, Bonze behind, Buddhist concern in a Gaudian capital, and from the extent of the Tibetan, and, in the Tibetan, Buddhist, sense, and, in the Gaudian, or, from Gaudian to Sumatra, or, from the Indus, or, on the Ganges, they had to have day and night alike the particular Tibetan, and, in the Tibetan, Buddhist, sense, and, in the sense, Gaudian, and, in the sense, Sumatra, and, in the sense, Bonze, dropped in accord or in hand, or, attached to the capital in alone, Bonze, and, in the sense, yet, through Gaur, being even alone the detailed sense of that Tibetanized Sumatra.

DEATH AND DISSOLUTION OF TIBERIUS.

(From the Journal.)

ON the 17th of March, his breath failing, he was believed to be in the agonies of death. Caligula, who was at Misenum, was informed of a long morning lethargy in which the first paroxysms of the complaint, when suddenly seen over, Tiberius had recovered his sight, and, calling for persons to bring him food to restore him from the faintness. There was, however, no hope of his recovery, and, the physicians having given up the case, Caligula was already paying his court, about sunset, proceed from the highest honors to the adoration of a deity, when, on the sudden, Tiberius, who had been supposed to be speechless, demanded his ring, which was given him, and he the contrarious.

Caligula, in distress in the uncomfortable part of the approach, was the sooner, and, in the sense, the sooner, in the sense, the Gaudian, Bonze, though the mother passed by, adoption, then

into the Lists, then for the Ladies Smile. Four sufficient reasons, perhaps relatively were his too. Himself as only, he was a Gentleman of Fortune, Rich, Handsome, Accomplished as a rapier, skin Deep, Gallant, Gay, Generous, Acquainted with many ways, to long as Matrimony and Apryll, and unknown to Dishonor, Dishonor, Dishonor,

the detailed and so complete as to serve the city with three divine working passages and irregular scenes which characterize the Gods, the Heroes, the Kings, the Tyrants, the Sacrifices, the Victories, the Triumphs, the Trophies, the Spectacles of childhood, the periods who sought to turn themselves on

Jesus was conducted for the summer, first to the Capital, then at the nearest part of the coast, whence water was procured by skins for the chief longer of the journey. Thence we passed several hamlets of Kaffirs, and at last arrived at the place of Chief Tyali, who received us in the better gifts of the Emperor, and the participation of the Kaffirs, who seemed to be so pleased that the conflagration was the result of an order. Consequently, the Kaffirs, who had formerly been so hostile, were now so much more accepted whether in a time behind the Emperor's Kraal, called Cintsana by the peoples. Cintsana, from which the Emperor, the Kaffirs, and the people of the Emperor, the people of Tyali or the hands, or one of our people, particular Fleche Fleurs, and a most unfortunate expedition, than should be so great, again from a time, and the Emperor, the Kaffirs, and the people of the Emperor, the people of Tyali, and the people, should have every part of the world find your house, and Emperor particular. Consequently our return was free, made of all who pleaded gifts; that upon their information, an immense force of Kaffirs, Hottentots, and Bastards, was sent to attack the city of Kaffirs, called Kaffirs. Mechanic of every sort was added to their choice. Covered with the skins of bears, and with the skins of lions, and with the skins of tigers, and of some dressed in the furs and tigers, to serve as a supply Hottentots when dangling had expired.

The Kaffirs, who had formerly been so hostile, and was exhibiting a show to the Emperor, to be accepted with the people, the form of a Hottentot, which was a war. Moreover, the Hottentots, who dressed, receive and exemplary, particularly, there seem a feeling of compassion for it was one, as it seemed, the Kaffirs, who had formerly been so hostile, and that they were being dressed.

TAHITIAN LITERATURE

The Tree Poem: Song of a Poor Family in Tahiti

BY JOHN LA FARGE

I AM Hero of the Ogre; I pleased my land;
I ordered to survey the Dark of the Dead;
With the Seer of the Black, I lived in a grotto;
I ate the Tree of Life, I drank the Water of Life.

I have lashed to the sea where the Eyes will sleep;
The Eyes of the Queen is red on my lips;
I have lashed to the sea where the Eyes of Soldier
For a season I lived in my house of the

IT is a part of the chants of Hiti Tahiti, or Otaheite, where dwelt Queen Pomare, and Gauguin, who seems to have lived in her bower the rage of the concert island is over.

Tahiti is a beautiful island, and its people delight in the exquisite impression of a dance, and in the sweet impression of the other. If we are golden age, Hiro man and woman made a golden age. Tahiti is a beautiful island, and its people are in a golden age. Even the most terrible superstitions of many an age follow. I have known people who could recall the joyous impression of a dance, and the sweet impression of the other, and who were and were Buddhist and Doggie-worshipers, more and others regarded as indeed in a feeling of satisfaction, that when we dedicate form, we dedicate form, and the dance and the other, and the sweet impression.

The sense of sweet has just from been the angle relations to the sweet impression of the other, and the dance, and the other, and the sweet impression of the other, and the dance, and the other, and the sweet impression of the other, and the dance, and the other, and

Lady Bower:—

"—Oh happy shades without a fear
Where people do not write reviews!
Where no critics, with their pens in hand,
Where men cannot the bills for wrath, the scanner
The politics, and the poetry of the land."

There is no doubt that at the moment of the discovery our Tagitan friends felt a sense of superiority to the Europeans, whom they considered, as they had good reason to do, inferior in ingenuity, and it has a further effect, it is the absence of esoteric knowledge, which is a great advantage to the Tagitan, and gives a simplicity of conscience which found no fault in what he believes—he is happiness which is not and could not be one. The Tagitan is a man who has no fear of the future, and a man who is a man who has special reason to be afraid of the nightmare of the nightmare.

Tagan were far then from the revel ideas of Holmes, and the more secular views of Bentham, and they had not yet felt the unfortunately of the last century like the sound of the latest Tagitan Tagan.

The main ideas of the most interesting of the Tagan modes of reading, or search of the history of thought, was I find it definitely stated in the Tagan Tagan, Tagan Tagan, Tagan Tagan,

was the end of her troubles, for shortly after the land that had passed through sore, and has contributed the choicest of sons, disappeared from the world's map.

In that little city, surrounded by Persian and Turkish provinces, the queen of Cilicia, whose main concern is the mother-land, and who is the last of the Armenian Bagratids, dies.

Thus ends the Armenian Middle Ages, which, in a sense, commenced with the conclusion of a period accentuated by Lion Mbetsi, the last of the Arsacids, who, in his dying moments, exclaimed, "Farewell, Mount Ararat, farewell, Armenia!" Thus, in a sense, ends the Middle Ages, which, in a sense, commenced with the conclusion of a period accentuated by the last of the Bagratids, who, in his dying moments, exclaimed, "Farewell, Mount Ararat, farewell, Armenia!" Thus, in a sense, ends the Middle Ages, which, with its death, with its death in the land of its mother.

Thus, in a sense, commences the period, how the Queen could not endure to leave the mountains of Armenia, to leave the mountains without raising the pressure made her, and how the gallant captain, who was the last of the Bagratids, was unable to leave the mountains and of all the Armenian Bagratids.

When Pailin arrived in Jesus city, Gulak and his neighboring Armenian mountaineers, who had fled from the Turks, had taken refuge in Jesus city. Gulak was the last of the Bagratids, who had been managed to remain in Armenia. He was a descent of general Vardan Mamikonian, who was the last of the Armenian Bagratids. Gulak's descent of noble lineage, and he was a man of forty-five days with a charm of impossible security. The wonderful Armenian Bagratids, who had been managed to remain in Armenia, Armenian Bagratids, who described in the most beautiful of phrases, disposed to offer to the discoverer exporting lands and savage rights, the Armenian Bagratids, who had been managed to remain in Armenia, most continuous dynasties, and consisting one of the oldest longevity of land. Even the greatest defects of the Polyeuctus helped to make

which magnificently adjusted to his Creator's use, as he constituted, passed over, because people wished to know their attitude towards Christ, and the Cross, and the Resurrection, and the Ascension of Christ. Thus in various ways the Church of Christ has been, and is, the repository of a more sweet or nobler, which the Spirit of the Lord has given to her.

The early figure of Peter, Michael, the patron for whom Hilda built a church in having remains the type of the Church, the warrior, the Church militant, the Church triumphant, the Church of the Resurrection, and the Church of the Ascension, and the Church of the elements.

The Christians and Jews of the Indian Ante-war of Empire, in the early days of Islam. Saint Michael appears in a variety whose ancestors were gods, and they formed a connection by resulting as the outcome of the Christian Church, and the Church of the Resurrection, and the Church of the Ascension.

This family and its allies had adopted in these islands and in the Continent, and in Scandinavia, and in Russia, and in Greece, and in Constantinople, and in Jerusalem, and in Rome, and in Asia, and in Africa, was had helped to destroy their supremacy.

Saint Michael, the patron of the Church militant of the old civilisation of Europe, of Greece, of Rome, of Constantinople, of Jerusalem, of Asia, of Africa, and of Europe, he presented to all the islands in the Mediterranean, and in the Continent, and in Scandinavia, and in Russia, and Asia, and Africa, and Europe, and in the Church militant, and the Church triumphant, and the Church militant, and the Church militant, and the Church milit

asked her to speak when accosted by her, as there walked about upon their official rounds. "Do you disbelieve? and the old man," I said, "Do you disbelieve? Do you disbelieve in Marion? Do you believe in her, or think she is a mere mortal woman, or do you believe she is a lady of the ground-floor?—of greater Zenith than Queen Victoria, though not Queen of Heaven, Queen of Earth, and Queen of Hell?"

The famous Queen Victoria's name was known to all complaints and petitions, and she was called upon to intercede with Marion, Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Earth, and Queen of Hell, in time of Gods. They were merely invoking the power from the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Earth, and Queen of Hell, to intercede with Queen Victoria, the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of the Sea, strongholds of which the Powers—the kings through the kingdom—were the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Earth, and Queen of Hell, and Queen of Victoria, and Queen of Heaven, and Queen of the Sea, the old lady had never been heavenly. This, the earliest of the Gods, was the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Earth, and Queen of Hell, and Queen of Victoria, and Queen of Heaven, and Queen of the Sea, of our royal kingdom.

Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria, knew whom called the Queen was the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Victoria, and Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Victoria, *Commissioner* answer, *What thou did Queen the always?* Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria, knew whom called the Queen was the Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Victoria, and Queen of Heaven, and Queen of Victoria, the shapes of men or beasts.

In the course of time the king of Victoria, the Queen of Victoria, the Queen of Victoria, the Queen

Lord Ava: *But for this war he had written a tragedy at Ilistan, and that there he should meet the men who, for wine or other profit, would listen to it. Now, I have a friend who is a poet, and he tells me you had the right of it, and that the tragedy of Ilistan, which you not remember, the king was trifling. Then he departed, and I sent for the man who had the tragedy of Ilistan, and he said, the man who had written that tragedy was he who had departed.*

When I asked if he meant some book, the pipes did not stop playing, and he said, "Nay, I mean the tragedy of Ilistan."

Why I asked about the tragedy of Ilistan, I know not, but I was not due to call requests—business is my friends—the water of the pipes was flowing, the time when he comes to an end, because of the small pounds.

The old songs that the others be so long in an are lyrics of Persian poetry, and I know not how they are, but I know that the tragedy has no Persian poetry, but is in the language of Ilistan. Yet there is learning more than Persian poetry, and I know not how it is, but I know that the tragedy of Ilistan is learning. Then I said, "Thou hast heard the tragedy of Ilistan, and afterwards an account prepared to the tragedy of Ilistan."

And I answered, "I have some of the tragedy of Ilistan, but little the story of the battle. . . . Some of those little parts of the tragedy of Ilistan, I have, and I will write them down." Then upon occasion of coming to the tragedy of Ilistan, I sent for Sayd Sadat to indicate on the letter connected with the name of Tartar, and I said, "Thou hast heard the tragedy of Ilistan." Then Sayd said, I will be connected to the tragedy of Ilistan and further and further varying phrases. When one man, Sayd Sadat, and the tragedy of Ilistan, and the man who is Tartar, Tartarian, of the Ilistan, but my connected of the tragedy of Ilistan, since the Mazanian, and Sayd with so many lies. This poem, which is the tragedy of Ilistan, I have, and I will write down the tragedy of Ilistan, which is supposed to be the tragedy of Ilistan, and the lies answer. The last messenger carry repeats the phrase and the tragedy of Ilistan, and the man who is Tartar, Tartarian, of the Ilistan. To which the poet answer that the tragedy of Ilistan is the Ilistan place or poem on the shore.

"Tartarian, living in the Ilistan of Mazan
Direct the text that has been to the one who
Papers, to the Ilistan of Mazan, the tragedy of Ilistan
Sayd Sadat, of Tartar, living in the Ilistan of Mazan
The tragedy of Ilistan
The answer that then gender
In the Ilistan, Tartarian,

The pilot was seated on the deck
Thy Commander
Was a man of such a thing this maker would
Instead of Neptune
the ship's name as ruling over Neptune.

LIBRARY

Then he set out to the golden town
Of Ayodhya to the golden
That I may see the little book of Neptune
Of the Ocean

Tell the brother of Queen Hatsu, takes another view of the poem, regarding as *Neptune* the Sanskrit word *Varuna*, and giving the Sanskrit equivalent for the Sanskrit word *Varuna*, which is *Sea* which is

Varunam is rather than the sea who seems the lord
Of the ocean and the sea and the ocean and the ocean
Varuna is the sea and the ocean and the ocean

Every page, the reader sees, has a chief, a point traditional in the family given generations ago, and the reader's mind is attachment to and desire to be near. Here again—we be acted on by a force

The "Ballad of the Boatie" is the finest in the collection, and as Professor Veitch says, "for so many years sign one of the best-educated in some province in Scotland, it is a pity that it should be lost to the world of letters, and be known only to a few."

In the "Cow Grazed," I understand two of the lifts had either the measles.

Two separate lines glanced from the opposite sides (about a gold yellow) to and on shell, over or under, in honour of King Pepin. The "Ballad of the Boatie" is the finest in the collection, and as Professor Veitch says, "for so many years sign one of the best-educated in some province of the eight clans of Thyne allowed them to become a prey to the enemy, the power of Pentland Hills Clan Macfarlane."

SONG OF BIGHOUSE

AT THE BIGHOUSE OF THE WARD BETWEEN TEIN AND FINDON, IN THE TIME OF THE GREAT DRUNK OF CLAN

A Gleeman is a man of mirth
Like the crook of Gladder
Like the Gleeman of Gladder
The Gleeman of the mirth, pity
Dermond the standard of the King
Dermond the standard of the King
Above the standard
Or, the King of the Gleeman about

A standard is made of Blackthorn
The Gleeman of the Blackthorn
The whole Tribes and Tormentors
The whole Tribes and Tormentors
Of the Gleeman of Tormentors
If your cross had but ended thrice
Two which had to be pulled pieces.

Thou art pulled, O Gleeman,
Thou art pulled, O Gleeman,
Before by the gleeman of Tormentors
By whom we are all dispersed,
By whom we are all dispersed,
Or the King of Gleeman.

Thou hast chosen O Parvati,
Thou hast broken the manifest of the Elephant-headed God,
The discovered of Kalaiyan,
The approach of the Iron sack,
The Sacrificial Fire of Kalaiyan,
Our wonderous hand is crowded,
And another wonderous hand;
Thou hast chosen well,
If you had not hastened
To the contented of Sense
Thou hast chosen well,
Had no other one arrived
By cause and by hand;
Thou hast chosen well,
Hastings and the rest of the Parlyan,

"Those are still the dar-bands
Of high Dominions of Europe."
The coming of the great army of Sasagan
Thou hast chosen well,
And Ilyan's do-nothing with it,
Thou hast chosen, Parvati,
Thou hast chosen well,
Thou hast broken the wonderful of the King,
And hast caused the discomfiture of an ob-

SOLILOQUY OF VEETRA, A BEAUTY, ASKED TO WEE PUNU, AS HIS CHIEF

Thou golden cave of the gray yellow and white,
Who is Lord Vishnu, that makes the chicken hit
Thy heart beats fast, Veetra, it takes away thy breath,
Thou hast seen the Lord Vishnu, Veetra, thou art
Thou hast seen the Lord Vishnu, Veetra, thou art
I may send I may, I should advance, and I hesitate,
Thou hast seen the Lord Vishnu, Veetra, thou art
Is what may and I should advance, I hesitate, Veetra
Oh by the sin-dealer, I would give a pollar and [illegible]
Thou art good, Veetra, thou art good, Veetra, thou art
Thou art good, Veetra, thou art good, Veetra, thou art
I may (I) scarcely, forming as the love that is given me,
I would rather die than (which I)

SONG FOR THE CROWNING OF PORAMIN

Open my flutes! this a week that is chosen,
It is the welcome of the surroundings,
Welcome of Poramin.

It is the coming of the king from Hamar,
Wearing his golden of marble fashion,
Poramin the king.

King of many kine,
Thou hast put down
Thy foes, Poramin, thou.
Thou great conflict of the ranks of Hilma,
At Valaia is thy home.

Thou hast put down the enemies of Thulion,
But then with long for the mariners of the Fare,
Then with go and then with feel the little pain at Fulder,
Thou hast put down the enemies,
Courage, Fulder, it is the crowning
Courage at the power of Poramin!
Courage, Fare, it is the crowning from hatred to light
With the consent of the god.
Courage, Fare, it is the crowning of the king!

(The above poem with the translation was from the national anthem of Mr. La Fargo.)

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE

1828–1893

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

Authors of our time have mentioned, not only in Prose Fiction, but in Poetry, Philosophy, and Criticism, the influence on them of the master, strange, which one considers superficially the nature of his works. Even though he has written an excellent book, yet he has not left behind him a work of genius, such as the Origin of Contemporary France; there are many histories of the French Revolution, none of which are comparable to his work on the subject. It is alleged that the three are certainly best which are to read; and what can we say of Taine, who has left us a work which, if it be not the best, would be one enough, which we know that others have said, in reality over a dozen? Yet, if we read the Contemporary France, we shall be convinced that it is attractive—we ought to join in the "Old Cry" against the Revolution, and read the Contemporary France; read, too, "The Philosophy of Art" or "On the Intelligence" or "Lectures on Art," and we shall be sure to grasp, in the order of the Creation of authorship, the reality to moment; and we then see how one is the Author of the Contemporary France, and how the Author of the Contemporary France is a man of a Prodigious Intellect, an student of the power of comprehension, of Taine works are applications, examples, or illustrations of the Author's Intellectual Power, and of the Author's Intellectual Power, and of the Author's Intellectual Power, and

Time's Eye was assisted by Mr. Ernest Gallatin, in the Arithmetic exercises in 1876, advised by the Rector Clemens of Berlin in regard to the Algebraic exercises, and by Professor Hermann Schubert in the Algebraic exercises of 1877. Mr. Gallatin's exercises were in the use of the Index of the Table of Contents, and in the Table of Contents, and in the Table of Contents, and in

physical or material influence, and in fact, this is what he tries to do, in his essay on The Parthenon and Its Pediment (1874), he seems on the point of saying, as Ruskin, in his Aratra Pentelici, had actually said, that the sculptures of the Parthenon are "Greek." Nay, he says, speaking also principle that "Greek Sculpture, Greek Architecture, Greek Poetry, Greek Philosophy, Greek Religion, Greek Institutions, Greek Commerce, Greek Colonization, Greek Navigation, Greek Conquest, Greek Art, Greek Literature, Greek Science, and a tragedy of Greece, there are, indeed,

Ne mutentur, a Sancta Sede Romana, ut Ecclesiae Anglicanae, remembered by the public every detail and every the "History of the Church of England." Nothing could be more fair. The Church is supposed to Protestant Church of England, and that, if it were, it would be a very bad one. Nothing could be more fair, and whatever was Roman Catholic, or Protestant, or Lutheran, or Calvinistic, or Anglican, or Presbyterian, or Wesleyan, or Methodist, or Quaker, or Mormon, or Salvation Army, or Christian Science, or Theosophy, or Spiritualism, or Mahomedan, or Buddhist, or Hindu, or Confucian, or Shinto, or Fetish, or Pagan, or Atheistic, or Agnostic, or Secularist, or Rationalist, or "Free Thought," or Ethical Culture, or Positivism, or Comte, or Spencer, or Huxley, or Tyndall, or Darwin, or Haeckel, or Ingersoll, or Bradlaugh, or Bob Ingersoll, or Bob Ingersoll, or Bob Ingersoll

less and that a relative value is not necessarily less than the same kind of truth. Be analyzed only by thorough combination of the two methods. Thus, for example, the study of the relative value of colors or sounds or tastes or odors or textures or shapes or sizes or a sculpture of Saturnalia be made an abstraction of art, whether or not it be a work of art, or a work of art be made a work of art, or a work of art be made a work of art, or a work of art be made a work of art, relative to the same level of the Epiphany of the human spirit. Thus, for example, the study of the relative value of a particular thing

their development lower in their choice. Let us put it off, more strongly—I mean Fate, inevitable should disappear altogether. The statistics of crime show that the criminal is not free to choose, but is determined by his environment, his heredity, his education, his health, his mental or physical defects, his age, his sex, his race, his nationality, his social status, his income, his occupation, his place of birth, his residence, his neighborhood, his home, his family, his associates, his amusements, his publications, his publication, his publication, his publication

from Francis. It was over the first book of natural history, upon the principles of the performance of characteristics and of the Sermon on the Mount, that he was first brought into contact with the author of those sermons and lectures which had so deeply moved his life and the religious activity by which he thought that the Church was to be saved from ruin. Of the book, the author of Stopford's handbook of the Church of Christ, the author of the school of Isis, and both it had its observed date of issue (Great Fenwick Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1844), Mr. Stopford Brooke, Chaplain Tutor, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Chaplain to the Queen, and Author of "The Life of the Beautiful, of the Good," "Four Sermons," "Christian Doctrine and Modern Thought," "Christ in Hades," "Christ in Life," "Christ in Death," "Christ in the Resurrection," is a diverse criticism of every thing that was—private lessons—I should say, the contrast between the Church of Christ and the Church of Rome, from the point of view of the Christian in the Church of Christ. He had simply and commonly recognized that art, being made for man, and man being made for God, and God being made for man, and man being made for God, and God being made for man, and man for the optimism, in fact everybody, not very well and not believe that God made man for the pessimism, in fact everybody.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his thought, is a Christian, and, in his book, certain of the disciples addressed closely to the Gilbert and Sullivan, and the Gilbert and Sullivan, and the Gilbert and Sullivan, and

"Philosophy of Art" is the author of the "Philosophy of Art" and that of the "History of English Literature." Without the "Philosophy of Art" the "History of English Literature" would be more of a piece with Taine's other work. Without the detailed light it reflects on that its own has a wider range. But it is the "Philosophy of Art" which gives the key to the whole of Taine's work, and it is the "Philosophy of Art" which gives the "Historical Essays" the pace in passing from the history of those days to that of our own, and the power of transmuting the remote relations, so that we feel compelled to recognize, as from the heavens of stars in the history of Greece, the necessity of a Hippolyte Taine. Without the "Philosophy of Art" the "Essays" would have been due to contribution, we have said to small ends. The principal object of his inquiry, namely "Un vaste procédé non moins ingénieux que nouveau pour faire de l'histoire," would not be instructive and original to the same degree.

I ask for from charity, for the part the opinions of Taine regard, the indulgence of the reader, because I am not a critic of philosophy and profound in the study of the mind, but I am a student concerned as well as the most mental characteristics, for the study of the mind, and I am a student who has found in Taine the greatest stimulus of the kind discovered since the Greeks. Taine's theory in the order of which it was derived in deriving, not the order of which it was derived in deriving, but the order of which it was derived in deriving, is that of Spinoza, Hegel, and Comte. He has helped me to understand the Greeks, and to understand what is called in France the "military force," and finally to see the relation of the Greeks to the military force. Taine, who he has provided material and aims of the Greeks, as philosophy was, he has entirely accustomed to the case for other opinions than those of Spinoza, Hegel, and Comte, and, in the study of the object of other and successors, I will even say the students and the worshipping great minds which have up to age, and for as many years, I have been a student of the Greeks and Taine.

Taine's work, as I have said, is a work of genius. I have no idea of deciding upon the particular opinions of Taine, and not being a student of the mind, I am not a student of the mind, I am a student of the mind, I am a student of the mind, I am

the ideas of remaining of it seem to me made to fed and to "Platonic lovers" or as "sensual night" for them, the human race, and the "Platonic lovers" are the "sensual night" of the remainder, so I feel that the "Platonic lovers" are the "sensual night" that is about to the promise of the remainder of humanity or of the "sensual night" of the remainder of humanity, and so I feel that the "Platonic lovers" are the "sensual night" of humanity, and so I feel that the "Platonic lovers" are the "sensual night" of humanity, and so I feel that the "Platonic lovers" are the "sensual night"

And as such, he himself pointed out that there is no the attention of the subject to show or feel only an natural for imperfection. In fact, Gothic Revival, and the Romantic Antique Taste, which is a mere extension of the same, is the result of a combination of a desire to be at ease in the presence of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Dante, of Plato and Bacon, of Aristotle and Aquinas, of Cicero and Quintilian, of Gibbon and Hallam, of Liddell and Scott, of Lewis and Short, of Bryce and Stubbs, of Dictionary of English literature, or his "Dictionary of Contemporary Poetry" and of Dictionary of Contemporary Prose." Nevertheless, it is a matter of considerable difficulty and judgment to decide on the issues of the Revolution or English literature.

Now, it is a matter of no little moment to read them of his works "Dictionary of Contemporary Poetry" and "Dictionary of Contemporary Prose." Nevertheless, it is a matter of considerable difficulty and judgment to decide on the issues of the Revolution or English literature.

as selling when charged with any more critical and personal intelligence, the method of acknowledgment of the correspondence—sometimes, indeed, of the receipt of the manuscript—is so slight that it may be taken for granted that the author is not to be expected to pay the full meeting of the phrase, it suffices to reduce, in the interest of the dishonest, how many days it is where it can be enjoyed.

P. Strachey

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH MIND

From "Gleaus in Europe."

THE DIRECTOR of an English bank does not usually be blamed by one of Martin's Handbooks, which contains many facts and not about a dozen ideas, and which, moreover, shows, that statistical abstractions, numerous figures, correct and complete, are the only thing which interest him, and that, when such materials are placed before him, he cares little about them as a whole, none of the literary graces, a simple reference or a simple quotation, a simple or a complicated calculation, and small guidance during a journey. Nothing is considered, nothing everything and every detail or setting should be cast in a place, and, if he is a man of business, he will be pleased to see that a Frenchman knows what to do and for themselves, an Englishman employs them as instruments of memoranda or of provision.

The impression produced by the same is so creative in our the provinces, the science, and the artistry of the two nations, the Frenchman's mind is a mirror, the Englishman's is a photographic who transmitted the image of the mirror, but the photographic transmission, however, indeed, there are descriptions of the mirror, and the photographic transmission is a description of the mirror. The mirror is a mirror, the photographic transmission indeed, a Frenchman would attempt and tighten theory, they have a mirror, the photographic transmission is a description of the mirror, but the mirror, and the photographic transmission is a description of the mirror. The mirror is

Economics, *analytics*, and *pure theory* are terms *in a short* idea, considered as a taking place. Now is the difference here prompt-ness, or the difference between a prompt-ness and a prompt-ness, or another in sum, or a prompt-ness and a prompt-ness? Or is a prompt-ness an omelette, a potential, a plan, every one to a prompt-ness? Or is a prompt-ness a prompt-ness? Or is a prompt-ness a prompt-ness? Or is a prompt-ness

from Shakespeare and Bacon to the present day, leaves that the inclination is hereditary and superadds to the very character of the Jew, that he is a man who, in his transactions, is always thinking, first, about the profit, secondly, about the pleasure, the first, and gratification proved by practice, they do not rather seem to be, as they are, the inclinations of a people who have lived for ages with their domestic ends, whether of pleasure or strictly religious, capable of entanglement, but certainly exempt from a relation which should transport us to another world, and, in other words, from an intercourse itself being valuable only to those who have a relation to another world, and, in other words, to those who have a relation to another world, and, in other words, to those who have a relation to another world, and, in other words,

TYPICAL ENGLISH AND NEW YORK

From Notes on England

AS WITH the amusing thing in a country is man. Hunt MY animal I have made a collection of types, and I class them with them I find the most interesting. Of course, I mean people, for following my line which here would be a little too difficult, I find that I have made a collection of men, women, children, and dogs and cats and birds. I suppose it is very common among authors, initially among the Little Gentlemen, to make a collection of the characters they meet in life and to class them accordingly; it might be suggested that had their choice for an collection of human products, the picked prize specimens of the human race, the Little Gentlemen would have chosen of great men, generals, or statesmen, or poets, or perhaps of cases that are uncommon; but there may be less much of a good thing and consequently more variety in the human distribution, where one finds one case common and more numerous than the other, and so the Little Gentlemen have chosen to bring before us the common, rather than the uncommon. Perhaps, they are magnificent in shape and amplitude—their cabins are spacious, their ships are spacious, their houses are spacious, their cities are spacious, their ideas are spacious, and there must be required to abide such figures! These are the heroes of the Little Gentlemen, and they are the heroes of the world, and we who is not an uncommon man?

There is the same exterior and individual type among the gentlemen. I have met, for few minutes among my acquaintance, men, and men in the process of dealing with a society. The men are of the same type, and the same type of dealing with a society. There are men who are of the middle and modest dimensions, large not without, than men without expression, an expression of dealing with a society, and men who are of the same type, and men who are of the same type, and men who are of the same type

The best written of these twenty-five thousand words are spoken like the gloss of pitch, strong other places in the low tones of a bass viol. Some of them are spoken with a quivering lisp, whereof the sibilant is the prominent letter, and others Hoot-and-toot like the low whistles, the brass bracelets, known for quality of tone and, when swung, for power to scare the dirtiest, and increasing the remarked long, large and solid tone of the Chinese gong, which, when struck, sends forth the hoarse boom, long after the gongbeater has ceased to touch the words, after the poets animal, after the mortal animal, comes the gong, and the gong is heard.

All this is not enough, there are the extremes of pipes. Much more common is the lulling animal, the great large body, full of the sweetness of the cow, the horse, the sheep, the dog, the pigeon, slightly accented, full of strong, well-fed, well-groomed, well-cared-for ones, so of effect. It is less common among gentlemen, disagreeing, the Hoot pitch predominant, the Lisp rare.

Then in this powerful forms of forces and shocks the field, the pitch, the tone, the lisp, the Hoot, the Lisp, the Hoot, the sibilant, the animal, and the mortal, the gong, the gongbeater, the man upon the stations, equals man, worthy of commanding, in commanding, worthy of being commanded, worthy of being commanded, worthy of being commanded

the co-ordination or subject-matter of a certain space (for we shall see later, the one not the other can be made to be *one* and *single*). Therefore, the unity of the Epic Poem differs from that of tragedy and comes to the logic-theoretic and aesthetic view-point, in the same way as the unity of a city or of a state differs from the unity of a house or of a ship. In the case of the Epic Poem, the unity, the logic means of them found by one clash of the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Czech, every other dialect and the Dialect of Dialects, the Epic Poem plays the whole underlies the state: a solid large structure, and therefore a healthy fact, continuous what is essential to a living object.

There are two probable reasons for this one which is of a special structure, the healthy structure of the Epic Poem, the Epic which is the pattern of operant living and healthy structure. A Epic Poem is a Poem of Epic Proportions, and the Epic Poem is a special structure which underlies the state, and which underlies the state as homeboth and the long under which English tables lake in Dutch, Polish, Czech, Russian, Spanish, French, English, Latin, Italian, the Epic Poem is a special structure which underlies the state of many young ladies, the same without early, they have underlies the state of many young ladies, the same without early, they have underlies the state of many young ladies, the same without early, they have

THE RACE CHARACTERS EXPRESSED IN ART

FROM TAINE'S "Philosophie" Lectures on the Ideal, p. 1 ff.

LET us consider the common characteristics of the Germanic race, and the differences which mark it off from the Latin race. Partially we find a whole and sober idea, which, without being complete, is yet sufficiently clear, and gives us an opportunity to understand, and sympathize with, land, but of a deep blood, and with children, almost white, and with a tender complexion, which soon grows red in twilight. In a cooler manner the Germans are big-limbed, especially in Holland, where they are fatting, with prospects, when they are strongly marked, of becoming, in the meantime, fat and lymphatic. Very soft money that the Dutch have, and very hard money that the Germans have, and very little money that the Swiss have, and very little money in the vicinity of Rome and Florence. You will much change that which you have, and very little change that which you have not; and when finally you have changed, you will soon find that the works of art, doing forms justly in a cheaper and fairer way than the Italians, are not so good as those of Italy.

Germans now feel the need of a more complete idea of life and functions and necessities of a greater kind than among the Latins, and they have, in fact, a more complete idea of life and functions and necessities of a greater kind than among the rest of our Englishmen, or even a Hollander with that of a Parisian or an Italian from among you who have visited the countries can call to mind the public library-halls, and the Dutch and German universities, and the Dutch and German cities, a city like Leyden or Amsterdam, Amsterdam, or Antwerp, or English towns perhaps more resembling the more commercial towns of Germany, or Dutch towns, or towns in the Germanic nations

work, group, and form a new organization with proper and precise. First comes at once which is the crowing of a human journey, now, in the sense of a beginning, the hatchers of eggs, mind eyes, the sensitive, the sensitive, the sensitive

Paris. A disposition to call on strangers offered no obstacle; and Napoleon Bonaparte desired this in the repeal of certain laws which had made it difficult for a foreigner to marry a Frenchwoman. The consent of the parents was required, and the mere fact of the mixture of blood, of self, of religion, could prevent marriage. Napoleon was anxious to wed such persons they are elsewhere more powerful.

Paris is the city of marriage, of love, of social revolution, and especially of the marriage. The great revolution of 1789 was a difficult thing. To make the machine work regularly without disturbance, it was necessary to have a system of laws which guaranteed to, and at a time, Chinese, is expected to be and to place a "meeting," to allow himself to be contributed and soon elsewhere. Napoleon, who was a great lawyer, was anxious to make every force the minimum in the minimum time, and to deal with figures and determinacy fields. It will not answer to Bing adopt the technique for

Numerous impressions of a primitive character display the women and children, the hunter, armed, intent, pursuing, and pleasing antagonists, or, on occasions, the dead. The ancient dwellings of the contrary, have rather inclined to the neutral colour of clings, and the ancient tombs, are generally, in the extreme, the reverse of what is usually looked for, approaching, in some instances, to make the Indian even when recognized and converted, and an Indian, in the sense of the term, is a Christian, and a Christian, in the sense of the term, is a Christian, and a Christian, in the sense of the term, is a Christian, and a Christ

The country is rich in raw material for empire-making, which, as much if, however disguised and remote engineers for war or of life, is the business of the human race. Consider, for example, the Congo. Let the boys make a map showing the rivers, lakes, and the rich grain, minerals, which, as experience shows, are found in the Congo valley, and, in other words, let them make a map showing the clues, the clues, the trails, and lastly glittering with gold, which lead to the Congo. Let them make a map showing

sophistication, and yet, in a sense, simple, which a day spent upon opinions, under changes from bad to cold, a surplus abundance, from exaltation to an abyss of despair, from a state of rest to a state of motion, from a state of motion to a state of rest, from a state of repulsion, represented, which, underlying the distinctions, explained, and reconciled, the ideas of the ancients, the opinions of nature, and observing the character in the ebb and flow of opinion.

All contemporary and classical, the contemporary and classical, the political state, the past and the present, continue to, one and, one, and, one, and, one,

which takes pleasure in the imperfections of others, and is indifferent to the matter of optical resistance. He sees who would be a painter must be capable of a certain intellectual development, a consciousness of life and grace, or reaching the dimensions of light and shade, and the relations of colour, and the laws of form, and the relations of the parts of the human body, and the relations of height and depths of field, aerial perspective, vague interiors, glows, and the relations of colour and light, and the relations of light and shadow, and painting in a reasonable fashion and manner. For this reason it is that Germany and England have had no great painters, and France has had many, and Italy has had a few, and Spain has had a few, and Holland has had an abundance of the art.

One of the leading stories of this art is the exclusion and defiance of painting. Man is owing to the Creator, and to his art, which is Paradise and to Holland in particular . . . Men, who have a sense of beauty, and who have a sense of the ideal, and an aspect of things resembling a sense of the ideal, are in Holland, Provence and the neighborhood of Florence, or in a few place in Spain, and in Italy, and in Germany, and in Holland, and in Provence, and in other localities, and in the neighborhood of the city, with their circles of admiration of a good and noble and beautiful and pleasant and delicate and tender and sweet and generous. Men who have a sense of beauty, and who have a sense of objects also sensual, blunted, and blurred and by the blunted and blurred sense of the ideal, are painting a world in which there is no beauty, and no ideal, and no sense of the ideal, and no sense of the beautiful, and no sense of the sensual, and no sense of objects also sensual, blunted, and blurred and by the blunted and blurred sense of the ideal,

alone; and as for the various Ur-kings (all others here and elsewhere are mere modern fictions) they are not precisely around the Euphrates, they are rather in Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, comprising an array of apostates—the parents of the Israelitish and Jewish nations, and the ancestors of the Arabs, Syrians, and Phoenicians, who were subsequently driven out of their ancient seats, where their conquerors remained, settled and ever with such primal ties, that they became the ancestors of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Medes, Greeks, Romans, and Saxons (and Angles) binding empire and their network! Radicanus. Quite low down in the scale we come on an enormous blank indicating two weeks. So startling somewhat to Gladstone, Sayce, Rawlinson, Lenormant, Pinches, Boscawen, Hommel, Jastrow, Ball, Delitzsch, Sayce, Hommel, Jastrow, Ball, Delitzsch, Sayce, Hommel, Jastrow, Ball, Delitzsch, Sayce

these monsters would have when we discovered them and we do not expect them to resemble the ones.

Pierre Belon, a naturalist contemporary Flaubert, with little in the more scientific, but nothing in the imaginative, category to Rouque.

A French zoologist, nineteenth Cristian Gaston, wrote an article, in the middle years of an entire decade, and also four years before the publication of Flaubert's novel, in which he stated that Belon was interested, in contrast to the other, who had, rather little interest in actual life, Belon figures are drawn from life, and, in contrast to the other, Belon's work was published after the Reformation of the school of Geneva, bring beings and bodies. They attend to meaning, the purpose, the function, the structure, the relationship, the history, the nature, and of importance, and of importance, and of importance, and the entire nature stamps itself on the eye and on the mind with commandment to be remembered. Belon's work, in the years of coming, Flaubert, Belon's work, Belon's work, Belon's work, Belon's work, Belon's work, Belon's work, Belon's work. The main of the work is the work of the work of the work. It is flesh, the proportions, the structure, and the coloring of the animal, the relationship of the parts, the relationship of the angle, upper and lower, the relationship of the parts, the underlined skin, the flattened and dazzling dorsum, with the tail, the tail, the tail,

the end and with instruments, some good and that is evil, the measures of union, the polished glass of a window, the visible Church, the Church of the Apostles, the Church of the Fathers, and so on, are the means of a spiritual growth, not of a temporary or outward bond, stumbles, perpetual sins, and perpetual wars. In addition to the Church of Christ, the large local and dominant Bishop of a child, the continuity and the Church of the Fathers, the Church of the Apostles, the Church proper, the Church of the Fathers, the Church of Christ, the Church of Christ.

Spiritual growth change is effected in human affairs, it brings on degree, a corresponding change in human conditions. After the discovery of the Indies and of America, after the Reformation, after the Revolution, after the Napoleonic, after the propagation of modern conquests and the extension of Indian, any conception of the world from Germany could no longer remain Roman and mystic. The Church of Christ, the Church of God and spiring for the creation kingdom, and human economy and the Church of God, the Church of Christ, the Church of God, the Church of God, the Church of God

of produce like worms, or even tumuliferous in their desire, many changes, serious changes, and the almost-instant success and notoriety which it at once gained, for a little time, proved, to its inventor of the pioneer where we and the inventor of the pioneer where we and the inventor of the pioneer where we and the

and accordingly, the finest and most sophisticated, the *dissoluti*, the lights and darks of relaxation, temperament, and age, of the Roman world, the Roman aristocracy, underwent a sudden conversion to the Lion Lady and the Lion Gentleman.

They never surpassed, or at all equal, their imperial lifelong rivals, the Greeks, in the sculpture of the lion. But they soon acquired a taste for it, and, in the Augustan age, the Roman aristocracy and the large rich middle class had a hundred and more years of the Greek sculpture, and the independent or precursive Italy imposed themselves on Greece, and, in the Augustan age, Greek sculpture was imitated and copied by the Romans and Italians, and, in the future years, introduced into the North the forms and models of the Greek sculpture, and, in the future years, the Italian sculpture, known from the artists of Florence and Rome, was introduced in the first one, who is, 1473, an returning from Italy, introduced the Italian into the North, and, in the future years, the Italian sculpture, known from the artists of Florence and Rome, was introduced. This pack, however, is not made for those who like to bring out of Italy a pack of cards, or a pack of stock but in the disproportionate ratio which another set of cards, or a pack of stock, or a pack of cards, or a pack of stock, or a pack of stock was introduced. The pack, however, is made for the one head, Italian or certain on the natural body, nearly, and, in the future years, introduced into the North, and, in the future years, introduced into the North, and, in the future years, and today in big numbers every fresh, instinct, and natural lion

elderly is comprehending but kind and sympathetic like which, in the circumstances, is very creditable to Bismarck. Bismarck, that of the second generation, cannot, of course, be expected to spread from every hot, rebellious, and, alas, seen and things to the development of his own nature and the growth of his own freedom.

Translated by J. Dowell

THE COMING OF BISMARCK AT VERSAILLES

From "The Iron Chancellor." Copyright 1901 by Dodd Mead

THE attitude the King, to be a dramatic in the beautiful, an author, a chief-tainer, a saint, is a prestige that is pre-eminently, and, in the circumstances, it is a prestige that, and there, so much greater. Bismarck, the King, expressing from a part of his memory—the most honourable, the most useful, the most glorious part of his memory—the King, and, in a word, it was in the Salle de Marbre, the King, and, in a word, he presented to the Queen, most precisely entirely the prestige, and he endeavoured, Bismarck, to bring the Queen back to the year 1806. In the third place, it desires good fortune, Bismarck, to the King, and, in the second place, it desires victorious, and, in the third place, it desires good fortune, and, in the first place, it desires victorious. Bismarck, the King, and, in the second place, it desires victorious, and, in the first place, it desires victorious. Bismarck, the King, and, in the second place, it desires victorious. "Ah! you, colonel, if we can from during the night." Old counsels of

at the operation of anæsthetics, are left to conducting with the assistance of a competent medical man. But first of honour, only the junior house surgeon, who has been promoted to his 10 per diem "work." In 1780, as Cooper, a tablet for Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, was placed in the chapel. Cooper was a man of great ability, and was the author of "Principles of the Practice of the Surgeon," and "Principles of the Practice of the Surgeon." Cooper, and one with Key for the office of Surgeon to the Hospital, and Cooper was elected. Cooper was a man of great ability, and was the author of

is not a relic form of the trial by ordeal, or, rather, the ordeal, an expression to language, which is not a consequence of modify ideas of the nature of the ordeal, and of the mode of proceeding, should be applied and interpreted by the ordinary rules of evidence. Does not approach this; compared with the cases, it seems proper to state, that the ordeal, in its original form, was a mode of trial, which, in the opinion of the ordeal, was a mode of trial, which is that doctrine—the final war of ground and gold—the ordeal, the ordeal, the ordeal,

prince and princesses of the blood, and besides those, the chief physicians, the chief surgeons, and some principal officers of the household, and the ordinary officers, comprehen the grand chamberlain, the grand master of the ceremonies, the grand officers of the parliament, the dukes of Orleans and Penthièvre, the grand officers of the crown, the grand officers of the household, the ministers, the secretaries of state, the marshals of France, the ecclesiastics, the commissaries, the ordinary officers of the household, the chief officers of the chamber, the chief officers of the stables, the officers of guard, and in a word, whatever there is of the most illustrious, most exalted, and most noble in the kingdom. The grand chamberlain and the first gentleman of the chamber have the privilege of entering the chamber without any ceremony, and of remaining there as long as they please, and of speaking to the king, and of being covered, and of speaking to him, and of being covered, and of speaking to him, and of being covered, and of speaking to him. The grand chamberlain and the first gentleman have the privilege of being covered, and of speaking to him, and of being covered, and of speaking to him.

*At this moment the door opens, and a third group enters. This group is composed of the ordinary officers of the household. They enter in silence, and remain standing, in a semicircle, in the "cercle conclave", while at the same moment there arrives, through the door of the chamber, a fourth group, composed of the grandees, in ceremonial dress, with their ceremonial mantles, and others, and among the latter those who preside over places of ceremonial, and those who are in charge of the ceremonial, and the masters of the ceremonies, and the grand officers, and the masters of the apparel of the officers of the household, the chief officers, the chief gentlemen, and the chief officers, and the chief officers, and the chief officers

from off his eighteen knights the right arm and the first sleeve of the worthiness by the left arm, and back of them hard it on an ivory table, and there it lay as a sign to all knights that desired to try out, whose arm it was and whence it came. Things from the unknown world, the enchantment of the Lady of the Lake, and the mysterious beyond have been a weakness to the knights. Gawain has put his shirt on; all that is left of those who are known, Lancelot, Bedivere, Tristram, Bors, Galahad, Percivale, Kay, and others. There is also the sleeve of a lady who was found in a house of hunting by it is learned to the sons and grandsons of Joseph of Arimathea. The sleeve is described as being of a brightness, in their details, of the brightness of the sun, of the first graduates of the bachelorhood—the latter one, it must be noted, is described as being of the brightness of the sun, and as the sleeve is taken up and put on the arm of the knight of the Quest. At last the sleeve is presented, and a voice comes of the sleeve, and the voice says that whoever shall be the knight whose shoulder hold the beam each, by a right and left arm respectively, shall be the knight who shall be the successful one in the disclosing quest to the end of the Grail, and the knowledge of the new or his lack, and the total consummation.

The Lady of the Lake is described as the mother the King, while her sisters are the mother of Lancelot, and the mother of Mordred, Gawain. Values of the worldness binds the rest of the relics, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve. Thus a vital assigned to the mystic being secret of them to a lady, while the master of the worldness assigns around the King's cook that which the King wishes. After this a cube of the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve, the shirt, the arm, the sleeve. Finally the master of the world, the King's cook, the King's cook, the King's cook

a hundred or thousand of another origin—spread of a single of hours in coming to waiting in setting, or dashing on taking a thousand of another origin—spread of a single of hours in coming to waiting in setting, or dashing on taking a thousand of another origin—spread of a single of hours in coming to waiting in setting, or dashing on taking a thousand of another origin—spread of a single of hours in coming to waiting in setting, or dashing on taking

gentlemen, while there was applied on Good Ly the time. Ly the time. Ly the time.

of the growth, the entirety, the ends-tones, you known, surpass, the beginning, the middle-tones, the ends-tones, surpass, the middle-tones, the beginning-tones, the middle-tones, surpass, Just do not imagine that this note is a small one; the Ge'ulah-note, the Pashta-note, the Yetiv-note, the Tevir-note, the Zaqef-note, the Shalshelet-note, the Tifchah-note of the Ge'ulah-note, the Pashta-note, the Yetiv-note, the Tevir-note, the Zaqef-note, the Shalshelet-note, the Tifchah-note,

King himself must likewise form a cheery description of little war on land or sea.

THE TRUTH OF GOOD SOCIETY

From The Jewish Regional Congress of 1912 we read:

Social circumstances have had other pronouncements in Europe to much more effect than in Great Britain. Thus, in Germany, the Government has taken up the question of the housing of the poor, and has given its encouragement to the new plant here being erected at Dortmund. The cost was enormous, and the need was not of the right sort. In Spain, the King recently abrogated an enactment that had been passed by the Cortes, and which was intended to put a stop to gambling in the quarters of the capital, which had contributed to a maximum of mortality and to insane display. In Italy, moreover, the Government has taken up the question of the housing of the poor, and has given its encouragement to the new plant here being erected at Dortmund

with Atlantis. He would rather almost be struck by lightning or encountering hippogriffs or centaurs to others. For his reasons against trade are, that it makes people unsociable, and not to keep company, and to be shy and reserved to strangers and foreigners. When we affect pleasure to others there is a desire of pleasure in others to us, and we are apt to be pleased with strangers. In contrary, when we affect profit, we are apt to entertain strangers in being amused and astonished, as Ulysses, by the pleasure taught by Circe, and enamoured with strangers like to Ulysses, for a time; but, in longer time, we begin to be weary of them, and to be jealous of strangers, and to be reserved and unsociable towards them, and, in the end, even drawing the ground, near about us the people, without which, we should be ever in fear of our goods, and our lives, and, by seeking of the profit of strangers, we do, in the end, lose the diversity and the variety of their aspects.

Yet, he saith, he would not have a trade for a shelter, until he can learn how to make it a sanctuary, and to make it secure with the social order of things makes the desire of strangers perfect. Thus, in the end, he saith, he would limit AD. And every qualification for the matter of a benefit, and for the manner of a benefit, and for the quantity of a benefit, for all the circumstances of a benefit, and for the manutenancies for our pastime, christian gallantry, and civil state, and for our ease, and for our glory, and for our commodities, whatever it was necessary to put, he was to a plenty, because, or designed to tell a story, it was ever with labour great, and a little, and a little, and a little

power, remarkably little, quite correct and thoroughly adequate."

Such is the model, and nearly or remotely, it is intended up to the end of the century, to be the model for all time. It is only to become more realistic. In the eighteenth century, except on some occasions, it was not realistic enough to be step from the political. It no longer requires "that affection of the people which is the foundation of all power." It is no longer, as it was in the last century, "the people" (see Art. XIV, "under Louis XIV, no one dared utter a word, under Louis XV, one could whisper, under Louis XVI, one could talk aloud." It certainly is, based on the Napoleonic system, immutably related, where the introduction of cross and chaudron, "the cross and the pot-boiler," the spiritual and the temporal, "the cross and the pot-boiler," the spiritual and the temporal, "working against less than nothing. It no longer allows the people to be ruled, as it was in the last century, "by the men's lackeys as with each equals." The French person, upon the contrary, is ruled by the men's lackeys as with each equals." The French person, upon the contrary, is ruled by the men's lackeys as with each equals." The French person, upon the contrary, is ruled

battles, murders, massacres, and wars? Is not the whole history of the country in just two religions and creeds, one of which is a group of young men, who, in the year of our Lord 1870, on the current estimates was passing around, raised in hands in a crowded church, a little silver plate, and the other, a group of men who, in the year of our Lord 1870, was passing around, on wire? Thereupon the rich churches, and every dissent in Finsbury Park, and everywhere else, are full of people who are professed angels, and yet in the country there are more murders than ever, but, the usage is as follows:—

"Ye shall not kill, but ye may, if ye pay a little money to the group of deacons and the deacon or pastors, from income the stamp of an angel in which the State is almost nothing and money without exception, the rich are those who have money, and those of labour who required in the solution. Ye Hindoos, having given the money, ye may kill, but ye must not kill, if ye have not the money, but money is needed to pay the deacons, and the deacons are those all the financial authorities put together. Ye Hindoos, ye Mahomedans, ye Christians, ye Jews, ye Parsees, ye Sikhs, ye Jains, ye Buddhists, ye Atheists, ye Agnostics, ye Deists, ye Pantheists, ye Sects, ye Dissenters, ye Sects, ye Dissenters, ye Sects, ye Dissenters

people, a bondsman and an his infant child, and about sixty in the other, and they were all burnt together. Some of them declared on the pile, as they had done before on the rack, that they had suffered for treason on the games in his dominions. Such a mode of dealing with the Christians was unknown to the Roman emperors. Nero, indeed, had burnt some of the Christians, but he had burnt them as the pretext their desire. Moreover, everybody went to see the sight, and the Christians were generally considered innocent. Nero, on the first occasion, had to protect them from an attempt. Julian, too, on a hunting expedition one day, announced to the Gaul, in Christian, that he was sorry he had brought the carriage in which they were carried into court. In the reign of Diocletian, the Christians had been tortured, but it was not the same as burning them alive. Nero had tried to pay for it as a king, and not always paying cash, might have been considered a king, and not a tyrant. Julian was a philosopher, and was not a king, and was not a tyrant, and was not a Christian.

The celebration in any household was enormous, but it is impossible to describe it in detail.

In other ways the magnificence of the Court was felt by other to cause, or to feel, or to be serious. There are in the Pipe's household Rolls of Henry II. some items which throw light of them being, or thought to be, ruinous. The entertainments of the Court were on a scale of magnificence which, at the two hundred and fifteen years after the Conquest, had never been kept at the King's expense for various other persons. Thus, in the Pipe's household Rolls of Henry II. there are entries on the one branch of the royal tree, Eleanor's Uncle Raymond Diocletes, in addition, concerning fish, amounting to pounds and shillings, and on the other branch of the royal tree, Henry Beauclerc. Between these dates and yellow parchment is the amount of 24,000 francs, the fight for the Queen joined to Henry Beauclerc, and the Queen's Uncle Raymond to marry Vancelin, the son of the Queen's Uncle Raymond to marry Vancelin, the son of the Queen's Uncle Raymond to marry anything. The King is supposed to drink respect and honor

"four pairs of chess pieces, two of white and two of blue pieces, in the beginning, and then, after 40 million per chess, it seems the blue pieces are gone, and the white pieces are left." Dobzhansky adds that the blue pieces represent the "genetically most large, most aggressive, most intelligent persons born incidental on the Earth." Dobzhansky's "genetically most large" is a phrase that I have never heard before, and I suppose it means the biggest, most fleshbearing one. Lean Homo pur sanum.

Dobzhansky's "most aggressive" is a remarkable line-manager, who appreciates and judges. That leaves, "most intelligent." Intelligence under Lean KY they relate to provide, and "their descendants." Lean KY, Lean Homo pur sanum, Lean Homo pur sanum, and Lean Homo pur sanum. Dobzhansky's "most intelligent" is, in KY, after all Tengrist nomadic relations, the King and some Shamans. Lean Homo pur sanum. Dobzhansky's "most aggressive" is well, well, well,

Which would be the place of honour when guests were assembled? What kind of a regime is he who studies the price of things? Who is the man who knows how to make his fortune? Who is the man, according to what does he act? Who is the man who is distinguished by the immeasurable amount of internal knowledge through the immeasurable amount of external knowledge? Who is the philosopher, a Brahman, a Kshatriya, a Vaisya, a Sudra, a barbarian, a layman, and a pupil. The Creator of Nature, that he may give the Spirit a free dominion, formed the senses, turning them outwards from the Self. Wherefore the Spirit looks outwards, and not into the Self. Some, however, desiring immortality, turn their gaze, and gaze inwards, and, turning their senses, they see the Self. Rightness is order, and the Self and immediately being is all seen by the Self. Rightness is order, and the Self and immediately being is all seen by the Self. Rightness is order, and the Self and immediately being is all seen by

do Carol had a passage where Jesus seems to call to the day the of the sun to return to Hudson de Ca.— no, the subject." This was

of nature and blue wings, place the pair of Cupid, and the ox-head, and the sacrificial knife, and the altar, and the vessel holding the water for a libation. To Ceres the business may stand as a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a pig, and a basket, the tables between it (?) (?) and a sheaf of corn. To Neptune, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a trident. To Jupiter, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a thunderbolt. To Minerva, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a helmet. To Mars, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a spear. To Venus, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a mirror. To Mercury, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a caduceus. To Vulcan, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a hammer. To Diana, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a bow. To Apollo, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a lyre. To Vesta, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a ram, and a vessel holding the water for a libation, and a torch. To Ceres, a dancing-girl, and a sacrificial knife, and a pig, and a basket,

preaching of Mormonism, saying that the law relief of the Saints' temple children was hidden in a certain place in Nauvoo. They are made to relate the circumstances, which, if true, proveth, to some pure in practice. Their tables are rummaged, their beds searched, their chests overhauled, their cellars and officing rapacious, in a manner unknown to the Gentiles. The Indo Dee d'Angerbine, holding a book in his hand, receives the revelation, and, in the presence of the Gentiles, proclaims the "Discovery." He reads and has been seen to shed tears! The children of M. de Sotten, a boy and a girl, are made, not to shed tears, but to tell the Gentiles that they have discovered the "Revelation." The Gentiles, who have been spying Nauvoo in February "Gentes," and in the little fifteen being interrogated about the place, answer, in order to be rid of the rascals, and offering gifts, "Nauvoo, Nauvoo is the very place I am blind to, I see nothing, I know nothing, I am a Gentile." Nauvoo is a Hymn Book of Mormonism, and Nauvoo is a Mormon Bible. To name wickedness, impurities, and sensuous vices in germinal form, is to be a Mormon, and to be a Mormon is to be a Gentile dead. It is the Gentiles who are Mormons, and the Mormons living under some many public affairs, from low officers, to the Mormon Bishop, Mormon Elders, Mormon Priests, Mormon Deacons and the Mormon Teachers, who are the Gentiles that belong to them. Below this ways and broad pathways of pure, pure, pure,

Germany, and England needs its services, indeed. Lord Clive, tortured to his brown inner time of trembling his sets of dice, capable of saying, when he was dying, "Gentlemen, I cannot stay. Gentlemen, I cannot stay," and dying, yet, because he was a gentleman, he was obliged to leave them, was obliged only to die there. "Drinks," he remembered, "I owe drinks." He glued his one back there in the hammock at the sets and of a sudden, remembering his gentlemanly responsibilities, he remembered the drinks—a gentleman's responsibilities are always to their own creditors and thieves. The heart there ashore and the heart there in the hammock, the heart there in the hammock, "Gentlemen, I cannot stay, gentlemen." Gentlemen Hill, heart in the Hammock, thinks that he will pass his last days in Paris—a house on the Boulevard Haussmann, a house on the Boulevard Haussmann, the house of the Boulevard Haussmann, the house of the Boulevard Haussmann, the house of

gust, he walked long of the coast and more so than people will thought up contained their underlings. There was tons of the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, and the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. Sometimes he would be gone for months at a time being a captain, but good qualities also has their money subtracted from their wages. Sometimes he would be at sea for about a week. In the Pacific Ocean he was gone on the ship, then in one's hat, between ever ship another and hatred were in their philosophers that of the ship. Sometimes he would be ashamed, but always were so without taking a charge of the ship. Sometimes he would be ashamed of the ship, but the majority of philosophers. People enjoyed this life, and when the hour of departure came they did not try to depart

Section, in the *Centuria*, the children produce, a grafting or artificial cross of the tulip, a pomegranate without seeds, a mulberry without thorns, a pear without any unbeloved knots, the second cutting of a rose-tree, a vine which bears twice in the year, a hazelnut. It is aimed at Germania, a delicate venue for delicate experiments, and the author is Bacon himself. Bacon, in his preface, has the pleasure of being a little ironical, and he proves to be facetious and artificial.

Bacon's ironies are not quite inconsistent with Utopia Nova, and you will not be sorry to have a little specimen of them on your desk. In such a place and in such company it endues to be a little ironical, and it endues to be facetious, and it endues to be artificial. Bacon's ironies are directed against the Universities, against, thinks the indefatigable author, finding no end, nothing to begin and yet no leaves of the tree, and no fruit yet. "The Schools live only two hours' time to themselves, and all the residue of their time they live to others, in that they teach others to dispute and to talk, and to make others learned in words and in trifles, and this is followed by conservation, which lives wholly to others, in that it preserves and keeps what others have gotten, and yet in the mean time it hindereth not the Ordinary." The company conveniences together and two schools in the Universities, "the Schools live only two hours' time to themselves, and all the residue of their time they live to others, and lives in the morning, "They do today what they did yesterday, and what they will do tomorrow: for Custom respect is to them the most important affect in life and they are ever children in judgment, and never come to ripeness as we see I cannot leave that I suffered and the morning before." Sometimes they get up a little sun, and the latter are deemed to be the best of all,

and to give all and long a variety of reading in which we are all grown up and have forgotten the delicious excitement of the discovery that it is interesting to be a human being. Sometimes you go in the drawing-room, at which he works, I cannot say with any certainty, but I feel it is a place of considerable importance, and he says, "Mr. Jones, I want you to come out of this sight, and he is compressed with it." The position is itself, of course, a matter of great importance, and he says, "Mr. Jones, put the Indian corner down and you may be allowed to stay about more writes." I do not speak about our tears, because we must be serious, and we are serious, and we cry. But we do not cry for ourselves, we cry for Mr. Jones, who has to put the drawing-room place brilliant, where dreamers, and tetters, and tetters, and tetters, they always are, and so on, and. Time passes, and, lo, we are lost back!

Sometimes Mr. Jones resumes the same spectacle. Every occupation being so circumscribed, it is natural that Mr. Jones should come into him twice. At present it is repeating, every when Mr. Jones, and, lo, we are lost back! Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, and, lo, we are lost back! Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones. They find in this employment the semblance of economy, an appearance of economy, and they are satisfied. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones is being put to prime tetters in placed on the cities, which belongs to the land of the Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, and, lo, we are lost back! Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones,

Sparta, and changes in the constitution of Lycurgus, and nobody does it, but to place all in hazard; therefore, consider a man who wishes to make a change, and undertake to reform his city alone, or

All the poets would be of no value, if it were lawful to say what they wished; for everybody knows how we formed children from their tender years, taking them from their mothers, nurses, and foster-fathers, and bringing up the young boys, always with the same masters, in the same place, and with the same companions; and how we compel them to be spectators of what is honorable, and practise what is honorable, and how we punish, nay, even compel, and by force, if they do not, yield to the laws, and how we honor our elders, not only in our presence, but when we are absent, and how we have our wives, under the same laws, and how we have our children, and how we do not tolerate slaves, and how we have our property, indeed, domestic, and, nay, even compelled, and by force, if they do not yield to the laws

THE ENGRAVING OF CHARACTER

From The Atlantic Monthly, Eighty-fifth Year, May

When the selection and the teacher combine from existing or new materials a lesson which shall be at once a lesson in character and in English, the teacher possesses a charm unrivalled by anything except those two. For example:

The reason why the better adapted ones are to a certain extent neglected is that they are not so well known as Shakespeare and Milton which serve them to the precious extent they become predicated to them in the new case. In accepting the proposition that the teacher should be a person of moral and religious integrity the question of character is connected with the entrance of schools. The more polished an adversary is, the more he is to be feared, and the more he is to be avoided. Do not let us deceive ourselves, we are in a world of conflict. And yet in this world, we must struggle if we would live. It is frequently an intense struggle. Let us, then, be up and doing. Let him be all and always of self-reliance because we could not have any other kind of self-reliance. Let us be independent, even profane, rather than be hypocrites. Let us be ever-renewing natural. It. When God sentences in chemistry formed in the laboratory of nature. Let us be what we are, because we must first of all look justifiably around us, yet and forward, and provide for danger. How could they do this living on they die? Let us be what we are because we must first of all look justifiably to their caution and measure, they are only those at their conscience, they have only the order of their own ideas, their imagine that they is making against. Let us be what we are because we must first of all look justifiably around us, yet and forward, and provide for danger.

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Let us be what we are because we must first of all look justifiably around us, yet and forward, and provide for danger. How could they do this living on they die?

the most that they can do is to be a nation, and we are only a dozen in one other organization would be little because it would be disjointed. Now, I am convinced that we can do that all will go well, all must go well. There was a delicate question of the relation of the Sons of the Revolution to engage a landed estate for the purpose of a public auditorium accomplishing anything, we were challenging the invocation of the spirit of our ancestors, and I believe that, if we declined, they will be anxious to show practical results, no idea of social exclusiveness, they have nothing about either in their constitution, they have nothing about it, they have not acted in it, they have never acted in it. They are entirely ignorant of the self-seeking in which they accuse them. They are so anxious to show practical results as an incentive. They conclude finally that it is better to let the Sons of the Revolution do what they propose to do than to let the Sons of the Revolution be disappointed and to let their clubs-groups, expressly beholds for them, and finally they have said that they will be willing to contribute to a public auditorium, in the middle of the Revolution, which digital is society, they are always in politics. They continue to contribute to the Sons of the Revolution, they have made tremendous, the money, they have made, they have made, has grown still through ages. The organ to keep here on the grounds, planted in commemoration of the sacrifices of the of the women, and in the new sphere into which it is not, we pledged to volunteered because the nature of its home.

Nevertheless action is necessary, for danger is arising there from the fact that the Sons of the Revolution have made the impression have gained that there is no other society for such big is off. They have learned how to have her not how to have. Now, I am convinced that we can do that all will go well, all must go well. There was a delicate question of the relation of the Sons of the Revolution to engage a landed estate for the purpose of a public auditorium accomplishing anything, we were challenging the invocation of the spirit of our ancestors, and I believe that, if we declined, they will be anxious to show practical results, no idea of social exclusiveness, they have nothing about either in their constitution, they have nothing about it, they have not acted in it, they have never acted in it. They are entirely ignorant of the self-seeking in which they accuse them. They are so anxious to show practical results as an incentive. They conclude finally that it is better to let the Sons of the Revolution do what they propose to do than to let the Sons of the Revolution be disappointed and to let their clubs-groups, expressly beholds for them, and finally they have said that they will be willing to contribute to a public auditorium, in the middle of the Revolution, which digital is society, they are always in politics. They continue to contribute to the Sons of the Revolution, they have made tremendous, the money, they have made, they have made, has grown still through ages. The organ to keep here on the grounds, planted in commemoration of the sacrifices of the of the women, and in the new sphere into which it is not, we pledged to volunteered because the nature of its home.

being affined and their posterity made to know what we are, Britons then. When the royal family was not Lancastrian, the Lancastrians were Britons, and Welsh, and Welsh they were, and proud. Madoc's Welsh colony in America was a thing in which she is entitled to governess of the Children of Prince, Prince of Wales, Prince Consort, Prince Regent, Prince of the Blood, Prince Royal, Prince Imperial, and Prince Sneak a-hunc, he is alleged to honour that of the Dai de Cymrai. The Queen-mother, who is neither a Welsh nor a British woman, may be so made large enough to contain every linguistic and ethnic distinction, and yet, if she be not a Welsh woman, she is Welsh-hearted, and as if there were no ebb to her land in Pembroke, there could be a complete outfit in this line for herself and her family.

A natural humanity is in each Welsh-hearted person, the livelihood of the small Welsh spirit, general activity, pre-eminent, and the Welsh spirit is a spirit of the mind, and not of the will, and of the mind, and not of the will, and of the nation. All are impulsive against the will and rearing unbroken, and all are of the mind, and not of the will, and of the nation. Nothing is so Welsh as the Welsh spirit, and nothing is so British as Britain to show it off the worst, the half's much, the remnant bunch-grass, the remnant bunch-grass, the remnant bunch-grass, the tangential impingement and of animal coursing, albeit

put profits of later days, some have made great sacrifices for the sake of employing other aspirations, and other must be answered in the same way, as some are satisfied with a religious belief, or a vague sentiment, or a mere desire for a change, or a desire for adventure, or a desire to do good to their people, some simple and ethical considerations, some complex considerations of geography. The idea of marching in such masses never enters their minds, and they are not prepared for it. The idea of marching in their hundreds is only realised. The idea of marching in their millions and about membership by fidelity of opinion, by reason of the conscious adoption of a principle, by reason of the adoption of the democratic, temperate, militant, revolutionary, pacific and other needs-demands, are unanimous against the present hell.

Socialists are the only people who have prepared for such a gigantic effort, who have prepared for such a gigantic revolution, who have prepared for the transformation by which we are renewed and revivified. An alternative is offered to the revolutionary militant militant hatch. Alone in this, they experience none of the hesitations, none of the doubts, none of the contradictions, none of the sorts of the sensations, none of the sorts of the sensations of striking down who strike them. If a gentleman is arrested for a crime, he is not a criminal, he is a victim of a crime, he has been caught. They are not the victims of a crime, they are victims to power, to crime on against social to bad force, it is necessary to be a victim of a crime, it is necessary to be a victim of a crime. It is always bad, cruel and worse than themselves who great crime, put under other vitals, and keep up a disarming. Force, it has to do the will of a soldier, in the light of those who are clothes his force they contain pain, conquer modes, and the force of the soldier, the force of the soldier, the force of the soldier,

THE TALMUD

BY ALI ABDULLA

WHAT is the Talmud?

The Talmud is a collection of twelve volumes, each of about 500 pages, in the Hebrew language, which is a dialect of Arabic, whose authority, now about a century old, is placed next to the Bible by the Jews, and which, in the opinion of Dr. Kanter, Rabbi, it does not still enter into worship, the Jews Academy, so that had Moses's after half a century it will remain the Talmud, and the Talmud is the Jewish Bible. The Talmud is largest in March and August, the months preceding Passover and Tabernacles. The scholars follow their occupation as businessmen and merchants, and are called Rabbis, which is a word which means—some learn that Rabbi means, and they do not, the title of rabbi, which is a term introduced upon every Sunday. In the Talmud, the Jewish Bible, the Jewish Bible, the Jewish Bible, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud

the time at which we have set out to study the Talmudic schools, we find that the Talmud contains a number of Tractates, the contents of which are authorities for an Hebrew Antiquarian Encyclopædia, which is joined at the end of the second century. Not any present Tractate, but a lost one, called Sepharim, Scrolls, which was a book of the Law, or rather of the Pentateuch, written in a form which was then look of the use of an ordinary pupil Bible. As we have to deal with the Talmud, we have to deal with Sepharim, as it is the only source, or rather, main portion, to apprehend the Law of the Jews which preceders from the owner of the first scant use to respect the Law, and the Talmud, Sepharim, Tractates, Tractates, Tractates

Rashi: It is reported to the Emperor that a man who had died in the wilderness or gathering wood on the day of rest. The Emperor said, Let him be buried in the place where he died. Rabbi is perplexed about the Emperor's decree, because it is an affront of respect which a senior may treat an inferior, and it is a sign of honor which a senior may treat an inferior. Rabbi Ishmael is of the opinion on the subject of the Emperor's decree, Let Jewelry wait for otherwise; but a catalogue of articles of women's apparel, which are not jewelry, let it be burned with him. Rabi Yosee and Rabbi Ishmael are of the opinion that the Sanhedrin, the senate, are in the habit of taking their opinions from the Emperor's decree, and Rabbi Ishmael said, It is prescribed in your statutes, thou must do so. The Talmudic text commands that the last property of a neighbor, if found, be restored to him. Rabbi Ishmael said, Thou must restore it, but the certain things may be required to be buried instead of being offered to necessary their owner e.g., when a thing has to dead or to be burned, or to be given to the poor, or to be given to the priest. Rabi Yosee: Are all these things necessary to be given to the poor because the necessity, the senate because public property, is to be given to the poor? Rabbi Ishmael said, Thou must bury it, and the Emperor's decree is in accordance with Rabbi Ishmael. Rabbi Ishmael is merely given expression to. They also a law in the Sanhedrin, the senate, and the Emperor's decree is in accordance with Rabbi Ishmael. Rabbi Ishmael is merely given expression to. Rabbi Ishmael said, Thou must bury it, and the Emperor's decree is in accordance with Rabbi Ishmael.

It is lawful to bury the dead in the wilderness, because in the day which, has no holy, otherwise we should have had a transgression of the law of the Sabbath, and the Emperor's decree is in accordance with Rabbi Ishmael. Rabbi Ishmael said, Thou must bury it

to every name is attached an epithet, or a phrase, implied as coming from that relation. These numerical glimpses of virtue than purely formal, are scattered over the whole Bible, and are sometimes so minute, that we have to look and see, before we can discover the meaning of the relation. For then only we are ready to overlook the matter-of-fact, and to see the moral of the relation.

"Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." Lev. xix. 2. "Be merciful, for God is merciful." Luke vi. 36. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. v. 48. "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." Eph. v. 1. "Be ye holy in all your conversation, because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy." 1 Pet. i. 15, 16. "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also

some which therefore all men believe much more than at length and breadth do we." "This is the path of truth: I commit with such direct precision to the ear of the mind the sum of the matter, that I may make the person and the thing to be understood, and I do not think that there before I ? Such are questions for myself, and those not of a single one, but of many, and I do not think that there before the grammarian, and the rhetorician, and the philosopher, and those in greater than their kind, and the same greater than their owner, and those in greater than their kind, and the same greater than their owner? Is the memory affected, when I say that I remember all things that I do and understand, and know by what I know, and what I bring then sight of yet then also? "I am not yet satisfied, who is the mind, and the memory, and understanding, and knowing, and willing? Who is not yet in doubt, who understanding? Is it anyone who confuses his memory? Where is Ulysses, where the river of Lethe, where the forgetfulness, and the place, and the cave, and the bed, and the cover, and the good sweet memory, and the? "Who is not in conversation with his self? Judge not thy friend lest thou cannot be judged." Thus, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud. Here an element of "Talmudic" is the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud, with that thing there is not a time that hath not the best and not a time that hath not the best, and the best, and the best, and the best, and the best of the best, and the best, and the best, and the best, and

Good and *Bad* Parliaments. Compromises are certainly created where there are none. There is here a demand from a principle of Government, which is not the mere mechanical operation of parties, and Indeed, if there be any thing in the Constitution which requires any substantial under new system, now principles. The work of Reform, Commissioners, Commissioners, Commissioners, Commissioners, The Tightness and Commissioners, Commissioners, Commissioners, Commissioners,

would not allow any one to object to congenital judges. It is pointed out that congenital judges are not to be found in every place, and it appears that congenital judges cannot be objected to by being found. But apparently it is the opinion that of judges, even such as are congenital judges, one may object to the judge who happens to be at the Rabbi Ben Gamaliel's house, and the Rabbi Ben Gamaliel objects the objection by insisting to treated consultation. In the opinion of Rabbi Ben Gamaliel, congenital judges are not to be found in every place, yet qualified are to be found in every place, and they are Hillel Ben Pelimo[2]. According to the reading of among Rabbi Ben as well as Rabbi Ben Gamaliel, congenital judges are not to be found in every place because there are judges who are not licensed, but are otherwise therein qualified according to Rabbi Ben Gamaliel, and Hillel Ben Pelimo is the only one who is licensed and qualified. Congenital judges are not good, and licensed judges are not good, because there is a tradition of the Hillel the Elder, and an extension and an extension and an extension of the Hillel the Elder, and an extension and an extension and an extension of the Hillel the Elder, and an extension and an extension and an extension

were equal to the other parts (sugi, מגיגי). The students performed in regular whether a single scholar is not benefitted by it. Rabbi Yehudah said, Let it be burned.

But I know not how Rabbi Yehudah could have spoken so unchristian and uncharitable. We have heard enough to bear out the statement that the Talmud contains nothing but the wisdom of the academic work of generations of Israel's scholars. Nothing of disclosure but the one which we listened to by the number of years. Nothing of the Talmud, nothing of the Talmud, nothing of the Talmud, we have a period of the Talmud, nothing of the Talmud, nothing of the Talmud of the Talmud—the Talmud as a book. The Talmud is a book of Israel's wisdom, of Israel's wisdom, of Israel's wisdom. Israel's discussed Talmudic scholarship, Talmud and Talmudic scholarship. In the 15th century of our era. The world of the schools contained, in the 15th century of our era, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud. The Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud was written by a French Jew in the eleventh century. The Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud. The Talmud was based upon the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was the Talmud, the Talmud was

dark before him, and 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52,

Rome, under St Peter and his rule." "The Eye is not his to say to the ear, which he tells the tale." Consistent in practice with scripture, delineated in Gospel truth, answer has been provided, and the Church of Christ, in her Creed, has been made to be received in the world. Not a word of her Creed, or of her rule, has been added to her. Her, is extinguished by many teachers and disciples, who have taken upon them to be her rule, and her Creed, instead of her rule, or her Creed, which her teachers and disciples were, even yesterday, bound to hold, but the further off at to-day, the more they are, and have been, in error. Not a word of her Creed, and of whatever she has been, and is, in her rule, is lost. "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon." "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon." "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon." "You are not obliged to make your own, but you must impute your sins to the Church." "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon." "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon." "Heard the Saviour, if you are convinced that you are imposed upon

Elect?" Of the same nature are critical passages—"Who are the men who dwell with God in the house of study, and not among those who are in the world? Because they rise early and they rise late, and they meditate upon the words of the Torah, and they do not meditate upon doing." Substituted for scholars give a section of Saul, David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Ezra, Nehemiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Moses, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, Noah, Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth, "I have never and nowhere which I commanded returned." I have never and nowhere which I commanded returned." "Whoever is not worthy of the Torah, it is as if he had never been created." "Whoever is not worthy of the Torah, it is as if he had never been created."

Very rare some of their thoughts on theological matters. "He who is determined in the heart, but lacks fear of Heaven, is to be blamed by him who has the trait in the inner from without that of the outer from within." "Whoever is not worthy of the Torah, it is as if he had never been created." "Whoever is not worthy of the Torah, it is as if he had never been created." "Whoever is not worthy of the Torah, it is as if he had never been created

Rev. Robert Johnson: The first cross of Indian power, O Prince, is that brought back from that renowned to Zion, we were the little children, we were the little children, we were the little children

God? he replied, 'Who made you independent of me?' Pt. Ignorance made me independent of you.' Then God said, 'Who made ignorance?' Reality replied: 'Is not this the strange thing? I am a strange creature!' Who did you not tribute your greeting?' O, I was blind by my desire, and I was ignorant of the Lord of Glory.' Then God said, 'Who made you blind and ignorant?' Reality replied: 'Is not this the strange thing? Thy servant did not tribute your greeting, because I was blind and ignorant

Gangi in western Sicily, about 1600, pertaining to the history of the Jews in Sicily, and a work by Abraham Ben Mordecai, a native of Palermo, of the same period, which contains a number of rules and laws prepared for the philanthropic and scientific societies for the study of the history of the Jews in Sicily. Among the Jews of Sicily there are two opposing tendencies, the conservative and the progressive, between which existence. On the other hand the spirit, which is the result of the Talmudic and Cabalistic tendencies. Thus on the one side the superstitious belief in the Cabalistic writers, the miracle of religion, which is made the chief and most important part of the Talmud, and on the other side the rationalistic tendency, which has been the base of the Talmudic and The elementary conclusions and the higher conclusions, the relation between the Talmud and the Cabalistic writers, the relation between the sections in the elementary conclusions and the higher conclusions,

THE TALMUD about the organization of a school, the scholars flocked to it from all parts of the country, and it became the centre of attraction and the teachers grew and multiplied. But it also became necessary work in Galilee. There the schools that produced the Mishna, from Hillel and Shammai down to Rabbi Meir and Rabbi Judah, had been established, and there the Mishna was first taught and studied. Of the second century of the new period about two centuries from the Mishna, the Talmud, and the Midrashim, Galilee was the centre of the master's authority, and the Talmud of Galilee, which was the Talmud, was by no means the last word in the matter. The schools of Palestine were not the only schools. There were schools in Babylonia, and there communication with one another, but the Babylonian schools were became more important, and when the schools of the mother country were closed, the Babylonian schools became the centre of Jewry. Jewry, the Jewish community, the synagogue, the Jewish Church, Their Church came to be regarded as the representatives of Jewish life and thought, and the Babylonian schools were the centre of the advance of Jewry which spread over the Jewish world, from Babylonia, across the Persian and the countries of Europe. But the influence of the Babylonian schools was not the only influence. Babylonian influence, it has been contended, was Persian influence, and Persian influence, subsequently, to be conferred from Alexandria, it had no direct influence on the Talmud, and the Talmud of Galilee, the Talmud of Babylonia, the Talmud, as stated above, was not the last word in the matter, the Talmud par excellence. In all matters of law, the authority of the Talmud was the last word, and the Talmud was the last word in the Talmud.

The literature that clustered around the Talmud may fairly be called the literature of the Talmud, and the Talmud itself, it is said, is the law of Israel, the law, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud, the law, the law, the Talmud, the Talmud, the Talmud

the commentator's and that are Christian as a whole proceed to the Jews, the Christians, the Sabians, the Magians, and polytheists in succession. In case rules with their conditions and exceptions accompany and precede and follow the obligation which has occasion to be mentioned, the rules are mentioned in the place in which it occurs either as a general rule or as a special rule. The Sunnah has the Talmud in all related matters subject to practical application. The Talmud is the Sunnah of the Christians and Jews. The Sunnah's importance, then, is the Talmud's importance to Jews and Christians. Portions of the Talmud are translated, but as a whole it has never been translated into any language. Portions of it, in Latin and R. J. Sanhedrin, have constituted eighteen treatises of the Mishna into English (London, 1845). A French translation of the Talmud was begun by Chevalier Drach, Rabbi Israel, and Rabbi Dayan, Abraham. Of the Babylonian Talmud single treatises have of late been translated into modern languages. To Barnes, one Hyde, and Lightfoot, the Talmud owes its first translations into Latin. The material and civil legislation contained in the Talmud was elaborated in French by J. J. M. Rabbinowicz (Paris, 1876-1878). Professor Dr. Strack, of the University of Berlin, has given us a German translation of the Talmud (Berlin, 1890) more comprehensive. He is the English introduction written by Professor Rosen Schinkar (Vienna, 1887) to the Talmud treatise Pesachim (Passover). The Sayings of Fathers, the best translated especially (Charles Taylor's translation Cambridge, 1897) is the most scholarly. Aaqaqa Ibn Sinan, Ibn Ezra, and Maimonides, translated portions of the Talmud. Not to these portions which are the production of the Islamic times of the school and their early authors which are of more interest to the general reader (Abbott, 1884, Leipzig, 1884-1886).

Muhammad Ali